

FREDERICK M. ANDERSON, M.D.:

SURGEON, REGENT AND DABBLER IN POLITICS

Interviewee: Fred M. Anderson

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Interviewers: Mary Ellen Glass and R. T. King

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Description

Dr. Fred Anderson's career has been an exceptional one, combining major contributions in the fields of medicine and higher education in the state of Nevada. When Fred Anderson retired from the practice of medicine in 1983, he left behind a long list of awards and distinctions—not only in medicine, but in education and community service—that cannot readily be matched.

Fred Anderson was born in 1906 on a small ranch in Secret Pass, Elko County. The sophisticated, urbane and distinguished surgeon is a product of rural Nevada; he spent most of his boyhood and youth on ranches in Elko and White Pine counties and in the copper towns of Ruth and McGill, working variously as a cowboy, a soda jerk and as a laborer on the bull gang for the copper company.

He graduated from White Pine High School in 1923 without a clear commitment to any profession, but leaning toward civil engineering, influenced no doubt by the mining environment he lived in during his high school years. Anderson went to work for the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company at Ruth, deciding to work a year to earn money to enter the University of Nevada. A short time at hard manual labor cleared his mind of any thoughts about an engineering career, so he quit that job and went to work in the Ruth drugstore. There he became interested enough in pharmacy to enroll in an International Correspondence School course in that subject. He later took and passed the Nevada state examination in pharmacology and received a license to practice. His interest in pharmacy encouraged him to enroll at the University of Nevada in the premedical curriculum.

Anderson's descriptions of his four years at the University of Nevada present an interesting picture of a small state university, continually strapped for money, but blessed with a remarkable group of outstanding instructors, including Peter Frandsen, his idol and the man he calls the "ideal teacher." He graduated in 1928 and again found himself without funds to continue his career. Fortunately, a Rhodes scholarship made it possible for him to enter the medical program at Oxford in 1929. The Oxford experience had a profound influence on his later career, not only giving him contacts with a number of prominent British medical authorities, but broadening an early interest in literature, history, philosophy, and the arts. He completed his medical degree at Harvard, thus having the benefit of benefit of medical training from two of the world's great universities.

After completing a number of internships, Anderson returned to Nevada to establish his first practice in Carson City. It was a success from the beginning, but before he could get it firmly established, World War II broke out and he volunteered for service in the army. Anderson served from October 1941 until December 1945, first as a battalion surgeon in southern California, then as Chief of the General Surgery Section and Chief of the Vascular Surgery Section at the Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, and finally serving in the Pacific, ending his army career as Chief of Surgical Service at the 148th Surgical Field Hospital on Saipan.

(Continued on next page.)

Description (continued)

After the war, Dr. Anderson returned to Nevada, establishing a practice in Reno, and within a few years he was established as one of the state's most respected surgeons. His comments about hospital facilities, surgical procedures and colleagues are quite candid.

Dr. Anderson was interested in the University of Nevada and its alumni association. Elected to the Board of Regents in 1956, he served for twenty-two years, four of these as chairman. His service corresponded to the period of the university's greatest growth, and he took a leading role in the development of many of the new programs and in the establishment of new buildings. His work in obtaining private funds for the university system was outstanding and brought millions of dollars to the university. His work as regent culminated in the development of the medical school—the School of Health Sciences. A medical school on the Reno campus would not have come into existence without the efforts of Fred Anderson. The title, “Father of the School of Medicine,” given him by the school's first graduating class, is quite appropriate, as was the naming of the first building at the school, the Anderson Health Sciences Building.

In 1958 Anderson entered the Democratic primary for the office of United States Senator. Not willing to make the compromises so important in political races, he lost the contest by some 1,468 votes. Fred Anderson never allowed his primary interest in medicine to consume other interests in higher education, in the humanities, in community service, in the Washoe Indians and in travel, a fact which enhances this oral history as a research tool.

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An Oral History Conducted by R.T. King
Edited by R.T. King

This oral history was initiated by Mary Ellen Glass in 1978. The process was interrupted shortly thereafter to be resumed and completed by R. T. King between 1983 and 1985.

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

ORIGINAL PREFACE

The University of Nevada Oral History Program (OHP) engages in systematic interviewing of persons who can provide firsthand descriptions of events, people and places that give history its substance. The products of this research are the tapes of the interviews and their transcriptions.

In themselves, oral history interviews are not history. However, they often contain valuable primary source material, as useful in the process of historiographical synthesization as the written sources to which historians have customarily turned. Verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the OHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, but it cannot attest that they are free of error. Accordingly, oral histories should be read with the same prudence that the reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries and other sources of historical information.

It is the policy of the OHP to produce transcripts that are as close to verbatim

as possible, but some alteration of the text is generally both unavoidable and desirable. When human speech is captured in print the result can be a morass of tangled syntax, false starts and incomplete sentences, sometimes verging on incoherency. The type font contains no symbols for the physical gestures and the diverse vocal modulations that are integral parts of communication through speech. Experience shows that totally verbatim transcripts are often totally unreadable and therefore a total waste of the resources expended in their production. While keeping alterations to a minimum the OHP will, in preparing a text:

- a. generally delete false starts, redundancies and the uhs, ahs and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled;

- b. occasionally compress language that would be confusing to the reader in unaltered form;

- c. rarely shift a portion of a transcript to place it in its proper context; and

- d. enclose in [brackets] explanatory information or words that were not uttered

but have been added to render the text intelligible.

There will be readers who prefer to take their oral history straight, without even the minimal editing that occurred in the production of this text; they are directed to the tape recording.

Copies of all or part of this work and the tape recording from which it is derived are available from:

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INTRODUCTION

The Oral History Program of the University of Nevada has proven of inestimable value in providing a variety of primary sources, the raw material from which secondary accounts are written. Without such a program much of this material would have been lost. The present account by Dr. Fred Anderson is a case in point, for it is unlikely that his story would have been told without the encouragement that came from the program. That would have been unfortunate, for Anderson's career has been an exceptional one combining major contributions in the fields of medicine and higher education in the state of Nevada. When Fred Anderson retired from the practice of medicine in 1983 he left behind a long list of awards and distinctions—not only in medicine, but in education and community service—that cannot readily be matched.

Fred Anderson was born on a small ranch in Secret Pass, Elko County. Those who know him only as an adult may be surprised to learn that the sophisticated, urbane and distinguished surgeon is a product of rural Nevada who spent most of his boyhood and

youth on ranches in Elko and White Pine counties and in the copper towns of Ruth and McGill, working variously as a cowboy, a “soda jerk” and as a laborer on the “bull gang” for the copper company.

There were few clues in his early experience and education to indicate a path to a career in medicine. He graduated from White Pine High School in 1923 without a clear commitment to any profession, but leaning toward civil engineering, influenced no doubt by the mining environment he lived in during his high school years; and, as he notes, the civil engineers seemed to be the big shots of that area. With that course in mind he went to work for the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company at Ruth, deciding to work a year to earn money to enter the University of Nevada. A short time at hard manual labor cleared his mind of any thoughts about an engineering career, so he quit that job and went to work in the Ruth drugstore. There he became interested enough in pharmacy to enroll in an International Correspondence School course in that subject. (He later took and passed the

Nevada state examination in pharmacy and received a license to practice.) The interest in pharmacy brought enough contact with the medical profession to encourage him to enroll at the University of Nevada in the premedical curriculum.

Anderson's descriptions of his 4 years at the University of Nevada present an interesting picture of a small state university, continually strapped for money, but blessed with a remarkable group of outstanding instructors, including Peter Frandsen, his idol and the man he calls the "ideal teacher." He graduated from the University of Nevada in 1928 and again found himself without funds to continue his career. Fortunately, a Rhodes scholarship made it possible for him to enter the medical program at Oxford in 1929. The Oxford experience had a profound influence on his later career, not only giving him contacts with a number of prominent British medical authorities, but broadening an early interest in literature, history, philosophy and the arts, an interest he maintains to the present. He completed his medical degree at Harvard, thus having the benefit of medical training from 2 of the world's great universities.

After completing a number of internships he made a major decision to return to Nevada to establish his first practice in Carson City. It was a success from the beginning, but before it could get firmly established World War II broke out in Europe and Fred volunteered for service in the army. He served from October 1941 until December 1945, first as a battalion surgeon in southern California, then as Chief of the General Surgery Section and Chief of the Vascular Surgery Section at the Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, and finally serving in the Pacific, ending his army career as Chief of Surgical Service at the 148th Surgical Field Hospital on Saipan. The war, if nothing

else, gave him a great deal of training and experience in his specialty of surgery.

After the war Dr. Anderson returned to Nevada, establishing a practice in Reno since he felt Carson City lacked the hospital services necessary for him to practice surgery. Within a few years his dedication and skill established him as one of the state's most respected surgeons. His comments about hospital facilities, surgical procedures and colleagues are quite candid.

Although medicine was his primary activity, Dr. Anderson's interest in the University of Nevada and its alumni association projected him into a major role in the development of the University of Nevada system of higher education. Elected to the Board of Regents in 1956, he served for 22 years, 4 of these as chairman. His service corresponded to the period of the university's greatest growth, and he took a leading role in the development of many of the new programs and in the establishment of new buildings. His work in obtaining private funds for the university system was outstanding and brought millions of dollars to the university. His work as Regent culminated in the development of the Medical School or more correctly, the School of Health Sciences. It seems clear that a medical school on the Reno campus would not have come into existence without the efforts of Fred Anderson. The title, "Father of the School of Medicine," given him by the school's first graduating class, is quite appropriate, as was the naming of the first building at the school, the Anderson Health Sciences Building.

An interesting sidelight to Dr. Anderson's distinguished careers in medicine and education came in 1958 when he entered the Democratic primary for the office of United States Senator. Not willing to make the compromises so important in political

rices, he lost the contest by some 1,468 votes, much to the relief of many of his patients and most of his friends, who, although generally supporting his candidacy, were not enamored with the thought of losing one of the state's ablest surgeons to the field of politics.

It is clear throughout this memoir that Fred Anderson never allowed his primary interest in medicine to consume other interests in higher education, in the humanities, in community service, in the Washo Indians and in travel, a fact which enhances this oral history as a research tool.

Russell R. Elliott
Professor Emeritus
University of Nevada, Reno
August 27, 1985

DEDICATION AND EPIGRAPH

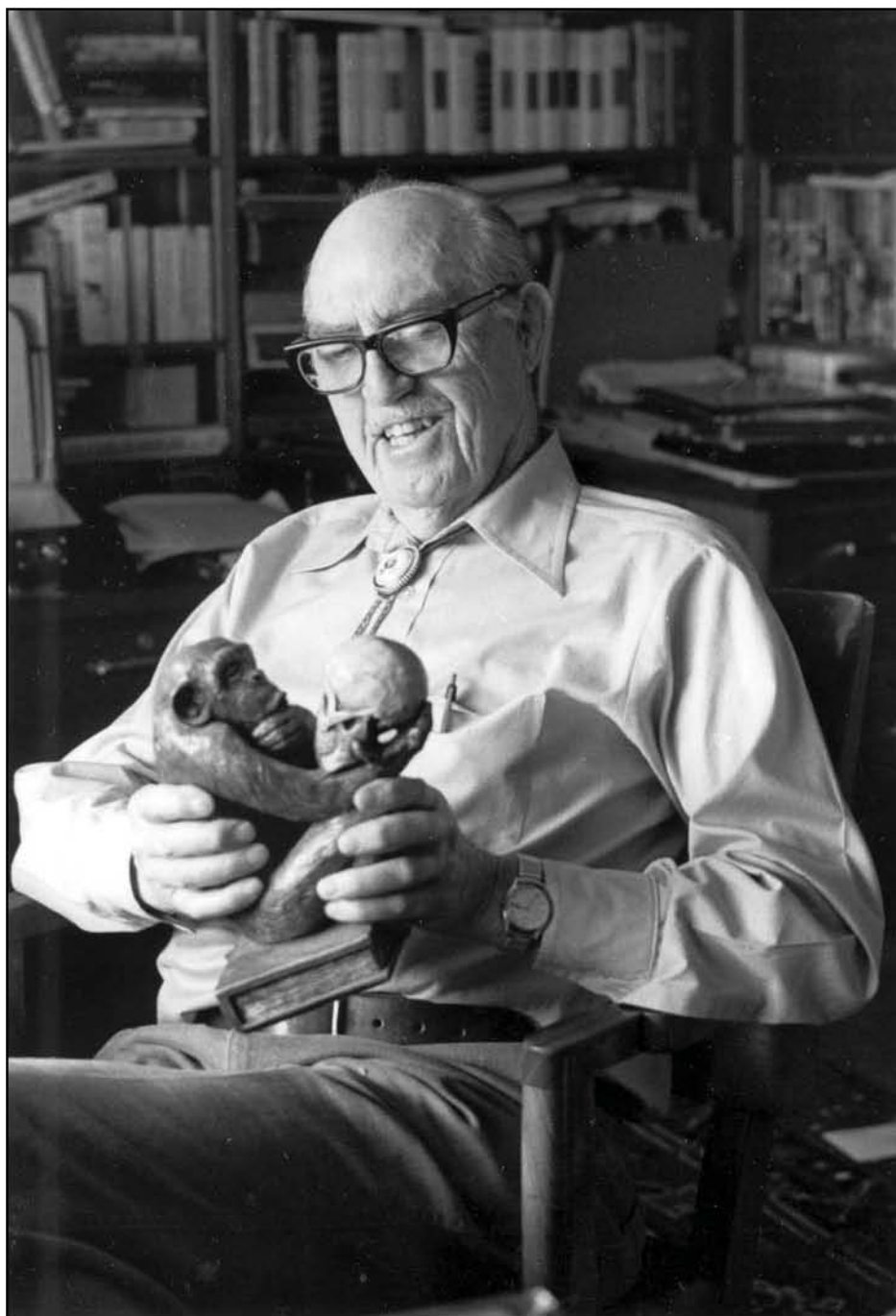
At Dr. Anderson's request, this oral history is dedicated to all his family.

But it happens further quite naturally that men who believe too firmly in their theories, do not believe enough in the theories of others....

Accordingly, we must disregard our own opinion quite as much as the opinion of others, when faced by the decisions of experience. If men discuss and experiment...to prove a preconceived idea in spite of everything, they no longer have freedom of mind, and they no longer search for truth.... When two physiologists or two doctors quarrel, each to maintain his own ideas or theories, in the midst of their contradictory arguments, only one thing is absolutely certain: that both theories are insufficient, and neither of them corresponds to the truth....We really know very little, and we are all fallible when facing the immense difficulties presented by investigation of natural phenomena.

Claude Bernard, M.D.,
An Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine

[Epigraph added at the request of Dr. Anderson.]



FREDERICK M. ANDERSON, M.D.,
IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS HOME, 1984.

PROLOGUE: 1906-1924

ANCESTRY

Fred Anderson: My great-grandfather, Robert Frederick Brooks, came to the United States in about 1874, his wife staying in London where she died in 1878. He settled in Mammoth Lakes, California, and then later in Carson City, where he operated a stationery and variety store. He then remarried and moved to Bodie, which has at times been in Nevada and at other times in California, but which I think now resides permanently in California. There his trail disappears.

My grandfather, William Mark Mather, a barrister, arrived in the United States in time to enlist in the Confederate army and help them lose the Civil War. (I have his cavalry sword.) He returned to London after the Civil War, married Clara Emma Brooks and after fathering 3 children returned to the United States in late 1877 and joined his father in the store in Carson City. His family followed him to Carson City in latter 1878. Mark William was born in 1871; Clara, my mother, in 1874; and Robert Frederick in 1877.

In 1878, riding to Carson City from Reno on the old Virginia & Truckee railway, my grandmother with the small children had a full lunch basket laid out ready to eat when an old Indian wrapped in a blanket came by her open train window at a siding hoping to get a few crumbs. She was so terrified of the noble savage that she handed him the whole basket.

My grandfather was a better drifter than a working barrister, and so my grandmother and children were helped out by my great-grandfather. A rift, however, developed between him and my grandmother when he remarried, and he then left Carson and went to Bodie where he is said to have died. By this time, my uncles were in their late teens and able to support the family, Fred as a butcher and William as a ranch hand.

My grandfather, as I mentioned, had been something of a drifter. He left home while the children were still fairly young. After first going to Bodie to join my great-grandfather, who had mainly supported his family, he was lost track of, and we do not know where he went or where he died. We recently

searched in Bodie for my great-grandfather's and grandfather's tombstones. The more prominent citizens were supposed to have had marble tombstones or granite ones; the less prominent ones made of wood. What is probably an unfounded rumor has it that my great-grandfather became a gentleman gambler, perhaps even died with his boots on, and perhaps that is the reason that his grave marker was of wood and probably long since rotted away. I could not find evidence of my grandfather's grave either.

One of my uncles, Will, died of infection in 1905 after he accidentally shot himself in the foot when he was taking a gun in holster down off a hook. The foot became infected and, as there were no antibiotics, became gangrenous and resulted in death. The other, Fred, died in 1903 while out duck hunting on Washoe Lake in a boat that sprang a leak. still have the old double-barreled 10-gauge shotgun he used for hunting. Both uncles were in their thirties.

My mother attended the University of Nevada normal school in the last years that Peter Frandsen was attending as a student in biology. Then, after a period in business school in California, she taught in central Nevada—mainly in Ruby Valley—for several years before marrying Moses Anderson, my father. He had been born around the NephiMoroni area in Utah where there's a large family of Andersons, Mormons, only one of whom—a cousin—I've ever met.

My father was born in Moroni, Utah, on 1 December 1870. He came to Nevada about 1900, drove a stagecoach and freight wagons between Tuscarora and Elko for a while, and then apparently purchased a ranch in Secret Pass, about 40 miles from Elko. He had that when he and my mother were married in 1903. I believe his education did not extend much, if any, beyond the eighth

grade, but he had a fine mind and learned new things quickly. He could do mathematical calculations such as determining the number of tons of hay in a stack and was very good with machinery, very interested in politics. He was a staunch Republican and used to stump for the Republican party, regardless of who the Republican was.

COMING OF AGE IN WHITE PINE COUNTY

I was born in Secret Pass, delivered by a midwife in a small log cabin on the small ranch my family owned, with a trout stream running next to the house, on 17 January 1906. We remained on the ranch in Secret Pass about 3 years. Then my father moved to Carson City where he worked with the state prison, at first as a guard, then as superintendent of the prison farm. We joined him several months later, in 1909. On my father's first night with the family it became rather late and I, who was about 3 1/2 years old at the time, was later told that I finally said to my mother, "When is that man going home?"

I attended grammar school in Carson City about 3 years; then the family moved to McGill, Nevada, where my father was superintendent of several ranches known as the Adams-McGill Company. They also owned a slaughterhouse and packing company. The Adams was Jewett Adams, a former governor. We then moved to Spring Valley where [Father] was superintendent of the whole string of ranches of the Adams-McGill Company, and we lived there until I was 16 years old.

My sister Claire and I attended high school at White Pine County High School in Ely, 50 miles from the ranch. Of course we had to board with families there, as it was a full day's travel by Model T and 2 days by wagon. High school was somewhat different then in

that we had no contact with any other high schools. We did not have inter-high school sports or other activities. In fact I never visited another high school while I was going to high school. The freshman class would play football or basketball against the sophomore class, and the junior class against the senior class. And there were activities such as plays that we put on, that most of us engaged in. Of course we had the usual yearbook. It was a very fine high school, in my opinion. The social life was rather quiet; a friend, Ernest Inwood, and I would save our lunch money all week—getting \$.25 to buy lunch with and save it all week for a date at the end of the week.

My mother was, of course, a schoolteacher and taught school before being married, then taught school again in the grammar school in White Pine County near the Cleveland ranch where I had my seventh and eighth years of grammar school; she was my teacher then. The school wasn't of any great size, being about, as I recall, 16 students, about a third of whom were American Indians.

There was a strike about 1912 when I was in McGill—closed down the smelter completely and closed down the furnaces. The workers were the losers in it, even more than the owners of the company. The workers were more losers than the owners of the company, I think, because at that time they didn't have provision of putting money away through paying rather heavy dues that they could use in time of strikes. They were pretty much on their own when they struck, but they did, nevertheless, get some improvements, including eventually unemployment compensation and the National Labor Relations Board that usually seemed to me to favor the unions.

I was quite young [at the time of the strike]. I know there was some violence. There generally is when strike breakers are

brought in, and there were strike breakers then and guards. One of the elements of striking has usually been frequent attempted acts of sabotage against the plant, so this would bring conflict between the guards and the strikers. That's been the history of strikes since, including the recent coal miners' strike in West Virginia.

But such things didn't affect our family much. On a farm where you grow most of your own things, you have your horses and your other animals, and then your cows, pigs and sheep that you butcher for your meat, and your cows that your butter and milk are produced from, and [you] sort of go on in a very well-fed, placid way. The rancher was then not always screaming for subsidies and government support of crop prices and being paid not to grow things on land and all these artificial measures that are used now, which I think are really as much political measures as they are economic (especially the killer, tobacco). They're not helpful to the overall situation, I don't believe. I think there are times when government intervention is necessary, but the free market, if they really stick to it, would probably be a better one for the farmer and rancher. Competition—there's nothing like competition to spur work and to spur production and to spur excellence.

Life on the ranch was extremely good. It was one of the finest ranches in the state at that time, with several other ranches as satellites, a Chinese cook and all the various things that go with a large ranch. I did a great deal of riding after cattle and frequently went on excursions in the covered wagon that visited the sheep camps in the hills with supplies. Even though the cattle industry still had a little bit of romance and the sheep were frowned on, a company like that still raised both for financial reasons. During World War I there was an extreme shortage of men of an age that

would be doing ranch work and riding after cattle, so actually when I was just entering into my teens I functioned as a full-fledged ranch hand in the cowboy department.

It might be of interest that when we were on the Cleveland ranch my mother became ill, and the nearest doctor that could operate on her adequately was in Salt Lake City. So the whole family packed up and went to Salt Lake City. We enrolled in a school there and stayed for several months in school because of her operation and lived in Salt Lake City for a semester. Now it would take less than 10 days for the whole thing, a simple hysterectomy. I went back there again after graduation from high school to a Citizen's Military Training Camp at Fort Douglas for a summer, as there was still some carry-over of that from World War I.

We had one of the very few telephones in the valley when [we] lived out on the Cleveland ranch, and one of the relatively few cars too. I remember in the days when the Model T Ford would start to go over Connors Pass... from Ely to the Cleveland ranch was 50 miles, and you'd have to stop 2 or 3 times going up the grade to put water in the radiator.

The school we went to—there were 16 students total comprising all grades; all grades were taught in the one room. I mentioned that nearly half of them were Indian youngsters, who actually were fairly bright and especially gifted when it came to the use of their hands in drawing and writing. My playmate for several years was one of the Indian boys who was my age [and] who taught me to recognize wild edible Indian plants and how to fish so that we could catch fish with bent pins while the expert fishermen couldn't catch them with all their tackle. We used to sort of go as guides and carry along the gear and game for one of

the Cleveland ranch owners, Mr. [William] McGill, or for Mr. Lakenan or Mr. Kinnear, who were successively superintendents of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company [which was bought out by Kennecott Copper Corporation in 1933], and we would be pulling out trout while they were being frustrated with their fancy fishing gear. He also taught me the use of the bow and arrow and the slingshot.

R.T. King: What are the earliest memories you have of the kinds of games you would play—things you would do with your leisure time?

The earliest memory would go back to grammar school, where in the wintertime we would draw circles with crossed lines in the snow, and then play the old game of fox and geese in those. Marbles were popular, as were dominoes and checkers. Of course, there was a little hideaway shack in the backyard; it was strictly private—no adults. There were no athletics in grammar school because the school consisted of 16 children of all ages from first to the eighth grade, a half dozen of whom were Indians.

Although there were no athletics connected with the school, I did a great deal of hunting and fishing, particularly with Mint Cleveland, the Indian boy who was my principal playmate. In the old days the Indians would adopt the name of the family with whom they were most closely associated. In this case it was the Cleveland ranch, so the Indians that lived in the group of houses nearby adopted Cleveland as their last name.

Do you know what kind of Indian he was?

Goshute.

And his father worked for the ranch?

The brothers did. One of the brothers was quite a bit older than he was, a little bit off in the upper story. Early one morning about 6:00 his squaw came crawling down to the ranch. He had awakened in the night and with a butcher knife cut both her hamstring tendons so she couldn't run away from him. We had to take care of her until she recuperated. Now I can't remember...he must not have cut clear across these hamstring muscles or tendons, or they would have had to be sewn together in a hospital, but there was enough left so they healed on the ranch.

The squaws and the men both used to work. Squaws did the laundry and the housecleaning, and the bucks worked in the regular ranch work.

So you hunted and fished with Mint Cleveland?

I hunted and fished with him, and he and I would act as guides when any big-shot parties would come along, such as the owners of the ranch or the superintendent of the big copper company and his staff. We would act as their guides and game carriers, and they'd come with the latest fishing equipment that there was. We'd be going along with them catching trout on bent pins while they weren't getting anything. This is before going to high school. We carried their ducks when hunting.

Did your leisure time change any once you got into high school? The activities that occupied it?

Just the usual high school life of that day, more social and female society than at the ranch. I had 3 summer vacations during the time I went to high school that were spent on the ranch. Of course, I really worked during those vacations. Otherwise on that: in duck hunting you could go out and get your limit in an hour any day; fish,

you'd never come home until you had your limit of fish, and you'd get that in half a day as a rule. Beautiful trout streams; nothing like it is today. I wasn't interested in deer hunting. I was interested in sage hen hunting since I got big enough so I could hold up the old double-barreled shotgun. It would almost knock you down about every time. Did more hunting then of ducks and of sage hens, too. We used to hunt ducks, actually, with slingshots, same as rabbits; we could get them without guns.

How old were you when your father got you your first firearm, or did you have to buy one yourself?

No, I inherited my uncle's 10-gauge double-barreled shotgun, and that was a little bit rough.

How old were you?

I'd say I was probably 13.

Had you done any shooting prior to that age?

A .22 rifle.

Did you have your own .22?

Yes, they gave me a .22 at about age 10.

When did you first begin participating in organized athletics?

I wouldn't call our high school ones organized, because there wasn't another high school within 50 miles of us, and so we had no inter-school games with other high schools. There'd be the freshmen and sophomores against the juniors and seniors, or something of that sort.

We had no athletic field. We played on an old company cyanide dump, no grass, where you would get scraped often and were almost certain to have a hard time healing. We had a basketball gym, of course, and we played basketball. Again, it was intramural among the classes or among individuals of the classes, rather than with other schools.

This was one reason why most of us did not really enter athletics when we went to the university. Two other boys and myself went out on the football field when they called for volunteers. They gave us a football, said, "Go down there to the other end of the field and play with this." We did, and they didn't pay us the slightest attention. So after that happened about 5 times we just quit. I did try a little track, largely because my friend Vernon Cantlon, who was also a premedical student, was a track man. He was second string quarterback on the football team, and he was a quarter miler and a 220 yard man. He actually had a gold medal in track in the mile relay.

You once mentioned that you had shot a little pool, played a little poker when you were younger.

This was in high school. The youngsters who were of high school age were allowed in any place that anyone else was in the Ely area and the Ruth area. You already asked me, I think, about the Riepetown area where there were houses of prostitution. We were not barred from them.

Most of us were, once we were high school age, really working, especially during vacation. My folks had an old Paige car, and people I was working with, miners and pit workers, knew I was saving my money; so Saturday night would come, we'd go to Riepetown

in the Paige, and the only agreement was that they would pay all the expenses and I would see that they all got home in time to go to work. My father gave me several very serious lectures about avoiding prostitutes and alcohol.

What about the poker?

Played that in high school. I never will forget my unhappiness one day when I lost all my money to the principal of the grammar school.

Are you serious? The principal was playing with the kids?

The principal of the grammar school was playing with the kids. Yes. We were 16 years old.

About how much did you lose?

Didn't have much to lose. I think I got an allowance of \$.50 a week, and then I got an allowance of \$.25 a day for lunch. Another boy, who was one of my best friends in high school, Ernest Inwood—who later became the chairman of the College of Business Administration at the University of Nevada—was a Fulbright Scholar in Malaysia, was in the office of the budget in Washington, and is now still teaching city planning down at San Jose State [California]. He is a year older than I am. He and I used to save our \$.25 that we got for lunch, and have enough saved at the end of the week to take out a date. Take them to a picture show and buy them a Coca-Cola at my date's father's drugstore.

What opportunities existed for social interaction between boys and girls when you were growing up?

Well, I mentioned the Epworth League church activity as one of them; regular dates and occasional dances and movies were others when living in town, and occasional school dances. Of course, the social interaction of the valley was that about 3 or 4 times a year the various ranchers and their families would get together and give a dance in the most central schoolhouse. They would bring midnight lunches with them, and you'd get a fiddler to play "Turkey in the Straw," "Little Liza Jane" and such things. You would dance until midnight, then have your lunch and then go on dancing or whatever until about 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning. When it became daylight people would start heading home.

And how old were you when you first started participating in that kind of thing?

I suppose about 13 or 14. We did that until I left the ranch at age 16, and then we were in a small town—Ruth, Nevada. The building in which my family ran the picture show was used for dances there, and they would just call off the show for a night and put on a dance about 4 times a year. My folks didn't put it On; people in the town did. They would be public dances—anyone could go to them, and they were usually quite lively affairs. Moonshine flowed freely, and the miners were not without some propensity for battle when they had imbibed enough of it.

We had dates. My family had a car; few of the others did. We would have dates the same as any other place. Porches and swings. My first dates, of course, were those on the ranches to dances discussed above. I thought I was falling in love when I was 14 years old.. .and at regular intervals about every other year after that.

You would have still been in your teens when the Volstead Act was passed in 1919.

Prohibition was never a problem to me. I was in college here in Reno most of the time Prohibition was in effect, and there was all the dago red wine and what we used to call needled beer. We believed the beer was needled with ether. There was never any problem in getting it. We had a couple of boys in our fraternity house whose fathers made it, even—were bootleggers.

Did you drink while you were still in high school?

Yes, we had it available to us in high school. I was 50 miles away from my family. My father lectured me some. He said that he'd heard a few stories about me that he was loath to believe, and he wished he wouldn't hear any more.

The sex mores then were entirely different from what they are now. We wouldn't think of fooling around in the school bus or after school or at night or at a picture show the way they do now, or wherever else they do their fooling around. If there were anyone who was engaged in that they were marked people, and everybody knew it.

You were approximately 11 years old when the United States entered the First World War. I would imagine that it was a major topic of discussion within your family and among your friends. Do you recall anything about it?

Of course. We were shorthanded on the ranch. I had been riding horseback ever since I was 8 years old, and I could rope or I could "fork a twister," as they called it, which means ride a bronc. Actually, when I wasn't in school I was hard at work full-time as a cowboy on

the ranch and did a regular man's work. I was a little small for the haying and some of the heavy equipment, but I could do anything else and did.

They were shorthanded because of the drafts, of course. The people that ran the ranches would not get drafted and were considered essential, but the regular hired hands who worked there were not considered essential, except during haying time, maybe. That's a short while.

The war was not uniformly popular throughout the United States. In fact there were, as I understand it, pockets of resistance here in Nevada. What was the general opinion where you were living out on the Cleveland ranch?

We out there were purely patriotic, and we were for our country, right or wrong, but we hoped she was right. There was no resistance whatever, I would say. It's quite different in this end of the state; we didn't have the German settlers out there.

What was your father's reaction to the call for volunteers? Did he ever consider going? He must still have been of an age when he could have.

Yes, I suppose he was within the age group. He would have been considered essential as the superintendent of the string of ranches, and I would say that [considering] his general health he would not have gotten in anyway. He had had one hernia operated on, had another one, had gastrointestinal difficulties. I don't think he would have been taken if he had tried to join. He was in the army in the Spanish-American War.

During 1918 there was a major flu epidemic that swept most of the world and had quite a

serious impact on the United States. Can you recall any of the details surrounding that?

I sure can. I was in high school at the time and I was laid up in bed for 3 weeks, coughing up blood, but I recovered from it. The people were dying out on the ranches that my father was superintendent of, and I believe they closed the schools. I think maybe they did, because I know I was home part of that time, and we would have to go to these other ranches and find people dead on them. You know, on the smaller ranches—there might be only one family living there, and there'd be none of them on their feet. It was a horrible epidemic.

While still near McGill my mother was asked to teach English to several Greeks who had just come over from the old country to work in the pit or the mines or the smelter. One of those was a man named Chachas. (You undoubtedly know of the patriarch of the old Chachas family that's in Nevada now.) She taught him his English, and subsequently he came to own a considerable portion of Ely. He went into the butcher business and then into various other businesses; [he] owned the Cleveland ranch later at one time and other ranch properties and a number of buildings in White Pine County which have in recent years been split up somewhat as the members of his family disagreed with each other on how they should run the properties.

Greeks were one of the strongest minorities [in White Pine County]; they were good, hard, solid laborers. There was a fair number of Japanese there, and of course those that were generally just termed Bohunks, which included Italians and Serbs and Croats and Rumanians and about all those who weren't Greeks. The Greeks separated themselves—practically a colony. The others were sort of intermixed.

There was quite a large population that had come over from the old country very recently. I think this was true of most mining towns and new areas—they could get people to go there (and didn't have to pay them so terribly much) and do work that other Americans didn't want to do, much as the wetbacks in California now. These people and their families now are leading citizens of the state. The old folks came over to herd sheep or do manual labor. The father of Paul Laxalt was one, and Peter Echeverria another—he was an Ely boy.

Ernest Inwood, who later became chairman of the Department of Economics at the University [of Nevada] and has been in the teaching game for a long time, was an Ely boy and in my same class in high school. He was salutatorian. I usually came out third in school—I was an also-ran; I was third in high school and the third in the university. I came up a little higher at Oxford with a first; and then they didn't rate them at Harvard, except those that made Alpha Omega Alpha honorary scholastic medical fraternity or as cum laude, and I had both of these usually in the higher 10 percent of the class in medical school. You didn't know where you stood exactly.

Between my junior and senior year in high school, when my folks were ready to leave the Cleveland ranch, we essayed our first long family trip. We took the old Paige car, which was then described as the most beautiful car in America, which we had bought secondhand, and packed up our tent and provisions and other things, and came across Nevada, pitching the tent every night. (There were no such things as motels then.) When we were in Reno we actually camped out in what's now Idlewild Park. It was a park in name only then.

We went up to Lake Tahoe, stayed at Lake Tahoe for 2 weeks on ground owned by the

Meders and the Reilly family, and my folks actually bought a small section of ground to build a house on some day. Twenty years later I bought a partially built house adjacent to it, and completed the house and bought a little more ground to get beachfront property—a very nice place near Cave Rock, which I sold in 1970 for \$40,000. Had I kept it, it would now be worth \$350,000. [That] shows how values have changed and how stupid I was.

Then we went from Lake Tahoe on down to California, to San Francisco and Oakland and Alameda; and it was really a great trip in those days. We must have stayed in hotels then, because there were very few such things as motels, but all the rest of the trip we pitched our tent every night, even in Reno.

Just before my last year of high school, the family moved to Ruth, Nevada, home of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Star Pointer mine and Liberty Pit, where they operated the motion picture show for several years, and where my father was superintendent of stables and grounds and horse transport for the copper mines. During the summer I worked in the bull gang, which meant doing all the common labor, the unpleasant and unskilled labor. On my first day I was digging in a ditch just outside the window of the mines superintendent, Mr. Larsh, and, it being my first real job, had no idea how to pace myself. After 3 hours Mr. Larsh came out, called me and said, "Young fellow, you'd better not work so hard so early in the morning." Next morning I got up, blisters on a considerable portion of both hands, ate breakfast, promptly vomited it up, and went to work. After a week I became inured to it. Many years later, after I had become an M.D., I took care of Mr. Larsh medically.

I graduated from White Pine County High School in 1923. As I had no money to go on to college, I worked another year

for Nevada Consolidated Copper. On one occasion I was tripping 50-ton gondolas or coal cars into a large bin with chutes that serviced all the coal-burning equipment in the large pit—and it was all coal burning then—when a plank turned under me and I fell in the bin under the 50 tons of coal. Fortunately, another worker saw it happen, and whistles tooted. Men and equipment soon arrived at the scene, and I was partly dug out and the bin partly emptied through the chutes.

I received no more than a few minor cuts and coal dust tattoos. As they were sending me in on a dinky engine to the doctor, the pit boss said, “Son, that’s more people working for you today than you will ever have again.”

I was trying to make up my mind what to do and get money enough to do it. At first, probably because of the surroundings there, I thought I wanted to be a civil engineer. They seemed to be the bag shots of that area. So I went to work in the copper pit, after at first working a few weeks again on the bull gang, firing and assisting and operating a churn drill. The pit was about a mile deep and in winter a very unpleasant place to work. One winter morning about 7:30 I was working with the gang moving track, and the fog and the smoke from the steam shovels (which were coal operated in those days) and the churn drills and the dinky engines was so thick that I couldn’t see the end of my pick. So I decided I didn’t want to do that the rest of my life, quit and went to work in the Ruth drugstore jerking sodas and selling patent medicines.

Still, it was sort of an enjoyable life then working as the assistant on the churn drills, hammering out the drills which you’d sharpen yourself over a coke fire, and then working as fireman on dinky engines. But I think it would have paled after a few years.

I decided I’d be a pharmacist and took up an International Correspondence School course in pharmacy. After I had done that for a few months, probably with some persuasion and encouragement from my parents, I decided that if I was going into that area, I would go the whole way and go into medicine. So I went back to work as a timekeeper in the pit where I could work and save a little more money, stayed out that year, and then went to the University of Nevada as a premedical student in the fall of 1924. I did not quit the pharmacy course, however. I persisted and passed the pharmacy examinations in my sophomore year in premedical school. Since obtaining the license, I have practiced pharmacy just one day, which was to relieve a pharmacist for some urgent matter, and this was after I had finished medical school.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE AND SUPPORT

R. T. King: Most of us are able to identify several people who were important influences on our lives when we were young. I know that your mother and father were very important to your early development, and I suspect particularly your mother from the information you already have given me. She was a schoolteacher, and she obviously had education as one of her paramount concerns. Can you now spend a little bit of time telling me something about both your mother and father in more depth and detail than you did earlier on? I am interested in what kind of people they were, what sorts of objectives they had for you, how they thought the Anderson family should develop...things of that nature. Let’s start with your mother. Can you give me a verbal portrait of your mother? What kind of a woman was she?

My mother was born in London on 2 April 1874, but moved to Nevada in 1878. She was a woman with a strong character, well educated for those days; a hard worker who was a good organizer. She really was the organizer of the family and the main push in it, partly, perhaps, because she had a good deal more schooling than my father. She had gone through the 2-year normal school here at the University [of Nevada] and then gone down to California to some type of business college, I believe, for about a year.

What kind of family did your mother come from?

You might say a broken family. My great-grandfather and grandfather came over to this country, and the latter fought in the Civil War. My grandfather then returned to England and got married, and there were 3 children. Then he returned to this country and came out to Carson City. My great-grandfather had preceded him, first in the Mammoth Lakes area and then in Carson, where he operated a stationery and variety type of dry goods store. My great-grandfather's wife had remained in England, where she later died; I don't know from what.

My grandfather was an attorney or barrister. He came to this country and did not practice law. He was, as I've noted before, a bit of a wanderer. He did not stay home in Carson and work consistently. Most of the support of my grandmother and her 3 children came from my great-grandfather, until his first wife had died back in England; he then remarried, and this caused a sort of a split between him and my grandmother. He and his wife then left Carson and, I believe, went to Bodie. By this time, my 2 uncles had grown up into their latter teens and were able to support the

family, one of them working as a butcher and the other one as a ranch hand.

Was your grandmother just a housewife at the time?

Yes. My grandmother did not do work outside of the home.

Was the family materially prosperous? You said that the uncles had to help support it, but was the family materially comfortable?

Yes, but not at all rich.

They were able to provide for your mother's education, then?

Yes, although my uncles did not go on beyond the high school level.

Did your mother ever talk to you about her decision to become a schoolteacher?

No. The question never came up as to why she was a schoolteacher that I can recall. It was a way to make a living. There weren't many entries into the world of work in those days for women, aside from being schoolteachers or nurses or secretaries. That was about it, and of those she chose the teaching.

Did she continue to teach after she married your father?

Yes, but not at once. There was a hiatus, of course, when the 2 children were born, and then when we moved from Secret Pass to Carson City. In Carson City, while we were small, she was a substitute teacher during the years that we were there. When we moved out to the eastern part of the state, first to

the Ely-McGill region, she did not teach there. Then we moved to the Cleveland ranch in Spring Valley when my father received a promotion with the same company, the Adams and McGill Company. She did not teach the first few years we were there, but about the time I was in the seventh grade, when the teacher for some reason resigned, my mother took over and taught, I believe, for 2 years. Then when we moved from the Cleveland ranch to Ruth, Nevada—my father to work for the copper company—she took up teaching again and taught in the grammar schools during most of the 5 years we were in Ruth.

Was it your impression that she felt it necessary to teach in order to maintain a certain standard of living for the family, or was it through a desire to teach and to further the education of...?

I think both. I would say that probably all the way through, but particularly in the years when we were in Ruth, it was to supplement family income. Then, when the family moved back to Carson and I was in college and my sister was already out teaching school, she taught again as a substitute teacher for several years until she reached the age where it precluded it.

I've talked with members of other families whose mothers and grandmothers were employed while they were raising a family in the early part of this century, and some of them have suggested that their mothers might have suffered some social stigma as a consequence of working while raising a family. Did your mother ever talk about that? Was there ever any talk in the community...?

There was no social stigma at all because of that. In fact, it was the opposite, because

she was so much more highly educated and intelligent than 90 percent of the people that were around. So it was the opposite.

Can you expand on the limited information you have given me about your father?

My father came from a Mormon family in central Utah around the Moroni area, but did not practice the religion himself. When he was on the Cleveland ranch one of my cousins came to work for us, and that's the only one of my father's relatives that I ever met. None of us seemed to have any strong motivation to go into central Utah to meet his family. Then you were traveling in a tin lizzie or a buckboard, and it was quite a trip. I mentioned that we went to Salt Lake [City] for my mother to have a hysterectomy, which would normally take 10-12 days now, even having the operation and getting back home. Instead, at that time it took practically a whole school semester. The whole family moved to Salt Lake City, and my sister and I went to school there for a semester.

So your father had allowed the faith to lapse. Did he ever talk about his reasons for not practicing the Mormon faith?

No. It wasn't discussed. My mother was an Episcopalian coming from an English family, and we did go to church occasionally, but there was no church near the ranches to go to. We were within 50 miles of a church, and when my sister and I went to high school both of us went a little bit to the Episcopal church with more emphasis on the social side, including the Epworth League. We were baptized when small children in the Episcopal church in Carson City.

What is the Epworth League?

A young people's social organization that was under the auspices of the church, so they could hold dances and parties and such things like that in the church under somewhat circumspect conditions, I would say, compared with the young people's parties today. I did go to the Mormon church quite a little because my best friend through high school was a Mormon, but I was never crowded into joining it, and I never had any desire to join it. He did not try to proselytize me. Then through the time that my family lived in Carson City, there would be occasional church.

When my wife and I got married we were married in the Episcopal church in Reno. We baptized both our children in the Episcopalian faith, and we went to church sporadically, and the children to Sunday school also sporadically. This went on while they were small, perhaps up until they were 12 to 14 years old. Then occurred an incident that sort of teed me off on the church.

I used to send in an offering of a check for \$100 or more at least once a year, besides putting something in the collection plate when they passed it. Three days after sending in a check I received a letter: "Thank you for your check for \$100. Enclosed is an envelope for your Easter offering." This put me off some, and I rarely attended after that—only when family friends of ours, the Guilds, would want us to go on Easter Sunday and then have lunch together afterwards. This occurred several times, and then I think as the children grew older all of us kind of grew out of the church habit.

During that period when you were growing up on ranches in eastern Nevada and there were no churches nearby, did your mother give you any religious instruction in the home? Would you consider your mother a devout Episcopalian?

No, I would not consider any of my family really devout, but of course the material was all there to be read and it was mentioned from time to time, and particularly the principle of the golden rule. I doubt that any of my family have ever read the Bible through from start to finish, including myself, although I've always intended to. Both of my parents were very honest and straightforward and had high ideals.

You mentioned earlier that your mother seemed to be the principal organizing force in the family, and the one who provided motivation to do certain things.

The reason my mother was the organizer was because she had an unusually strong character with a lot of push. My father was a stronger than average character and got along very well with people and was a very intelligent man so that one would never have guessed that he had not gone farther than grammar school. He generally occupied jobs with a considerable amount of responsibility. He would be the foreman or boss of some sort. He could express himself very well, had a real sense of humor and was rather admired for his terse but apt remarks.

Did he have any particular intellectual interests that he passed on to you?

My father had no wide interests outside of his work and the Republican Party and, of course, his family. He loved to garden. We always had a beautiful flower garden, and because we lived on a ranch a great deal of the time we had vegetables of all the sorts that would grow in the area where we were. We were really self-sufficient.

On the ranch we did our own butchering and we did our own curing of hams and

curing of bacon, made our own butter, and then when we moved away from the ranches we always had a garden. My father was always interested in the garden and was very neat and meticulous about it.

He was not widely read. He was interested in politics, particularly Republican politics, and in election years he frequently would be asked to go from this part of the state to the eastern part of the state to campaign for the major candidates because he had such a wide acquaintanceship in the eastern part of the state and was so highly respected. Of course this was at the expense of the party or candidate involved because we did not have the money to throw away.

When we lived on the Cleveland ranch, we were probably the leading family in the valley. The rest of the time I'd say we lived in the upper middle class and never wanted for necessities. We always had a car, always had all we wanted to eat, always had a good house to live in, always were able to attend school and to have operations if we needed them.

We children were always encouraged to read a lot, which we did from the time we were in grammar school on. My mother at that time didn't have much time to read, she was doing so many things, but we were encouraged to. Of course we used to read by the type of light which I think would probably be hard on the eyes now—the gas lights from the ceiling, or occasionally kerosene. But it was early to bed and early to rise, so there wasn't much reading at night.

Was the reading at all directed? Did your mother try to influence the kinds of things you read toward any particular end?

Only insofar as the library we kept. We did, for example, have a set of Harvard Classics and a set of Children's Wonderland

books and always one of the more recent sets of Encyclopedia Britannica, later Americana.. a profusion of history books, historical novels and autobiographies. I would say my taste has always been practically omnivorous except for the heavier philosophers and not too many psychiatrists. As a youngster I read Edgar Rice Burroughs, James Fennimore Cooper, Jules Verne, Daniel Defoe, Sherlock Holmes, H. Ryder Haggard, Thomas Lamb, the brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. Later on I read Washington Irving, Zane Gray, Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott; and a little later, Kenneth Roberts, Homer, all the Greek mythology I could find, poetry by Tennyson and Browning. ..the romantics—Byron, Keats, Shelley, Longfellow and 100 others; then Willa Cather, Jack London, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Michener, Gibbons.... Let's just stop and call it omnivorous, even including the Communist Manifesto, Das Kapital, Nine Days That Shook The World, Tolstoy and Dostoyevski; my favorite of all, The Cry and the Covenant, and our Nevada writers, Mark Twain, Walter Clark and Robert Laxalt. Of course we didn't have all these hundreds of people writing all these paperback gushy stories, and cheap detective stories and science fiction magazines. But I've read my share of them since.

Of course, the penny and nickel novel craze had already hit the United States by that time. Did your mother or your father try to keep that out of the family?

I suppose so, although I didn't see it anywhere. I don't think the craze had hit yet. Remember my age.

The reading that you've described for me was primarily literature and philosophy and history. Did you read anything in the sciences?

Ones like Jules Verne and the lives of Pasteur and Koch and John Hunter. I was not directly guided into the sciences by either of my parents because neither of them were particularly interested in the sciences, and our library really didn't contain a great many books relating to science.

Did your mother and father have any clearly articulated plans for the family, particularly for the children, for their growth and development? Was it ever discussed?

Yes, it was. I don't know exactly what the discussions were with my sister, but it was sort of understood that she was going into teaching. At the time she was in high school it was understood that she was going to probably go on down to the normal school at the University of Nevada and into teaching, which she did. She taught in Wells first for a year or 2, then taught in Elko until she retired from teaching because of age.

My family was not trying to push me into anything. I think they encouraged me; they didn't push me. They didn't adopt any particular line of encouragement until I made up my own mind. When I first graduated from high school, the most important people in that part of the state seemed to be the civil engineers and the people who were the bosses in the pits and the mines. At first I thought of possibly going to college and taking up mining or civil engineering. Then, as I stated earlier, having not enough money to enter school I started work on the bull gang, which is the roughest work you can get. It was my own idea to take up the correspondence school course in pharmacy, I think because I was working in a pharmacy. That naturally, with encouragement from my family, led into medicine. They didn't push me, but they did help me all they could while I was in college.

Of course, a check for \$50 then looked pretty big.

You would get \$50 a month from the family?

I don't remember the exact amount. I don't think it was that much every month, because I could have lived on that without having to work at all, and I worked all the way through college and had scholarships all the way through and saved my money in the summertime.

One very influential activity that occurs in many families is the dinner time conversation when the whole family sits down to take a meal together. Of course, that's declining in importance as people tend to watch television now while they eat, but as you were growing up I suspect that you and your family may have had rather lengthy conversations around the dinner table. Perhaps I'm wrong.

Our family was only together until we were at an age to go to high school, and then one or the other or both of us were away at school. So there seldom was the whole family around the table for discussion, and my father had less education than my mother so that the topics did not turn to world affairs or education that way much. It was how the crops were and the weather and what should be done in such and such a field, and the price of beef and pork and mutton, and such things as that; or perhaps about our neighbors in the valley, but they were miles away. No regular newspapers, no radio or television, but plenty of magazines and books. So we did not converse a great deal, and then I was away from home entirely during my 4 years at college, except during one summer when I was home. Then I was away for 3 years completely at Oxford and 2

at Harvard. I was away from them working except weekends the year I stayed out before Oxford. Then the 5 years I was back east in training, I didn't even see them; not even once a year.

So the topics that were generally discussed at the dinner table had no influence over any decisions you made later?

Very little. So you can see from this that there was very little specific parental influence going on during this time other than the fact that they were encouraging me to go ahead and complete my training and go into the field that I wanted to go into and helping all that they could afford.

I am interested in your decision to go to the University of Nevada. Did you talk this over with your family? Did they help in the decision?

Oh, yes. I talked it over with my family for a year before I went. I stayed out the year after I graduated from high school to work and to save money to go on to the university. We took it for granted that I would go to the university. My sister had gone; my mother had gone. I'd taken it for granted I would go, save what money I could; they would supplement it with what money they had and I needed. Of course, during this time I was away from home most of the time going to high school 50 miles away. When they would come to town to visit me, they would bring in all sorts of supplies from the ranch. They'd bring in a quarter or half a beef, sacks full of all kinds of vegetables to the place where I was living, and that paid the board bill.

You lived in a boardinghouse?

One year, it was my first year, I lived in what might have been termed a boardinghouse. I lived in it, so I was a roomer and boarder both. They also had a number of people who were just boarders, and so this food was a great help to a place like that. It probably reduced my board and room cost to almost nothing.

Once you had made the decision to go on to college, did you and your family discuss which one you should go to, or was it just naturally assumed that you would go to the University of Nevada?

It was assumed I'd go to the University of Nevada. My family had always gone there. It was also cheaper to go there than anywhere else.

No other university was ever considered, then?

Not at that time.

PREPARING FOR A CAREER IN MEDICINE: 1924-1938

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

I came down to the University of Nevada as a premed student in 1924, not very solvent, but with a little help from home. I got a job as janitor to the dean of men in Lincoln Hall, which helped some, and I was helped with a scholarship. My freshman year I lived in Lincoln Hall as cash was scarce.

Next year I joined Kappa Lambda social fraternity and served as house manager in my junior year for room and board, and as house president in my senior year, 1928. At that time applications were put in for membership in Lambda Chi Alpha national. Acceptance was obtained, and I joined with the first group initiated in 1929.

While attending the university, I was active in Campus Players and the Blue Key service organization. I was editor-in-chief of the university newspaper, the Sagebrush, which paid my senior year expenses and even allowed me to buy a car; assistant editor of the yearbook, the Artemisia; did small bits in Campus Players; and was a member of the

InterFraternity Council. I was elected to Phi Kappa Phi in junior year, became a Coffin and Keys (campus student leaders) member also in my junior year and was a chairman of the Premedical Society.

I think perhaps I was a little different from most of those entering college because my mother had been a schoolteacher and because I had been exposed to a great deal of literature even before I went to high school and again during the time I was in high school. I had no great inferiority complex in that respect. I adjusted without difficulty at the University of Nevada. I adjusted equally well at Oxford. I expected to find people who were brainier than I was and would know so much more. But I found I could keep up with them and keep ahead of most of them, and the same thing happened at Harvard Medical School. This was by means of hard work and not brains or unusual ability. I recognize my limitations.

During the 1920s the University of Nevada, compared with today, was very provincial. If I remember correctly the

enrollment was 700 at a given time. We would have a total of 1,000 or less registered students for the entire year, sometimes having to count a few faculty, so we thought it was quite great when we got to the total registration of 1,000 at fall semester alone.

There were, of course, intercollegiate sports; we played the major university teams—University of California, Stanford University, such teams as that—in addition to some smaller ones. Although we didn't fare well most of the time, we had played the California "wonder team" to a draw 2 years before I came to the university. [The University of Nevada football team tied Stanford in 1921. In 1923 Nevada played the University of California, Berkeley to a 0 to 0 tie.]

I was not involved in varsity athletics. There was a great deal of intramural or inter-fraternity athletic competition at that time—such things as basketball and baseball and track—and I participated in those. The university was also beginning to branch out with such things as debate teams with other universities.

At that time the fraternity life was much more important to those students who were involved in it than it is today. Campus politics were largely run by fraternities and sororities, a few of them combining to elect their previously agreed on candidates. The independents were not well organized at that time. A fraternity could be a very strong influence on a student as to whether he really got interested in his studies or whether he got interested in athletics—which some of them pushed—or whether he happened to get into one of those who believed in living it up more socially. It might make a great deal of difference on how well you would do in school.

There was really almost no such thing as actively seeking out financial support

for the university and no drives for funds. If somebody was interested in the university and chose to give to the university, that was fine, but there were no organized programs for giving. We expected very little from the Alumni Association and got just about as much. The few benefactors that we had had, like [Clarence] Mackay, we regarded as something very unusual. A Senator [William A.] Clark from Montana gave the old library—now used as the administration building—to the university while I was here; and the student body, looking forward to a student union building, bought a brick for a dollar each year—a donation of a dollar toward a future student union building. Years later a Mr. Jot Travis donated money for a student union building which is named in his honor.

Students had no thought whatsoever, nor did the editor of the student newspaper, of appearing before the Board of Regents meetings every time to express their many disapprovals and desires. Once a week, each Tuesday, when I was editor of the university newspaper, the Sagebrush, I had an appointment with President Walter Clark. President Clark would sit at his desk with a large window right behind him through which the sun invariably shone brightly, and you sat across the desk from him about half-blinded. But he was a fine man.

I became interested in the university newspaper largely because one of my former high school classmates, Ernest Inwood, was editor of it, and we were in the same fraternity house. He suggested that I do some work on it, so I did. And then I actually succeeded him as editor. Eva Adams was my women's editor. She later was administrative assistant to Senator [Patrick] McCarran, then to Senator Alan Bible after McCarran's death, and then the director of the [United States] Mint, which appointment Senator Bible got for her.

I took one course in journalism in my junior year when it looked like I was going to be editor of the paper next year, under [Alfred L.] “Higgle” Higginbotham. His motto was “Accuracy, accuracy, accuracy.” Dr. Higginbotham was highly thought of by his students, both in school and after they got in the profession, as evidenced by his very close relationship with the newspapers, other journalists and other allied types.

What was your financial situation while a student at the University of Nevada?

The university was kind enough to help me with a scholarship each year, as I was generally on the edge of being below the “poverty” level, and my grades were consistently good. In summers I worked as an ice man for the Union Ice and Coal Company, delivering ice and selling refrigerators and trying to save my money, which you could do in those days because you didn’t have to pay it all in as taxes, and you didn’t expect to live so high. My family helped me all they could.

I did do a little more studying on my pharmacy courses and took the state Board of Pharmacy in 1928. I practiced one day substituting for Chester Cochran in Kitzmeyer’s Drugstore in Carson just before the war, when I was already an M.D. I used to go to the state hygienic laboratory and study the plants and their derivatives there and the various laboratory tests in preparation for the pharmacy exam.

INFLUENTIAL FACULTY

During the time you were a student at the University of Nevada, who were the instructors who had the most influence on your thinking and on your intellectual development?

There were a number of fine professors here at the university. It seemed like we had more giants in those days than at present. Probably the most outstanding one—and the most influential one, as far as I am concerned—was Peter Frandsen, who was chairman of the biology department. He was a very unusual man, who at that time used to be able to place every one of his premedical students in a medical school of Frandsen’s choice, compatible with the student and his ability—a thing almost unheard of today.

Whenever I enter or pass by the Frandsen Humanities Building I seem to conjure up a vision of a man in a long white coat with marks of various colored chalks covering a great deal of cloth—and also covering, frequently, a good deal of his face and his hands—and with the smell of formaldehyde that announces his presence when he is a good many yards away. The formaldehyde compound was used in preserving his teaching specimens—the salamanders, frogs, and mice and others. He was, both during and after his teaching days, probably the most loved and respected professor that ever taught at the university in Reno. Certainly none has ever had the welfare of his students more at heart.

“Peter Bugs”—as he was always fondly called by his students instead of Professor Peter Frandsen—was born at Bilslow, Denmark, in 1875. His parents were early settlers in the Verdi region. He attended primary school there, then the University of Nevada, graduating in 1895. He spent a year at prospecting before he entered Harvard Medical School in 1896 and got his master’s degree there in 1899. For some reason he did not go on to become a Doctor of Medicine. Then for 2 years he held a teaching position at Harvard. After 2 years, in spite of their wishing him to continue on into medicine, the call of the West was too strong. He gave

up on becoming an M.D. and returned to the University of Nevada to teach zoology and bacteriology, advancing to professor and head of the department by 1906.

He was the author of numerous scientific papers and received an honorary L.L.D. from the University of Nevada in 1924. He was a pioneer in starting the state hygienic laboratory where I did self-study of pharmacy with its director, Dr. Glover, when I was taking my correspondence school course in pharmacy and attending the university as a premedical student. But most of all he was the beloved teacher of the students who named him Peter Bugs, over 100 of whom he placed in medical or dental school. He was so nationally respected that a telephone call from him could place a student. He matched the students to the schools, so that they did not fail and so that the schools did not lose their good opinion of him.

After 42 years devoted to his students and his research, he retired to an olive ranch near Oroville, California, where he had developed 500 acres of olive orchard during the time he taught. There he also was an active director and later president of Wyandotte olive canneries.

He was married twice and had one daughter, Edith, who attended the University of Nevada. His second wife taught kindergarten in Reno. A sister named Christina had also been born in Denmark. She married a Christopher Duborg and had 4 sons, one of whom, Francis, went to Annapolis and then to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. I roomed with him for a year there. He became a rear admiral in the navy during World War II, and we were later together on the Rhodes Scholar selection committee for Nevada for many years.

I kept in touch with Peter Bugs over the years. One of my first actions after election to the regents was a motion to rename

the Agriculture Building, in which he had taught for 42 years, the Frandsen Humanities Building. It still stands on the campus with that title.

When his second wife died Professor Frandsen sent a check for all the funds she had in her bank account— \$27,000—to me to use at my discretion for the good of the university. I helped with the arrangements for her funeral. Peter Bugs passed away in 1967, and again I helped with the arrangements and saw to it that many of his old students assembled for the funeral.

It has been suggested that Peter Frandsen was perhaps the best loved professor who ever taught here on the campus. What was it about him that was so special?

I think the name of the building gives it— Humanities Building. He was a humanist. He made it a point to know every one of his students. He seemed to be like Will Rogers: never found anybody he didn't like and wasn't willing to help. And he was considered intelligent and knowledgeable of his subject, not only by his students but all the rest of the faculty and everyone who knew him. He was popular and frequently called on to give talks in the community and other communities surrounding this one, but most of all it was the treatment of his students and his evident sincerity in trying to teach them and get them to learn and explaining things when they needed explanation.

I always felt I was sitting at the feet of Dr. Frandsen, learning from him. He was my idol teacher and my ideal teacher. I think he influenced more students in the premedical and predental [fields]—and many of those who weren't in those fields but in other biological fields—than anyone at the university.

There were other fine men there. In fact, I believe we had some men who were as good or better than those we have at the university today. Dean Maxwell Adams was dean of the College of Arts and Science, taught in chemistry, and was a very fine man and teacher. We had Reuben Thompson, who was a minister, the father of the present United States District Court judge in Nevada (Bruce), and also father of the just recently retired state supreme court judge (Gordon). I took the philosophy of religion and either inductive or deductive logic from him. He was one of the best, in my opinion.

Another professor that I would call a giant of his time was J. E. Church, who arrived in 1902 as instructor in Latin and German and the classics. He was a graduate of the University of Michigan, but he also received the degree of Ph.D. in 1901 from the University of Munich. He remained here in teaching and research until his age prevented further activity. I cared for his medical needs during his last years. I took a course, Latin 42—which was really art appreciation—under Professor Church in my junior year, and surprised the English students at Oxford at a later date when I was familiar with and able to discuss European art with them in a manner they thought peculiar in a “barbarian” from Nevada.

Dr. Church—a very modest and unassuming man, but with a prodigious mind and curiosity—really opened the doors to research on the campus. Through the Experiment Station he did studies of mountain snowfall that contributed to the measurement of water content and checked mountain and other meteorological data not only throughout the U.S. but in many foreign countries throughout the world. In 1905 he climbed to the summit of Mount Rose (about 11,000 feet) and installed instruments for recording temperature, barometric pressure

and other factors. With winter climbs about every 2 weeks on snowshoes to gather data on snow depth and moisture content, he was able to forecast with considerable accuracy the amount of water which the melting snow would make available for domestic use, irrigation and power development.

Dr. Church's services were soon in demand in foreign countries and on mountains in such far places as Greenland, Argentina, the Himalayas, Nepal, India, China, Russia and the Swiss Alps. His foreign travels for lectures and meetings and demonstrations were remarkable in number and variety, but he remained the same lovable character until the end, stimulating and getting participation of faculty and students alike in basic and applied research. One of the areas of his studies was the effect of trees and other foliage on retention of snow and rainfall in the mountains. His work can be said to have really stimulated many research projects in Nevada, and his inventions—the Mount Rose snow sampler and scales—were in use in mountains practically all over the world.

He was awarded the status of Distinguished Nevadan in 1958, and an honorary L.L.D. in 1937 from the University of Nevada. He was the president of the International Commission of Snow and Ice and chairman of the American Geophysical Union Committee on the Hydrology of Snow, but he never deserted his initial love, the classics. Papers on Horace and Virgil and Martial, and a pilgrimage to Delphi and Mount Parnassus were interspersed among his numerous publications on snow surveys and stream runoff. Church was known around the world as the Father of Snow Surveying, and in this country he was styled Nevada's Fantastic Snowman.

I have acquired and given to the university, 60 years later, the apparati originally used by

Dr. Church. The most complicated one is up in the Atmospherium-Planetarium and measures several weather parameters and was used at the top of Mount Rose. The others are just long metal tubes with rather sharp edges that you can drive down into the snow, and the scales I have in my possession at the present time.

Insofar as any person being an inspiration to me, if anyone was, it was perhaps Professor Frandsen. Although both Frandsen and Church were exceptional teachers, involved in meaningful research and humanistic in their approach both to students and life generally, I have some wonder that I should choose them above such giants of physiology and medicine as I later encountered at Oxford and Harvard. Perhaps because I felt closer to them, because I and the other students were at a more impressionable age. Whatever the cause, that's the way I remember them.

The others were wonderful men, especially J. E. Church. There were other people who I'd class as lesser giants, such as Professor [Charles] Haseman in mathematics. I was very fond of the president [Walter E. Clark] of the university, but he was not as much an inspiration to me as he was to his own family—for example, his son, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, who became Nevada's leading author, and Dave Clark, one of his other sons, who became a very fine general surgeon. The last I knew of him, he was practicing in Albuquerque, New Mexico. President Clark's daughter was married to James Santini, who was our congressman. Another daughter married John Chism, former mayor of Reno.

There were several important movements in literature, philosophy, politics and history that were under way during the time that you were an undergraduate at the University of Nevada.

The works of Sigmund Freud were finally having a major impact on the way people thought about society. Mary and Charles Beard had written a revisionist approach to the history of the United States. There were other intellectual currents.... Were there any books in particular that you can recall that had a greater influence on you than others?

There were no books that I can point to. I was already involved in scientific studies which promoted the theory of evolution and Darwinism. I was a disciple of that before I was ever in medical school at all; had read considerable of Darwin. I have, of course, read through a number of them flow: the Origin of Species and such things as that. But these were not inspirational to me nor did any change the course of my life greatly. If anything did it was individuals that I came into contact with as teachers while I was in school; some I've mentioned in the University of Nevada.

When I went on to Oxford University, Sir Charles Sherrington—who was perhaps at that time the most noted physiologist in the world, particularly in the nerve muscle area, and termed by my friend Vernon Cantlon “the Jesus Christ of Physiology”; and Claude Gordon Douglas, who was my tutor, who with Professor J. B. Haldane from Cambridge University invented the gas masks used during World War I against the German chlorine and other poison gases; and a surgeon named Rosinnes, who was chief surgeon at the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford where we did our medical work those people all had strong influences on me. They provided my letters of recommendation for transfer to Harvard Medical School.

Later I was at Harvard just after Harvey Cushing, probably the greatest neurosurgeon

to date in the world. Patients were being referred to him from practically all over the world. (I well know this, as I, as an intern, had to get up at 5:30 each morning to shave heads for neurosurgery as well as work up their histories and physicals.) After he retired at age 65 (mandatory), Cushing went to Yale and pursued research, study and writing. The patients kept coming to Harvard, handled by his successors, as it took about 3 years before doctors in other countries, and some in this, realized he was no longer at Harvard.

Dr. Cushing was given a position at Yale Medical School to continue with his research and writing. I had several pleasant visits with him when I moved there during the course of my training. He autographed his Pulitzer Prize winning Life of Sir William Osler for me.

No one professor had a greater influence on me, however, than Peter Frandsen. Peter Bugs was such a stimulating and all-pervasive presence that I never enter the Frandsen Humanities Building without feeling a sympathetic, encouraging, ghostlike presence looking over my shoulder reassuringly.

In 1953 while I was chairman of the scholarship committee of the Nevada State Medical Association, I persuaded them to name 2 premedical scholarships annually in Professor Frandsen's name and to provide the money for them. After World War II those who had gone to the University of Nevada about when I did—the 2 doctors Cantlon, 2 doctors Hood, Ernest Mack, Kenneth Maclean, Clair Harper, Lynn Gerow and I—arranged a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Frandsen. Soon after this we established a premedical bookshelf in the main library, maintaining a fund for purchase of the latest premedical books, which now seems to have gone into limbo. I persuaded Professor

Frandsen to write an autobiography, which I hope yet to publish.

RHODES SCHOLAR

I graduated in 1928 and was again broke. Didn't have enough money to go to medical school, so I again took a job with the Union Ice Company. The problem was solved when I was, in the same year, awarded a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford. I quit the ice company and returned to the University of Nevada as a graduate assistant instructor under Peter Bugs for half a year in biology before departing for Oxford.

Before being awarded a Rhodes scholarship, you were planning on going directly from the University of Nevada to medical school?

When I began thinking about medical schools, the 2 I considered were Stanford and Harvard, and heaven knows how long it would have taken me to get enough money to go to either of them. My grades were more than satisfactory, but the money it took to go to either of them was out of my scope at the time. I was just lucky enough to be awarded a Rhodes scholarship. Incidentally, one of the competing candidates was my friend Vernon Cantlon.

How did the idea germinate to apply for a Rhodes scholarship?

Because I knew there were such things; because I didn't have money enough to go on without it; because I was told that I had most of the qualifications for it. Though I hadn't been particularly strong in athletics, I had been in just about everything else. I'd edited the paper and been in the Campus Players,

the theatrical group, as stage manager and also in plays. I'd been in the Blue Key and other service organizations, assistant editor of the *Artemisia* yearbook, member of Coffin and Keys, fraternity president, and member of the Inter-Fraternity Council and the Premedical Club.

About at what point during your university career did you decide to apply for a Rhodes scholarship?

My junior year. That's one of the reasons that I took the job as editor of the university newspaper. That would give an additional boost in that direction.

Did you do anything that was designed to prepare you for the competition for the Rhodes?

None other than the journalism.

If you had not gotten the Rhodes scholarship, what other options did you have as far as continued training or education?

Sit out a couple of years and work; go to school, try to earn some scholarships as I went; work while I went.

What kind of work did you plan to do?

Well, when I went to Harvard Medical School in my junior and senior year, I worked both of those years. I worked taking tickets at football games. I worked as a subject in physiological experiments. I gave transfusions as often as they'd let me and got paid for that.

What I mean is, you would have had a bachelor's degree by that time. You could probably have done something that would have paid you a little bit more than transfusions

and things of that nature. Did you have any particular job in mind if you were unable to get the Rhodes scholarship? In other words, another career?

I had none in mind. When I graduated from the university with a B.S. degree, of course I felt I had to get some type of job. I didn't want to stay with the Union Ice Company, where I could have perhaps made more money, but I wanted to work with something connected with education if possible. I inquired around a little bit at the university and found I probably wouldn't qualify for any position that would pay enough to allow me to save. So I went over and saw the state superintendent of public instruction, whose name was Mildred Bray and whom I had known for many years even back to Carson City days. She told me I didn't have a chance around the state. I said I was willing to go to any little country school or high school to teach any subject that I either had already had or that I could keep a little bit ahead of the students in, and she said there was no chance in getting on because I had not gone through the formal process of all the education courses—how to teach—that are required of people going into primary education. The only thing I can say concerning that is it's probably just as bad now as it was then.

You know, it is interesting that you can go through 4 years at the university and get your bachelor's degree and be near the top of your class, but you can't get a job teaching even first grade. The education people have this tied up in so many laws and regulations and so many education courses that it is practically a closed fraternity. I've always resented that, because when teachers go in the summertime to get courses they're required to get—courses for advancement in pay and advancement

in seniority—for many years they were always encouraged to take courses in how to teach something instead of improving their knowledge in what they are to teach. They weren't taught anything worthwhile; they were just told how to teach it, and this remained that way for a long time and, I think, is still somewhat that way. I know this from my sister's experience. I tried to discourage that all the 22 years I was on the Board of Regents. They used to deny that was the case, but it was obvious, quite obvious.

I went over to England in the fall of 1929. The whole group of Rhodes Scholars for that year...I think there were 38 meeting in New York City and going over on the *Aquitania* so we could all get acquainted on the way. I was admitted to St. John's College there, applying to it primarily because one of the faculty was a tutor named Claude Gordon Douglas. He was a well-known physiologist, had collaborated with Dr. J. B. Haldane in the perfection of the first gas masks used during World War I, and had done many studies in respiratory physiology. So when I got there, I asked that I have him for a tutor, and did obtain him. He was a very fine man.

At Oxford I read for the Honours School in Physiology, achieving a First Honours in 1931—the only First Honours achieved among the approximately 24 Rhodes Scholars that have attended Oxford University from Nevada since inception of these scholarships in 1902. Because of this, I was awarded an additional year of study and a half shelf of medical books, and continued with medical studies.

In addition to my studies for what they call the Honours School of Physiology, I participated in the social life, in particular in rowing, which I did my first and third years there. Our eight was a winning one during my third year, so that we obtained our oars.

If you win a certain number of races, you are awarded the oar that you rowed with; we did win our oar. In our boat at stroke was Dean Rusk, also a Rhodes Scholar at St. John's, later secretary of state during the war with Vietnam.

Athletics are almost a social life as well as an athletic one. You're with that group a great deal. Our eight was the very first eight to row from Oxford to London on the Thames River, which we did as much as a social event as a training event, but in time for the annual Oxford-Cambridge boat race on the Thames River.

This was the beginning of a depression in England as well as in the United States. The banks closed just a couple of months before I left for England, and I had about \$400 saved to get me started over there; it was in one of the banks. The manager of the bank was kind enough to in some manner extricate that money for me after the bank had closed, so that I did recover it. We were given a stipend over there, so we didn't feel the pinch. The English people were on the dole system—had food kitchens and handouts—particularly during the first 2 years I was there, but actually the hard times did not hit us, as students.

In Oxford I was a member of the Sir William Osler Society and the King Charles Club. When a student at Oxford, Bonnie Prince Charlie always dined at St. John's College and had a company of 12 men attending and waiting on him. The club was named because of this and consisted of 13 convivial souls. I met up with Bonnie Prince Charlie again in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, his last resting place.

I found no difficulty in adjusting socially. My mother was English, so perhaps that's the reason, but I felt right at home with the Englishmen—more so than most Americans did, I think—and seemed to be, in my own

opinion, at least, accepted by them as one of them.

It's an odd thing—when I first went into St. John's College there seemed to be 2 groups: there was one group of people who considered themselves the elite of the college and the other group who were the students of the college on scholarships from public schools. I was sort of pulled between those 2 groups for about a year. They'd say, "Come sit up here with us at this part of the table," and the other group would say, "Sit down here," and so I didn't feel neglected or left out at all, but rather embarrassed. I did, in effect, join both of them, because the elitists were those members who eventually became members of the King Charles Club and invited me to join and things like that, whereas the scholars—those from the public schools—were the ones who worked the hardest.

With those not considered the elite we formed a study club. One of us would take up a different subject each week, and we would meet in one of the rooms or in one of the diggings, as the living rooms were called there, outside the college. One person would take up the evening on the subject that he had chosen to talk about. Most of them were on some type of scientific subject, but not all of them.

It was quite a contrast with life at the University of Nevada.

Oh, entirely different.

Of course, the British are a good deal more class conscious than we are. Did you run into...?

They were class conscious, but I was accepted as one of the upper class, or perhaps both classes. I was invited out fox hunting. I was invited to the finest homes in England and

Scotland. We could look at a list of them at any time in the Rhodes House and say, "I'm having a 2 week vacation in May; I would like to go to visit the count of" so-and-so, or visit with a family in a particular part of the country or some name that we knew of through other scholars, and we'd get invited there.

Have you maintained any correspondence with these people?

I did for several years. Things were so terrifically busy, as I went into Harvard and into internships, that I couldn't keep up with anything outside those.

I understand that the social life was a good deal more structured at Oxford than it had been here in the United States.

It was structured, yes. The social life, of course, was mainly that with men; not, so far as I know, the kind that had AIDS, but of course AIDS had not been heard of then. We heard of homosexuality over there. I can honestly say that, even though going to a place where you'd expect to find that sort of thing, I've only been approached once in my life by a member of the same sex. That was in Edinburgh, Scotland, when I was going to the Royal College of Surgeons one winter. I must have given off the wrong signals.

You once remarked that you found it difficult to date in Oxford because you were not permitted to be seen on the city streets with local girls at night. Could you expand on that a little?

Each one of the colleges was surrounded by a wall, and on top of most of the walls there was a layer of broken glass and shards of metal and such things, and then on top of most of those there was a row of revolving spikes that

went clear around on the wall so that we were supposedly hemmed in. Any time we went out in the town after dusk we were expected to wear our gown and cap and be back in before 10:00 unless we had some good excuse expressed prior to going out. The iron gates were locked and there was a gatekeeper to let us in. If we were found without the cap and gown we were subject to being picked up by the university police, who were called progs. We were not allowed to go into any taverns at night where they served alcohol, but they served beer and wine right in the colleges.

The progs didn't start looking for you as a rule until after dark. If you were caught in any of the pubs you went before an administrative officer of the university and were at the very least reprimanded, at the most fined. I think I was fined 5 pounds and reprimanded once when I was caught in a pub near St. John's College, The Lamb and Flag, which we called the Flam. The prog walks up to me and says, "Are you a member of this university?"

You have a choice between lying or not. If you're going to lie you are liable to be in real trouble, and so you say, "Yes, I am."

He says, "Your name and college, sir." You give it, and he says, "Appear according to this piece of paper," and you appear there and are given the appropriate punitive measures.

In almost every college the students have devised a way to get in and out. In our college the spikes had been broken down in one place, and we knew where there was something to throw over the broken glass to cover it, and so most of us could circumvent the 10:00 closing of the college gate. The escape route was shown to me before I'd been there very long. We could get in and out at any time of the day or night without being seen by the gate man. You could go out to the Bodleian Library or a "flicker" (movie) or play, but you must be in your college by 10:00

or else have a good excuse for not being in. Then you could go to your room, and if you and somebody else wanted to climb over the wall, you could do it.

In Oxford at that time there were very few women out in the evening, particularly by themselves. Unless you had met them at somebody's home in Oxford, and we occasionally did that, you would not have a chance to meet any except those who were walking the street. I don't mean by that they were necessarily street walkers, because they weren't. There were some perfectly nice people out like that, but they were known to the progs, and if you were seen with any of them you might be picked up by the progs. So aside from when we would get invited out, we didn't have much of a mixed social life.

It so happened that Professor Stobie, who taught me chest diseases—in particular, tuberculosis (he told me that he knew the organism so well that he could smell it in people and that Sir William Osler had named it *Bacillus Stobii* after him)—was the mayor of Oxford, also. City Hall had unlimited wine cellars as well as a beautiful place to give parties. For some reason he liked a few of us Americans, and we used to be invited there at fairly frequent intervals to meet some of the nicest looking girls in the area. This was rather difficult, because both he and his wife had a roving eye, and sometimes it could be embarrassing. We used to go for the finest wines in the cellar and play somewhat risqué games in the City Hall under the lenient auspices of the mayor and mayoress.

Aside from that, the social life then was on your vacation. If you elected to go to one of the British houses who were at an appropriate age to have young people, there would be a real social life there. You'd be made a real part of it, whether it was rabbit hunting, grouse hunting or fox hunting, parties, picnics or whatever.

My third year at Oxford more or less corresponded with the second year of medical school at Harvard. Students studying for an M.D. in England would have to transfer to one of the regular full medical schools, such as Bartholomew's Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, Guy's Hospital in London—or a 4-year medical school in one of the larger cities, such as Birmingham or Edinburgh—as Oxford was at that time only giving the first 2 years of medical school. Now it is a complete 4-year medical school.

At Oxford we took parallel courses to those at the second year in the United States, but in a slightly less organized fashion and with some other things thrown in. The Radcliffe infirmary was our main hospital, and here we ran the gauntlet of outpatient work, autopsies, patient examinations, anesthesia and scrubbing at operations—some of these not even done in second year of medical school in the United States.

Among my most vivid recollections of this year are autopsies. Each of us had to do 12 or more autopsies and write reports on them. The cadaver could be examined only to the extent approved in the permit. Some authorizations might allow explorations through the chest or abdominal incisions, and in some cases autopsy material could only be studied through organs that could be reached through the mouth or rectum. I can remember some of us trying to do a complete autopsy from the anus to heart and lungs through the anus, and by means of long rubber gloves we did them. Also, we were thrown into the emergency room under supervision of a middle-aged nurse, or sister as they were called there, to patch up minor wounds, do dressings, inject varicose veins and anything not serious enough to require a doctor's skill.

On Tuesday mornings, we would come in to find a row of about 20 people lined up

on a bench. Our job was to take them into the next room individually and seat them in a large chair with an orderly on each side holding an arm and shoulder. We would then place a mask over their face (sitting up or leaning slightly backwards) and administer a mixture of nitrous oxide (laughing gas and oxygen) until their faces turned reddish-blue and they relaxed under the anesthesia and anoxia completely for about 5 minutes. The 2 orderlies holding them then placed a mouth gag in their mouths so they could not bite down, and the dentist would pull about 5 or 6 teeth before they came out of it. Then, as they could just struggle a bit, the 2 orderlies would halt support, mostly drag them into the next room and lay them on their side to prevent inhalation of blood, and that was it. No novocaine, no sutures, no temporary packing. I don't know how they survived it, but they did. Some of us almost didn't survive the first few we did.

The case that really shocked us all was a 40 year old man who came in with rather severe bleeding from the urinary bladder. Fairly good X-ray definition of the kidneys and upper ureters was just being developed in 1930 (and this was 1931) by Dr. Swick in Germany when he for the first time used a substance called uroselectan. It could be injected intravenously and be excreted by the kidneys and would show contrast X-ray pictures, as it was more opaque to X rays than the tissues themselves. But these were far from perfect when compared to the X rays done today. Frequently, portions of the urinary tracts could not be seen, and sometimes it was even difficult to visualize the kidneys at all.

Crude cystoscopes had been used to examine the interior of the bladder in 1877, and attempts made in 1906 to study the ureters and kidneys by injecting a thin barium sulfate solution into the ureters, when the

opening could be found, for contrast studies. They usually did not show the kidney well at all. Later in 1923, sodium iodide was used, but it was very irritating and also did not give very good pictures.

The uroselectan method was not generally available, as it had just come into use in Europe, and a couple of papers had been written on it. It did not give the sharp kidney images that we usually obtain today with renograffin or conray.

Although my memory is a little hazy, I believe the doctor cystoscoped the patient in question and identified the blood as coming from a right ureter, but could not see the ureter on the left. This was often the case when no visible dye or blood was coming out of them, with the crude cystoscopes in use at that time. At any rate, a removal of the right, rather severely bleeding kidney was done and no more urine was passed. [The patient died.] Autopsy showed there was an agenesis or lack of development of any kidney on the left. Kidney or other dialysis or transplantation of a new kidney into a patient were unknown then, so the result was inevitable death.

While at Oxford there were long vacations and considerable chance for medical work at other schools. I spent my second 6 weeks winter vacation at the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh dissecting (this would be in 1931) what they called a “wee laddie” or stillborn baby, as they have had extreme difficulty getting cadavers for dissection since the notorious Burke and Hare case of many years ago. [William Burke and William Hare achieved notoriety by their traffic in human bodies for purposes of dissection. In the 1820s they initially stole recently interred corpses for sale to anatomy classes in Edinburgh, and then began murdering people and selling the bodies. In 1828 they were arrested, and Burke was later hanged. Their crimes shocked

the British public and had a long-lasting impact on medical colleges’ ability to procure cadavers.]

On another vacation I dissected a head and neck, with particular attention to the nerves, in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, as a guest of the university medical school. Here another Rhodes Scholar and I enjoyed many Wagnerian operas, joining the circulating crowd with bottles of wine during the intermissions, walking around the foyer. We lived with a German family with boys about our own age to try and acquire a better knowledge in German, of which I had had only 2 years in college.

During another vacation—and I should mention that we only actually attended Oxford for slightly over half of the year—I spent considerable time in Heidelberg and Munich with a side trip to the Passion Play in Oberammergau. On other vacations I had a chance to visit with many English families, where I participated in fox hunting in Sussex, partook of Devonshire teas in Devon, and visited a considerable portion of England and portions of Scotland. Another part of a vacation was spent attending Shakespeare plays in the old Shakespeare playhouse in Stratford-upon-Avon, where I attended 9 plays in 7 days.

At the end of my first year, and also during vacations, I visited France, where another Rhodes Scholar and I spent one summer staying with a French family in an old Knights Templar chateau in the little walled village of Salers in the Dordogne Valley, where everyone carried their water from a fountain in the middle of the village and there was no indoor plumbing. Here I was boning up for examinations, which covered all of 2 years work, in 3 days of examinations, but did find time to go over into Morocco and then into Italy. Before returning to Oxford, we smoked

hashish we had smuggled out of Morocco (we were the only 2 passengers on the ship's crossing that were not frisked for contraband or drugs. We must've had honest faces!) and drank *Lacrimas Christi* (tears of Christ) wine on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius.

After seeing a considerable amount of Italy, including Capri and the Blue Grotto and the unforgettable remains of "the grandeur that was Rome," we returned to Oxford for the third year. I continued medical studies with vacations to Holland and Belgium, and in 1932 transferred from there to Harvard Medical School into the third year.

During vacation this third year another Rhodes Scholar and I bought 10,000-kilometer, third-class train tickets and toured Spain in detail from Alhambra—where a Moorish mother is said to have told her defeated son in retreat from Granada, "Do not cry like a woman for what you could not defend like a man"—to Salamanca, where on the university entrance is carved, "That which nature hath denied, this university cannot provide"; and to Toledo where, in an inn called "Posada de Sangre" Cervantes had written *Don Quixote de la Mancha* and where many of the finest of El Greco paintings are preserved in an old church.

Probably I would have gotten the same medical education had I stayed in the United States and gone to medical school for 2 years in one of the better medical schools, because we spent so much time traveling while at Oxford and doing other things besides going to school. But I figure that year was well worthwhile in the travel and other things that I engaged in while I was there, such as rowing, so I didn't feel any of it a loss of time.

HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

When I transferred from Oxford to Harvard in 1932 I had already been accepted

to the third year of Harvard Medical School. I looked forward to the work there with some trepidation, as I'd spent much time traveling while at Oxford, while I supposed that the Harvard boys were burning the midnight oil and would snow me under with medical lore.

During the summer before school started the Olympic games were on in Los Angeles, so a friend and I drove down and enjoyed them, seeing the famous woman athlete, Babe Didrickson, breaking records and winning events one after the other. On our way home we drove through Las Vegas, little more than a country town. At that time the Sal Sagev [Hotel] (Las Vegas spelled backwards) was the most impressive structure. We were told that a worker had been lost in the poured concrete on the dam [Hoover Dam, now Boulder Dam] just the day before we had arrived. I was appalled by it, but I had not then heard of the loss of 20 men trying to dig down to hard bottom for the last main pier of the Brooklyn bridge, and their finally giving up and letting the pier set on less than solid bottom.

The transition from Oxford to Harvard was not as difficult as I had imagined, but the finances were. My third month I sought out the assistant dean and told him my troubles, and next day received a check for \$500. The work was hard and steady, but more organized, and all went well. In my third or fourth year I was selected for membership in Alpha Omega Alpha honor fraternity, which meant that I was in the upper 15 percent of the class.

In my senior year I was allowed about half the year to work with a research project on my own under the supervision of Dr. Edward Churchill (whose nickname was Prince Charming), professor of surgery and chief of one of the 2 surgical services at Massachusetts General Hospital. As I had had electrophysiology at Oxford I chose to study

the effect on nerve impulses in the muscles between the ribs of cats after total removal of one lung, along with a Ph.D. physiology student who was proficient with the electric recorders, amplifiers and oscillographs. A research paper was published but failed to revolutionize the medical world. Meanwhile, by giving blood transfusions at intervals, taking tickets at football games and serving as a subject in physiological experiments the wolf was kept from the door.

My senior year was spent living as a house doctor in an old folks' home for my room, board and laundry, so very little finances were needed. However, I was not given an easy time because I would not ask the boss's daughter out on dates.

In our junior year, at the completion of our course in obstetrics, we were sent to the Boston Lying In Hospital—the main obstetrics hospital at Harvard—to do deliveries under supervision for a week, then to one of the school's clinics in the suburbs to do unsupervised home deliveries. The student would go alone to the home of the patient who had, of course, been checked out at the hospital previously—and had had at least one baby—to avoid complications. We would prepare the patient and instruments and do the deliveries. The patients were really grateful, and the first one I delivered there, a little Negro boy, was named after me. If any complications occurred, we could, of course, call for help or send a patient to the hospital. Nevertheless, it made us feel more like real doctors. I had no complications.

We had weekends off, and we particularly used to go to the Boston Garden. At times there would be wrestling matches there which we went to. Even though we knew they were fake, we liked them. They also used to have dances there, and in one end of the room they would have an orchestra—some [of the] finest

orchestras in the country—playing one type of music, and in the other end an orchestra playing an entirely different type of music. So you'd either go to this end and do the waltzes and all those serious things, or go to the other end and do the polkas and schottisches and those kind. We enjoyed those immensely, and we went to the Boston Pops.

They had a ship which used to sail outside the 6 or 10 mile limit—I forget which; it was during Prohibition time—and Vernon Cantlon and I were there at the same time, although he was ahead of me in school by then. We used to take our dates and go out there to dance on the ship. We had an old camera case that we used to fill up with alcohol and take it out on the ship. Of course, everybody else would do the same thing, and then buy mixes out there. By that time the alcohol had turned green from the inside of the camera case, but we drank it anyway and lived through it.

In the medical school itself we used to make bathtub gin. We used to sort of try to isolate one of the student's rooms so that the master of Vanderbilt Hall wouldn't be searching that particular bathroom, and we used to make beer there. Then on weekends we could have parties and invite young ladies, and we used to then have a mixture in the bathtub of part alcohol mixed with Welch's grape juice, which was called a nose bleed and partaken of by practically all present.. .sometimes to excess. Those were frowned on, but done nevertheless. So we had a social life there, and the elite of Boston girls' colleges were often there.

It wasn't until we got into the internships—except for the one in Cooperstown—that work was so tough. When you get up at 5:00 or 5:30 in the morning to shave heads, and get to bed at midnight and get one weekend out of 4 off; and an occasional night off, which

meant one night in 2 weeks when you traded with somebody else and he doubled up for you and did twice as much work as usual.... That meant he was up all night working. So there wasn't much time for social life then, and you made up by working all night for him on some other night.

INTERNSHIPS

As soon as my senior year was completed, without waiting for graduation ceremonies or a sheepskin (which I had already gone through at Nevada and Oxford) I headed home for a brief vacation before going to my first internship—a mixed pathology and surgery one at the Mary Immogene Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, New York, on the shore of beautiful Otsego Lake, one of the Finger Lakes in upstate New York and the area of several of James Fennimore Cooper's Leatherstocking tales. It was summer, the weather beautiful, as were the lake and the trees and the frequent canoe rides, picnics with a favorite nurse, irresistible. Besides, I was now getting the princely sum of \$50 a month in addition to hospital uniforms, board, room and laundry. And the work was not too hard to allow one to enjoy it—every other night and every other weekend off.

I was involved in 2 or 3 research projects here, finished a couple of them, but did not publish any as I could not see where they really contributed anything. Mary Immogene Bassett had been a doctor in this area. She treated one of the Singer sewing machine millionaires, who had crippling arthritis, and she was lucky or skillful enough to get marked improvement. The grateful patient built the hospital in her honor and endowed it so that some of the finest of staff from medical schools of the East could be offered—and

accept—enticing salaries and research time and equipment to do it with.

A classmate of mine from Harvard, Dr. Donald Bickley of Waterloo, Iowa, was also there, and I think we both spent one of the finest summers of our lives. While there I took national board examinations, parts 1 and 2, at Syracuse. All too soon December came, and we had to head to our main internships—he to medicine at the Massachusetts General Hospital and I to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital—both in Boston and teaching hospitals for Harvard Medical School. No pay, no weekends or nights off unless one doubled up, which had to be repaid, and just about no time for dates or any other recreation.

The world famous Dr. Harvey Cushing had just retired and transferred to write and do research at Yale, as he had reached the age of 65, and no one remained in teaching at Harvard after 65 then. But the rest of the world didn't seem to know he was gone, so that a steady stream of neurosurgical cases—most of them brain tumors—came pouring in. It was fortunate that we had a chief in Dr. Elliot Cutler who had considerable experience in neurosurgery.

In addition to working up the patient's diagnosis and general condition (with the help we could get from third year medical students with histories and physicals) we had to get up at 5:30 a.m. just about every day except Sunday to shave their heads and prepare them for surgery, then do the urines and menial lab work that now goes to the laboratory, so as to be ready to scrub and assist by 7:30. What a slave's life as compared to nowadays for interns or "residents, one" as they are called now, with every other night and every other weekend off and large stipends. But we had been taught to expect it, and we had the reaction that I suppose

the psychiatrist would call a mixture of love and hate toward the work and toward those driving us on, and more than occasionally browbeating us if we did not know all the details of each of our patients on ward rounds. The chief, Dr. Cutler, gave us somewhat of a rest on Sundays, as he did not come in for ward rounds until 7:30 in the morning. We were really slave labor.

I have never seen so much brain pathology in the over 45 years since I held that internship! In addition to all of that there was the gamut of regular surgery from hemorrhoid to gallbladder to breasts and thyroids and prostatectomies, with the oral surgeons even instructing us and having us pull teeth, and between these, the giving of anesthetics in the days when most anesthetics were given by nurse anesthetists. The endotracheal tubes were just being tried out in anesthesia for the first time by Henry Beecher, the pioneer in this form of anesthesia at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

We assisted at the larger operations, but the lesser ones such as a few hernias, varicose veins and hemorrhoids were tossed our way. I remember my elation toward the end of the internship when I was allowed by the surgeon to do removal of a gallbladder and then a thyroid. It was 12 months of mixed surgery and 4 months of outpatient surgery with treatment of venereal disease and other problems, in addition to the usual run of accidents and outpatient illness and varicose veins clinics, ad nauseam, and no antibiotics, no cortisones and almost none of the other specific drugs now in profusion in the pharmacy adjacent to every emergency room.

Looking back, I cannot doubt the saying that the amount of medical knowledge doubles every 10 or 12 years, and I cannot doubt that I have had to relearn the practice

of medicine and surgery at least 3 times since graduating from medical school. But we soaked up medical and surgical knowledge like sponges, and I think also by osmosis as well. The third year medical students looked up to us as fountains of knowledge, for we were fast acquiring knowledge that changed almost as fast as we learned it.

The mixed surgical internship came to an end, and we looked forward to the next quantum jump. There was another 6 months wait before an assistant residency and surgery at the New Haven-Yale Teaching Hospital, and this was spent at an internship at the Boston Lying In, or main obstetrics hospital for Harvard. There we did rectal examinations by the hundreds for the first 10 days, until we could tell from feeling the skull of the baby in just what direction the head was rotated by feeling the as yet un-united bones or sutures of the skull. We could tell whether the face was turned backwards or forwards or if there was room for the head to come out, and whether the baby was feet or bottom or cord first, and what to do about it to deliver a breathing, squalling baby.

We were taught to snore the mothers under with sedatives and narcotics (a thing avoided like the plague now), and this sometimes inhibited the baby in breathing and tended to prevent the squalling. I do not know of its causing any deaths on my service, although frowned on long since. We were taught how to use forceps without damaging the baby's head, how to turn the head so it would come out, and then how to do Caesarians on those with too small a pelvis. We were sometimes called by the nurses monitoring the baby's heart, heard through the abdominal wall with a fetoscope, when they could detect a slowing down or an excessive speeding up of the heart that might tell us of trouble, and an immediate

Caesarian was imperative to save the baby's life. We jumped to these calls.

Here we received the munificent sum of \$25 per month. With this I purchased a thirdhand Ford for \$100 to proceed to New Haven and my next step up, which came along just before Christmas time, giving me just a few days to go to Montreal [Canada] for a vacation and see the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Sir William Osler Museum there.

Your internships were in New England. Did you choose to...?

You can do one of 2 things: you can choose one place and stay there for your whole time, if they accept you to do so and if you want to do so. If there are other good places that will accept you, you can go there to gain a varied experience. The reason I went from Harvard to Yale is because my most admired professor at Harvard—not the head professor, but my favorite professor, Dr. John Homans—was to be chief of surgery at Yale for 2 years when the chief of surgery there came down with tuberculosis. I followed him there.

I see. What was the reason behind the decision to go to Cooperstown, New York?

Because I had to wait 6 months for my regular internship to start.

There was no geographical pattern, in other words? I was curious as to why you might have chosen to stay in the East rather than come west.

I stayed in the East because I thought that's where the best medicine was at that time, and I still believe it was then. We didn't think any real fine medicine existed

west of Pennsylvania, although Stanford was a good school and the University of California was a good school, in retrospect. Back then...Harvard and Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania. You started going west of there, why, you felt a little bit uncertain. You could go to Michigan or to St. Louis, where they had Washington University, or Cleveland with Western Reserve, or you might go to Stanford or the University of California in San Francisco.

So you went on to New Haven?

Yes. And took off a few days to go to Montreal, to go to the Montreal General Hospital and Sir William Osler Museum, where has fame began at McGill University before going to Johns Hopkins. I was particularly interested in this, as he had, after leaving Johns Hopkins, gone to England as the Regius Professor (that means physician to the reigning monarch) of medicine at Oxford University and had died just a few years before my going there. He is perhaps the most highly regarded doctor of modern times.

I put in my first 2 years of surgery at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. There was a very bright group of young contemporaries at the Brigham when I was there who were training in surgery, most of them a step ahead of me: Hartwell Harrison, who was a member of the first surgical team to successfully transplant a kidney; Bob Gross, who had come directly from a residency in pathology at the Children's Hospital to an assistant residency in surgery at the Peter Bent Brigham, and who would later be the first to ligate a congenital patent ductus arteriosus and thus open the way to heart surgery; and Carl Walter, with a degree both in medicine and engineering, who would later construct

the first practical heart-lung machine to keep the blood flowing and aerated when the heart was stopped, so that open heart surgery could be done while the blood was oxygenated and circulated by the machine. There was also Robert Zollinger, later to describe a new disease, Zollinger-Ellison Syndrome (a pancreatic tumor) and who has since been for many years chief professor of surgery at Ohio State University, retiring 2 years ago; and Burt Dunphy, who had to wait 6 months in the laboratories before getting his internship, who later became professor of surgery and chief of the department at the University of Oregon Medical School and later at the University of California, San Francisco Medical School. He edited 2 fine textbooks of surgery and did valuable research on wound healing. I felt somewhat subdued and outclassed.

I had come down with John Homans to Yale, as he was coming from the Peter Bent Brigham to be chief of surgery for a couple of years while a Dr. Harvey, who had been chief, recovered from a chronic illness—I believe pulmonary tuberculosis. As an assistant resident, the work was hard, but we got every other night and weekend off and got to do a lot of surgery ourselves, only having one of the interns as an assistant except in the most major cases.

Here I tried to take up electrophysiology studies in certain nerve and muscle diseases (the field not yet really started then) with Ebb Hoff, an M.D. physiologist who had also studied under Sir Charles Sherrington and been a friend of mine at Oxford. But there was so much routine work that I could not handle it, and I left a wide and valuable field to be explored later by others. I have always regretted that we didn't push a little bit harder and get this done, as it would have really been practically a first in the field of

electrophysiology in diseases of the muscles and nerves.

While I was on the orthopedic block, the chief resident's father became ill, and he took a protracted leave of absence that left me chief surgical resident for a considerable time. An illness of my father took me away for several weeks during another part of the assistant residency.

I had wide experience here in general surgery, orthopedics, obstetrics, gynecology and urology, which fitted me well for what was to follow. Completing my work at the end of 1938, I headed home in the \$100 Ford, and after arrival home traded it in for \$500 on a new Pontiac. I started in my practice in Carson City next, right after that.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN CARSON CITY: 1938-1941

In 1937 I took a leave of absence from my residency in New Haven to visit my father, who was ill with a tumor of the collarbone. During that leave of absence I was not idle. I had no license to practice medicine, but the examinations were to be given in the office of Dr. Ed Hamer in Carson City, who was secretary to the Board of Medical Examiners and who wanted me to work with him. I was seeing patients in the back of the office somewhat illegally, and when my turn came to get the oral examination they called me to the front office, asked me questions about 5 minutes and told me to go back to treating the patients.

The other doctor in Carson, James Thom, showed me many courtesies, taking me on rounds with him, 'having me scrub at operations and generally helping me. It was his suggestion that I work with Dr. Hamer and, after returning from completing my residency in latter 1938, I went into partnership with Dr. Hamer.

During these few weeks at home with my father, I went to Reno a few times with

Dr. Thom and on occasion helped him take out an appendix or repair a hernia or other not too heavy surgical cases. It was all done in a wooden frame building with one door opening directly outside, another opening into a short hallway to the hospital that probably housed about 150 patients. In the daytime an aide would be kept busy with a fly swatter for flies, and at night for other insects attracted by the lighted room. However, it was seldom that an insect got into the wound. Infection was not unusually common; uncomplicated survival was the rule.

Dr. Thom was also contract doctor for the Indian service, his area stretching from Carson City to Coleville, [California] and including the Stewart Indian Hospital adjoining the Stewart Indian School. Toxic shock syndrome— of which we have heard so much during the past few years, coming from certain vaginal tampons—was unheard of then, and this is strange, for it was not uncommon to see an Indian woman come in the Indian hospital with excessive vaginal bleeding and the vagina packed with old rags

or even occasionally with newspapers to try to stop the bleeding. None seemed the worse for it, and, fortunately, no infections of note seemed to result that would now suggest toxic shock.

On one occasion a call came that a farmer about 11 miles away near Minden was passing large amounts of blood by rectum and was too weak to come to the hospital. So we packed a little black bag and headed for the ranch. The man was indeed passing copious red stools, but they didn't quite clot or look exactly like blood. On close questioning it developed that he had been harvesting beets on the day before and had eaten large meals consisting mainly of beets. He recovered his health and strength at once.

Trachoma is a granular infection caused by the Chlamydia trachomatis bacterium, which was not then known. It is second to gonorrhea as the most common infection of the penis and is not infrequently found as one of the most common infections on the cervix. It also comes in the conjunctiva in the eyes and occasionally even extends onto the cornea. Might add that 40 years ago it was the cause of probably 20 million blind people throughout the world. It was very common among the Indians because of their close contact with each other and their lack of cleanliness and use of soap and water, and we had no antibiotic or other specific to treat it. Once a week we would go to the Indian school or the hospital, line the Indian patients up and cauterize the eye granulations with copper sulfate—what the Indians called “blue fire,” and it must have felt just like that. Fortunately, soon after this sulfanilamide became available, developed in Germany, and was soon found to be fairly specific for trachoma. It was soon nearly wiped out in regions where this was used.

I soon returned to my training at Yale for about another 8 months. With that completed rather uneventfully, I returned to Carson City to practice with Dr. Hamer, who was a serious asthmatic.

Less than a year after I joined him, Dr. Hamer became state health officer, and I was on my own for the first time. My office was on the ground floor portion of the Nevada Industrial Commission on the main street in Carson, with a large plate glass window looking out onto the sidewalk.

I well remember my first patient, a rather nervous young lady who had just bought a new Pontiac, took a too short lesson in handling it and then was coming to my office for an early afternoon appointment. Her lesson didn't take too well, for she drove up to the curb in front, over the curb, through the plate glass window and almost into my lap where I was sitting in the waiting room. She was uninjured, except in feelings, and soon taken care of. The window was a complete casualty, and I missed being one by only about 3 feet. She survived, and 8 years later I removed a cancer of the thyroid successfully and, I guess, permanently, for she was my patient again 12 years later.

Have you ever seen a blue American Indian? One such walked into my office about my third month of practice. He said he had gradually been turning blue and had been to see 2 doctors who could not name a cause for it. Close questioning revealed that he had fairly frequent headaches and that he had been taking acetanilid tablets for them, which could then be bought over the counter, for relief. I at once quietly gave thanks to my old pharmacology professor at Oxford, Dr. Gunn, who had told me that acetanilid could do just this, converting normal hemoglobin in part to sulphemoglobin and methemoglobin, which

could not take up oxygen and therefore would not turn a bright red as our normal blood is, but would be a brownish-blue in color. It also makes it incapable of carrying oxygen, thus making the patient appear cyanotic, the cyanosis being also a somewhat bluish color. Between his natural Indian bronze and the sulf- and methemoglobin, he appeared about the color of a blueberry. Omitting the medicine for several weeks, he returned to his native Indian color.

We were warned to beware of Bromoseltzer or Nervine, for they, at that time and at least for a long time after, contained the guilty chemical acetanilid as well as bromide. Quite a few other medically used compounds, including some of the sulfa drugs and quite a few others, can produce the same blue syndrome, although they are usually not given in sufficient quantity. At any rate, I felt like a Sherlock Holmes for the time being.

Shortly after World War II I admitted a comatose patient (a scion of the Pillsbury family) to hospital. Tests showed excessive levels of bromide, but he died within a few hours, almost before therapy could be instituted. The formulae of both Bromoseltzer and Nervine have since been altered, and I think acetanilid altogether omitted to avoid such complications. Bromides were the main guilty substance here, and his skin was covered with crusts that looked like oyster shells.

I enjoyed that period in Carson City before World War II very much—good social life, enjoyable and busy practice. I wasn't doing entirely what I was trained for, because I was trained for general surgery. This was general practice with some surgery. I had had experience in my training, of course, in obstetrics, and at that time I guess I was the only doctor in the state who'd had any special

training in obstetrics. There was no hospital in Carson City, so I delivered babies there in 2 homes run by practical nurses, delivered some in Reno, and actually was called over to Reno occasionally in consultation by other doctors because I was the only one with special training in obstetrics. I delivered babies for probably 12 years after World War II before I quit doing that.

Along with the training in surgical specialties, I'd had some ear, nose, throat work—did tonsillectomies for 15 years after the war and then quit doing them. As we got specialists in obstetrics, I quit doing obstetrics; as we got specialists in ear, nose, throat, I quit doing that.

Just prior to World War II, and for about 2 years after World War II, we didn't have a neurosurgeon in the state. As general surgeons, we even had to do decompression operations on the skull after severe injuries such as subdural hematomas or internal bleeding with pressure. Any case that could safely be sent to San Francisco, we sent; but some had to be done as an emergency.

I delivered babies at home in those days. Of course, our training at Harvard...some of our first obstetrical work there had been delivering babies at home. As frequently used to be the case in medical schools (I guess they even do it today) this exercise was conducted with patients that were considered to be good risk patients that had had one or more babies uneventfully before. All medical students delivered babies at home—after doing some in hospital under supervision first—during their third year of medical school. Boston was divided into districts, and you'd live in a district home there that the school owned or leased, and you'd be called out to homes from there to take care of those patients during delivery and afterwards. Any complicated

cases would be transferred at once to the Boston Lying In Hospital.

In private practice I by now thought nothing of doing home deliveries. I'd go to Silver City or Virginia City to deliver a baby or go out to the Indian camp outside of Carson and do a home delivery. We would carry our delivery kits with us and have a sterilizing pan, sterilize our instruments there, probably used a little local anesthetic on the perineum during delivery, and that's about all. It would be rare that we'd ever have to use any general anesthetic. In that case we would either take the patient to the hospital by ambulance or rarely, if it appeared to be just something that would take a few moments, we might give a little ether, but in general that's a little too risky for home use.

I didn't enjoy delivering babies any more than I did other work, but mothers are the most grateful patients— that's the difference. A patient that you deliver a good, healthy, bouncing baby for is the most grateful patient there is. It seems to mean more than if you had saved their life, to them. You save their life some other way, from something serious, and they don't think nearly as much of it.

Dr. Thom and I would make one trip and sometimes 2 trips a day to Reno to the hospitals here, very frequently. Particularly, I did almost daily, as I did some surgical work. And, of course, you did minor surgery in the prison at that time, a few major cases, appendectomies and hernias. I was prison doctor and orphans' home doctor for 3 years. It was a busy life making one or 2 trips to Reno every day; the highway wasn't quite what it is now, but we didn't have the 55 mph speed limit and I was used to long hours of work.

In Carson there was no hospital at that time; there were just what we would now call nursing homes. We could take care of some illnesses there. Actually, there was a typhoid

epidemic while I was there, and we took care of typhoid patients. The main typhoid epidemic was in Dayton.

During that time Major Max Fleischmann was living at Lake Tahoe for most of the year, and he was disturbed by the fact that there was no hospital in Carson City. He had several incidents where his wife, a diabetic, or somebody working for him had to be taken to Reno for care. I took care of the Fleischmanns and their employees. The Major and I had talked about the construction of a hospital in Carson, and I actually went back to the American Medical Association and obtained various sorts of floor plans and suggestions for a hospital, of which he was going to do the major funding. But about that time World War II came along, and I went into that, so that project was dropped for the moment.

Then after the war, there being no hospital there, the subject was taken up again with him, and he put up a considerable amount of the funding for building the first hospital in Carson City. For quite a number of years after the war, perhaps 15 years, I used to go over for the major surgery, the greater part of the surgery that was done there, working with Dr. Petty and with Dr. Hovenden, who had come there from McGill, Nevada, Dr. Henry Stewart and some of the other doctors, until they got specialists in general surgery of their own in Carson.

Carson City then was an ideal place to practice in. Glenbrook was within 12 miles, and you could golf there all day for \$3. At Lake Tahoe there was top lining for rainbow trout or deep lining for mackinaw trout, which often weighed 8 to 16 pounds. Duck hunting could be enjoyed at Greenhead Club or on the ranches; pheasant and sage hen hunting on almost any of the ranches, for the owners were nearly all friends or patients. We danced and partied at Carson Hot Springs or at Sahati's

Stateline Country Club at Lake Tahoe—a one-story affair, the nearest thing to a casino in northern Nevada, whose owner was reputed to be a morphine addict, and which was built straddling the California and Nevada boundary line.

I bought a place at Tahoe near Cave Rock just before the war, a partly built house which I had completed before World War II. And we used to spend some very nice times at Tahoe boating, a group of us. Candy Dances at Genoa. Trips to San Francisco. We used to go swimming in Lake Tahoe New Year's Eve to usher in the New Year...ice and all; still did that after the war. I maintained the house at the lake for quite a number of years after the war and sold it about 25 years ago. Now I wish I hadn't. But I sold it so my family and I could travel in this country and travel abroad. Maintaining a house at the lake, you have to stay there during your vacations to justify having it, but I was very interested in traveling.

While practicing in Carson City before the war, I diagnosed the first case of equine encephalitis in Nevada, and some of the first cases of brucellosis. Brucellosis was fairly common, but wasn't diagnosed so frequently before the war.

I was real pleased when I picked up my first case of typhoid fever and then others that comprised a small epidemic, mostly from Dayton. That case, incidentally, was down on Mill Street here in Reno when I was practicing in Carson. At that time Washoe Medical Center was just a frame building with a brick annex. We used to have one person in the operating room to swat the flies and the moths while we were operating. We had no specialists in anesthesia. It's a wonder as many patients pulled through as did. Many had post operatively what the anesthetists called ether pneumonia.

I was doctor to the state prison and to the state orphans' home. Facilities at the prison were extremely minimal. You trained your orderlies or your nurses yourself; they'd be male, of course. You were lucky if you had one that had any training in that field. I had, as my principal orderly in the hospital, a check forger. I think he was in for his second time, second rap.

You quickly learn some of the wiles of con men when you're a prison doctor. Many of the convicts like to get into the prison hospital, because, at that time at least, the diet was a little more liberal and the recreation a little better. So you had to learn to distinguish the cons from the genuine. There's nothing like having a prison orderly who will level with you to let you in on those secrets. They are wise to the other person's ways in a hurry.

One also has to learn the hard way about getting conned in other ways. People who are trying to get parole or pardon, that sort of thing, will present their long, sad story to the doctor to get him to give a testimonial, and I got roped into 2 or 3 of those in a hurry. Dr. Petty had the same experience when he became prison doctor after I went into the service.

[You] soon learn to be very skeptical of their assertions that they had been treated unjustly and convicted unfairly, hadn't done this sort of thing and would never think of doing it. A certain number would put up very plausible stories that you'd fall for and give them a letter to the parole board. I never will forget one preacher from Ely: he was in on a charge of child molesting; he gave me such a good story that I wrote him a letter. I don't suppose my letter particularly got him paroled, but he got paroled, and 3 months later he was back again for child molesting. You soon learn.

Of course, the ones that are particularly trying to get into the prison hospital are those who want narcotics or sedatives, and you rely on your convict helper to give you the dope on those. In those days they didn't have quite the organized ways of getting that stuff across barriers that they have had in the last couple of decades, so you would put them in the infirmary "cold turkey."

As physician to the state orphans' home, I would visit there once a week and have sick calls and make special calls for any particular illnesses during the week. I would go down there, as a rule, rather than have them come to the office. And once in a while I would run across something rather interesting. I had one youngster in a diabetic coma—previously undiagnosed diabetes. Another one had thrombocytopenic purpura, which is a case of extremely low blood platelet count and with multiple small hemorrhages. We couldn't find any cause for it, such as allergy or any medicine or other substance ingested. When you can't find a cause for something, it's called idiopathic. The treatment for idiopathic thrombocytopenic purpura was removal of the spleen, and we removed her spleen, and she's remained well since, as has the diabetic on insulin.

I saw the general run-of-the-mill of children's diseases there. These were the days before we had vaccines for measles and polio and diphtheria and pertussis and tetanus and all these other things, you know, but I didn't see any polio or diphtheria, thank goodness; it was pretty rare to see either of those. When we had the big polio epidemic after the war in Reno, in about 1950, I did numerous tracheostomies on the youngsters who were in iron lungs, a whole ward full of them; [there was] airplane service to bring them to the hospital in a hurry. Fortunately, during the time I was in Carson City we didn't

have any polio or diphtheria, but we had lots of whooping cough, lots of measles, and occasionally encephalitis, which was a serious illness. Illnesses were much the same as now but with the host of new medicines, we now have a few illnesses induced by medication, itself, that we didn't have then. But on the whole the medications do more good than they do damage.

My life in Carson City was good. We played golf at Glenbrook on weekends; had a nice group that went up there—Alan Bible and Tom Craven, who later became a judge—he was assistant Nevada attorney general; and Denver Dickerson, who's now in charge of the printing office in the United States capitol in Washington; and Gordon Rice, who was a judge and now is an attorney here in Reno; and a number of others who are still around.

Carson City was a town of perhaps 4,000 or less people then, no greater. It was a nice little town and you knew everybody. Close to hunting and fishing and golf. You could go up and spend the day at Glenbrook golfing for \$3; now it's at least \$15, and most others are double that. Horseback riding. Bill Holcomb was one of those of the same group; he was highway engineer, later.

I joined the Rotary Club there the year that it started, although I was not a charter member. I enjoyed that Rotary Club more than I have any service club I've ever belonged to. Accomplishment brings enjoyment. The group was so interested in furthering civic projects. Also, during that time we started the first Nevada Day celebrations, which have continued since. The first one I rode a mule in a float that allegedly was hauling a couple of Fremont's cannons. I can't remember whether they were genuine or not. I think probably not, but they are the cannons that are now displayed on the state capitol grounds, so maybe they were. We came along Carson

Street in the parade, and one of the little kids that I'd delivered when I'd been home 3 1/2 years earlier on a short leave of absence, hollered out, "Hey, Ma, look at the doc on the donkey!" We had some great times.

Alan Bible, an old fraternity brother of mine and later senator, was grand marshal of the parade. His first job after graduating from law school and taking the bar examination was as district attorney in Virginia City, later moving to Carson City to be deputy attorney general. He and I occupied the upper story of my family's home together until he got married about 2 years later. (The house in which my parents lived was one of only 2 houses built of granite quarried from the old state prison.) A couple of years later he ran for attorney general.

Another good friend of mine in Carson, Clark Guild, Jr., came from an old Republican family, as I did also. As Bible was a Democrat, we both changed our registration to Democrat so that we could vote for him in the primary. Both of our families were disgusted. I didn't realize how much so until some time later when joking with my father about politics he suddenly said, "There's something that I don't ever want to talk to you about again, son, and that's politics."

At any rate, Bible was elected attorney general and remained so until after World War II, when he decided not to run again. Soon after becoming attorney general, he was married, and a year later I delivered his first son, Paul, who is my godson, a prominent attorney, and now chairman of the state gaming commission.

Shortly after I got to Carson, I was asked to serve as secretary-treasurer of the state Board of Medical Examiners. Bible and I decided to rewrite and update the medical practice act, something long overdue. We spent our spare time on it for several weeks,

and I even went back to the American Medical Association headquarters in Chicago to have their attorney review it and make suggestions.

Also at this time, still maintaining a strong interest in the university, Bible and I would drive to Reno once a month for the University of Nevada alumni executive committee meetings, which were then held in an office in the old Clay Peters building at the corner of Sierra and Second streets.

Another young friend of ours, Denver Dickerson, was speaker of the assembly, and he had the medical practice act bill introduced. It passed the assembly unanimously. In the senate it got hung up in committee by the chairman, Senator [Noble H.] Getchell of Winnemucca, who was the chairman of the judiciary committee. I tried to get the reasons out of him, but all he would tell me was that it might allow the annual medical license fee to practice to be raised from \$1 to as high as \$5 if voted by the Board of Medical Examiners. It is now \$100 per year.

From deduction and from inquiries, my only conclusion was that a Dr. Horace Brown in Reno, Dr. [Edward E.] Hamer in Carson and a few of their old cronies didn't like having upstarts messing with their laws, however archaic. And it had been held in committee by their influence on Senator Getchell. Five years later, after the war, I found it interesting that the new Board of Medical Examiners brought the bill back with only very minor changes to the legislature, and it passed with no opposition.

About mid-1940, I decided that the practice in Carson City was getting a little too busy for me. I had intended staying in Carson only a few months and then moving to Reno, where there were 2 hospitals and more chance of doing surgery, which was to be my specialty. Also, in a small town such as Carson was at that time (considerably less than 4,000

people), the practice was too confining when I was by myself. Some patients would get angry if I even went to Glenbrook, 15 miles away, on a Sunday or holiday to play golf, or if I were to go on a hunting trip on a weekend. Many of the people felt that a doctor was to stay there to guard their health and had no right to have any time off.

Dr. Thom was a very fine man, a very helpful one who was very good to me. He even had helped me in my last year of medical school with a loan. In spite of that and the fact that we were good friends, it's very difficult for 2 doctors to practice in a small town. The patients make it that way, even if the doctors don't. The population takes it on itself to play off one doctor against the other. They don't even have to know them well to choose up sides. It is really difficult to maintain a close friendship with the other doctor when a patient will call you up and want to come to you, and then you find out that he's been to the other doctor and the other doctor finds out he's now been to you. This sort of situation is bound to create some hard feelings, and this was the situation in Carson where I was very naive until I found this out.

Dr. Thom was a friend and a very forgiving person, but patients would call up and say, "He is not treating me right and I'm not getting well and I want to change doctors."

I'd say, "Who are you going to?"

They'd say, "Dr. Thom."

And I'd say, "Well then, go to him. I can't take you." And they'd keep insisting, and then they would try and create a row between the 2 of you.

After World War II one of the reasons that we had to make up committees to go to some of the small towns was because the people themselves and the people in the hospital and the people on the board of administrators

were creating feuds between the doctors in many cases.

I knew Pete Sawyer (brother of the later university regent and governor, Grant Sawyer) at the Southern Pacific Hospital in San Francisco and drove down to see him. He told me that a Dr. Richard Petty had just finished training and was on the train which had just left to go back to Mount Carroll, Illinois, to go into practice with his father, but that he didn't really want to leave the West. I at once sent a telegram to be delivered to him in Truckee asking him to see me at the train in Reno. I met him and his wife Lucille at the train, took them to Carson the next day. They liked the looks of the town; he liked the proposition I made him, and a partnership was formed. Many of my friends have told me since that the best thing I've ever done for the state of Nevada was to bring Dr. Petty here, for he turned out to be a fine doctor, a fine person and a fine friend.

ARMY SURGEON: 1941-1945

GARRISON DUTY IN THE UNITED STATES

I delivered my partner, Dick Petty's, first baby girl, and all went well. Meanwhile, Hitler had begun annexing other countries such as Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. We were on our way to the World's Fair in San Francisco when Poland was invaded. If there was to be war I was prepared to go, prevented only by an inguinal hernia that I went into Washoe Medical Center to have repaired. While in the hospital I was visited by Brigadier General Jay White, adjutant general for Nevada and a friend and patient of mine, who persuaded me to enlist in the Nevada National Guard, an anti-aircraft unit about to be activated for duty. I can't understand why I allowed myself to be persuaded into this. What I really wanted and was trained for was surgery.

On getting out of the hospital, I did enlist and was soon inducted with a rank of major. Early in October 1941, the unit was called to duty at Camp Hahn near Riverside, California. My father was in very poor health

by this time, and I obtained a postponement in joining the unit. My father died, probably from cerebral thrombosis, on 14 October 1941. I joined the unit a month later at Camp Hahn, just in time for an early Thanksgiving, when several of our battalions were sent on 3 days of simulated maneuvers in the Mojave Desert.

Orders to report to Los Angeles were awaiting us on arrival back to camp. We were deployed mainly in and around the aircraft manufacturing plants, with some of our hand cranked anti-aircraft guns and crude radar equipment on hilltops in and around Los Angeles. Most of the hills now are graded and leveled and crowded with houses, but then were approachable only by jeeps or heavy equipment...such as the San Fernando Valley and many other areas which are now considered part of greater Los Angeles. Tarzana and areas along Sepulveda Boulevard were then almost bare of buildings. We had our main bivouac in Griffith Park but also occupied other areas such as Disney's studios, which were only producing film materials for

the armed forces. We also occupied the old greyhound racing track at Culver City and the racetrack headquarters at Santa Anita—initially developed by a dentist and reopened subsequent to World War II and going strong ever since then.

On the evening of 6 December 1941, our officers were guests at the swank Screen Actors and Directors Club on Wilshire Boulevard, where I think there were more stars than in the sky. We were told to introduce ourselves to any of them for dancing or talking or a drink. Among the producers I was especially impressed by Darryl Zanuck; of the actors, by William Powell and of the actresses on the screen, by Lilly Palmer. Walt Disney, whom I already knew, impressed me greatly. Our programs were soon filled with the names of famous actresses, such as Hedy Lamar, Lilly Palmer and others for dancing, and the champagne flowed freely.

We had quarters in the Walt Disney studios where some of the troops were quartered. Walt Disney, himself, prepared a battalion medical insignia for me which now hangs on the wall of my den, signed by him.

On 8 December, the morning after the Screen Actors Guild party, reveille call was followed by the announcement that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor, practically destroyed our Pacific fleet, bottled up the rest of it and bombed the air fields and other military targets on Oahu. There were rumors of one or more Japanese submarines sighted off the coast near Santa Barbara, and our aircraft fired some shots at airborne objects mistaken for enemy aircraft that I think turned out to be weather balloons. Meanwhile, coastal blackouts were imposed, leaves were cancelled, and the Japanese who lived near the coast, whether they were citizens or not—and many of them were truck farmers—were gathered together in detention camps to prevent sabotage.

No significant incidents occurred, despite radio and newspaper scare stories that coastline shelling or even submarine landings for sabotage might occur. All was quiet, as far as our guns were concerned, after the weather balloons. The hysteria passed after a few months, and we settled down to a routine where our casualties were mainly: victims of a few jeep accidents; carbon monoxide poisoning from our soldiers going to sleep in the cold near the exhaust of gasoline burning equipment to keep warm; hundreds of cases of athlete's foot from soggy shoes and socks in the rainy environment; and a multitude of respiratory infections for which we could do little. I developed bronchial pneumonia and spent 2 weeks in a Santa Barbara military hospital.

We spent considerable time on inspections of kitchens and mess halls, where I made myself unpopular with company commanders by referring to the food prepared for army mess as (and this from our army manual) edible garbage.

I spent time teaching our medical corpsmen how to identify the various cylinders of poison gases and covering small pools of water strung throughout Los Angeles with oil to keep down the mosquitoes. Bandaging practice was done daily, as well as the initial treatment of what few casualties we had. After one tragic incident I instructed them about wounds bleeding into the mouth or throat of victims who might drown in their own secretions if not turned to allow the blood to drain out, with care not to manipulate necks without turning the body, too, in case the neck might be broken or otherwise severely injured.

In mid-1942, directives arrived that any doctors having had some special training in surgery, and especially chest surgery, should communicate with the office of the Surgeon

General of the Army for transfer to hospitals. I was more than glad to fill out any forms that might get me to real medicine and surgery. After exchange of a few letters, I was finally transferred to Letterman General Hospital, located adjacent to the Presidio in San Francisco, the headquarters of Ninth Army Command.

Letterman General Hospital was headquarters for the west coast Ninth Army casualties, and receiving and triage hospital for most of the Pacific Ocean area. Nearly all casualties, all sorts from the army and air force commands of the Pacific Ocean area—including such places as Guadalcanal and the Marianas, Philippines, Okinawa and the so-called thousand-mile war, beginning at Kiska and Attu near Alaska and stretching for 1,000 miles toward Japan—were disembarked by the shipload at Fort Miley nearby and sent for hospitalization at Letterman General, where a sorting out or a triage process was done. Those needing little or no treatment were sent on by train. Those needing urgent or definitive care or specialty care—and there were thousands of them who received this at Letterman—then were shipped by trainloads, usually to the army hospitals nearest their homes to complete recovery adequately for discharge.

I was first placed on triage duty, receiving the casualties with the brief histories (which were nothing more than tags) and assigning them to appropriate wards where the specialists on those wards took over. After 4 weeks of this—where I saw shiploads of malaria, filariasis, and all sorts of amputations and chest and other wounds—and after another 8 weeks on orthopedics, I was promoted to executive officer of the surgical service, with administrative duties under the chief of general surgical service, Dr. Russell Patterson, a professor from New York

Hospital and New York Medical School and a most compatible boss. This brought with it the duty of escorting such visitors as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Helen Keller (her teacher, Ann Sullivan, having died in 1936) and other notables, such as movie stars, to introduce them to the soldiers in the wards to try and help the morale of the wounded to some degree.

I was doing some surgery during this time, but not enough to satisfy me. After about 8 weeks I was, by request, put in charge of a vascular surgery center. In those days before vein and plastic grafts and heparin we still used Vitalium Blakemore tubes, a far cry from today.

We received some very interesting groups of cases. We were the receiving hospital for the whole group of casualties from the Attu and Kiska invasions, the Aleutian Islands, where trenchfoot came into great prominence with people with wet boots, wet feet, staying in the cold trenches for hours and even days at a time without any opportunity to put dry things on their feet. We had a whole shipload of these casualties, many of whom lost toes, and some even lost the entire foot.

Colonel Patterson and I, with an illustrated article in a surgical journal, brought about some changes in the way troops were handled in those areas and what their instructions were...carrying socks they could change to have dry apparel even while they continued to be in the trenches. There had been scattered casualties of that sort in the army previously, but this was the largest batch at any one time.

I was there at Letterman when penicillin first made its entry on the scene, its usefulness having been discovered in England by Alexander Fleming at Oxford. In this country it was made available only to the armed services and only to certain hospitals. Letterman General, being one of the principal

hospitals for taking care of some of the worst casualties, was one of the first to receive it—long-acting penicillin in beeswax, which left many a lump that persisted almost for life.

One incident that occurred while I was there.... The navy didn't have any penicillin at that time. I guess the army got it first. Dr. Vernon Cantlon, who is from Reno, was stationed in the navy in Oakland in a hospital there. His wife, Louise, got bitten on the hand by a cat and developed a severe infection in the hand, particularly in the proximal joint of the thumb, a tooth having apparently entered into the joint. She was taken care of by Dr. Sterling Bunnell, then the finest hand surgeon in the world, from Stanford hospital, then in San Francisco. He had written the finest textbook on hand surgery of that day. The infection was spreading in spite of anything he could do, so I... pilfered, I guess, is the word, penicillin where it was so readily available to me and gave it to Dr. Cantlon, and they soon controlled the infection. Her thumb and hand are still useful, although Vernon has since then gone on to the other world from emphysema (too many cigarettes).

Dr. Cantlon entered premedical school at the University of Nevada at the same time I did, a very good-looking young fellow, very talented, very bright. He'd been an all-around athlete in high school, became a quarterback on the football team at the University of Nevada and a quarter miler. He was also doing premedical work, and he and I became close friends. He was one of the strong influences, I think, in my continuing with it and going to Boston and eventually ending up at Harvard, because he went there. We remained lifelong friends.

It was at Letterman General Hospital that I met Dr. Charles McCuskey, an anesthesiologist who had been professor at USC and head of a group [of] about 8 anesthesiologists.

He was in charge of a training school for anesthesiology, getting the young doctors fresh out of medical school, giving them intensive training in anesthesiology, and then they would be sent to wherever needed. Some of our finest anesthesiologists in Reno, such as Bill O'Brien and Arthur Scott, were trained under him there. I developed a close friendship with him.

We saw very little venereal disease returning from overseas. There was almost no contact with women during this type of war, as there was in the later ones in Vietnam and Korea, the only females being Red Cross workers and occasional nurses. And we saw almost no narcotic addicts such as were so prominent in Vietnam. We had never heard of LSD, although uppers and downers (particularly downers) were used sometimes to induce sleep. But these were practically unheard of by these names, and we saw no one with habituation from them.

After about 4 months in vascular surgery I was reassigned to chief of general surgery in a private hospital that had been taken over by Letterman General Hospital for surgery for the duration of the war, and remained there for several months. The Japanese seemed to be falling back in most areas and I had no overseas duty, so applied and was assigned as chief of surgery in a station hospital going somewhere overseas. We were not told where. After staging in 2 weeks of steady downpour of rain at Fort Lewis [Washington], we embarked on a troop ship that landed us in Oahu. Here we were grounded and broken up.

OAHU AND SAIPAN

I was assigned to a surgical team at Tripler General Hospital, which was just then in process of being built and not in operation, so that officers assigned to it worked in several

schoolhouses and other buildings that had been requisitioned for use as hospitals. There we spent most of our time debriding and closing wounds that had been left open at the forward hospitals to lessen severe infections in them. Here again was an ideal station if one wanted some work, pleasant surroundings and enough time to enjoy them, but I wasn't yet where I wanted to be.

Dr. McCuskey had been transferred to Oahu at the same time in charge of anesthesia as a consultant for the southwest Pacific area. He was rooming with a Dr. Peterson, who had charge of placement of personnel, and he promised me close to front line duty.

V-E Day came while I was still in Oahu. There was some jubilation and celebration, but not excessive, as we were still dealing with casualties from the Japanese and preoccupied with that. It seemed certain now, however, that the war would be won.

I soon received orders to proceed to Saipan, which I did by a C-47, to the 148th Surgical Field Hospital where we had about 200 surgical casualty beds, all patients on their second stop from the battlefield and many seriously ill and needing care badly. Here there were a lot of chest wounds still containing lots of blood. After drawing off all we could with a trocar, we often operated on them, peeling layers of clotted blood and fibrin off the lungs themselves, so that the fibrin would not remain, have fibrous tissue grow into it and constrict and impair expansion of the lungs. This was a real advancement in World War II, and we had many dozens of them...a new experience to me. Here we also saw natives, so that many of us saw cases of leprosy, yaws and other afflictions of the natives for the first time, although we did not treat them.

I started out as chief of a surgical team, but was soon promoted to assistant chief of

surgery, as the chief returned to the states; and, a couple of months later, to chief of surgery, as the new chief was also transferred as the war seemed to be winding down gradually. This was the Yale hospital unit, so I knew quite a few members of the staff there as I had spent 2 years in training at Yale.

The work was hard, the weather hot and muggy. I was spending all of my spare time studying to take the first, or written, part of the American Board of Surgery examination, which I did take in an empty hospital waiting room and passed successfully.

We were on the island adjoining Tinian from where the long range bombers took off on their missions. I'm sorry to say that quite a few of them, perhaps a little too heavily loaded with bombs, reportedly didn't make successful takeoff. We would see some casualties from these. It wasn't long before the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombing incidents occurred, but we were so remote that we didn't realize the full impact or significance of this until V-J Day followed so soon afterward.

Almost everyone wanted to go home, and I was offered a permanent increase in grade if I would remain. I was one of those who packed his footlockers and was ready for a C-47. After having escaped the Japs I nearly became a war hero when one of the engines on our C-47 stopped functioning about 200 miles from San Francisco. We came in on a wing and a prayer and finally landed at Mather field.

BUILDING A PRACTICE AND A FAMILY: 1945-1970S

PRACTICING IN POSTWAR RENO

When I returned from the army in December 1945, I was processed at an air force base near Sacramento, and then hitchhiked my way home to Carson City.

Dr. Richard Petty, whom I had acquired as a partner about a year and a half before enlisting, had himself enlisted in the navy in May 1943, turning our practice over to a Dr. George Ross, who came down from Virginia City; and we sold him what equipment we had. Also during the war my friends', the Bibbes', family had increased by 2 more boys and the Pettys' family by one girl, Patty, born just a few months after the war started. I delivered another daughter for the Pettys, Beverly, soon after the war in August 1947, with my wife giving the anesthesia.

Carson City had been a town of about 3,500 when I left for the army, the smallest of any state capital, but had been the most pleasant place that I had ever lived in, except for the daily and occasionally twice daily car trips to the hospitals in Reno where surgery

was done, there being no hospital in Carson. There were a total of 3 practicing doctors in Carson. Now, 42 years later, there are over 50 doctors, and a couple of the Carson City residents have told me 30,000 people.

I spent a few days at home to get reacquainted with my mother and friends, and I then started the practice of general surgery, obstetrics and gynecology, sharing a friends office space in Reno. Then I moved to a renovated and converted first floor of a small apartment house at Number 6 State Street, where I remained for about 10 years. Some attempt to limit my practice to general surgery soon vanished, however. There was a general shortage in all of the categories of medicine in Reno and environs, and as I had had 3 years of largely general practice in Carson City before the war, I seemed a fair target for everything from deliveries to tonsillectomies to auto accidents. Thank goodness a good deal of general surgery came in, many cases referred to me by other doctors. Then, as other specialists returned, I was able to cut off a considerable number of the general practice

cases without causing them any hardship and to refer specialty cases to specialists in their fields.

However, my philosophy of practice has always been that I couldn't justifiably fix a person's hernia or take out their gallbladder one week and then refuse them for a flu, a backache or a menstrual problem the next week or month when they were having trouble finding a doctor. I would care for them if it was not too complicated, but I could now refer them or find an appropriate specialist for them if needed. I found that I continued to be saddled with a lot of illnesses I didn't really want to treat, but I'm sure that I kept a great many from having difficulty getting cared for, and gained their good will. I'm also sure that the waiting room being so full, and elective surgical cases having to frequently wait so long, I lost a great many surgical cases.

During the war years a brick addition had been added to Washoe Medical Center. The surgery was transferred to a suite designed for surgical purposes on the third floor. This was still pretty poor by modern standards, but at least clean, no visible insects, and showers and even locker rooms for the nurses, doctors and other help.

The 12 years just after World War II were undoubtedly the busiest time of my life for, as the first general surgeon returning after the war, I was receiving surgical referrals from Quincy, California, to Tonopah in the center of Nevada, and from Lake Tahoe to Winnemucca. As I was in Reno first and happened to get them, most of them continued sending to me for several years, and I'm sure that my referrals from the surrounding towns were greater than from the Reno-Sparks area.

I had been on the senior active staff of both hospitals in Reno prior to World War II (except for emergencies in Reno, because

of the distance I would have to drive from Carson), and this staff membership was resumed again after the war. In addition, I was now responsible for some of the emergency transient and county patients because I was within easy reach of hospitals.

At that time, Washoe was more of a county hospital and was, in one section of it, a home for about all of the hospitalized tuberculosis cases in the state. As would be expected, these were almost uniformly county non-paying cases. They were kept in 2 Quonset huts in back of the hospital, as there was not room for them in the hospital, but being just out of the army, I was used to Quonset huts and that didn't bother me. As I had had a little more thoracic surgery training than most of my then present surgical colleagues here in Reno, I inherited most of the tuberculosis cases wherever surgery was needed. This was before the day of streptomycin antibiotic and before the tablet paraamino salicylic acid, called PAM for short, that would later heal nearly all tuberculosis cases without surgery. It was also the time when there were many more cases, as isolation had not been practiced many years then and cases were many times as common as now, occurring especially in the miners who had often acquired some degree of silicosis along with tuberculosis during the preceding years.

Thoracoplasties (meaning removal of multiple ribs in order to collapse lung cavities) were done fairly frequently, as was the production of artificial pneumothorax by direct injection of air into the pleural cavity or into the peritoneal cavity, which latter pushed the diaphragm up and partially inactivated the involved lung, putting it at partial rest. The same with the diaphragm could be accomplished by crushing the phrenic nerve just above the clavicle on the affected side, paralyzing the diaphragm on

that side. If the lung was adherent to the inside of the chest wall, the adhesions had to be cut by an electrically heated wire passed through a thoracoscope through the chest wall between the ribs with a periscope-like additional thoracoscope put through between other ribs so you could visualize the adhesions.

It was part of the staff members' compulsory responsibilities to care for all charity cases coming into the hospitals, the doctors rotating on service day and night for either in-hospital or emergency cases. This duty still exists in the hospitalized cases, except doctors are hired to man the outpatient services around the clock.

Thank goodness that tuberculosis cases were just a small portion of a too busy practice. Saint Mary's was private, Washoe was about 80 percent private, so it will be seen that more than 80 percent of the time was put in actually on private cases.

I was surgical consultant to the Veterans Hospital for nearly 20 years, one having been built here before the war, making rounds there once a week and occasionally operating or assisting. I was also consulting doctor to the United States Army and to the Sierra Army Ordnance Depot at Herlong, 65 miles away. Emergency cases would be sent into Reno, but trips to Herlong were made when 2 or more cases accumulated. There were occasional trips by airplane to Lovelock, Tonopah or Hawthorne for emergencies. Usually they were cases that had complications or were of acute severe injury nature, but, thank goodness, these were infrequent.

* * * * *

A typical day starting practice in Reno in the postwar years (except for Sunday) would be to start surgeries at 7:30 a.m., get through

with them at about 1:30 p.m., and, after a cup of coffee, face an office where patients would fill the waiting room, sitting and fretting on the stairs leading to the offices on the floor above, or out on the front porch. Trying to be as thorough as time would permit, I would see about 35 patients in a day, finishing about 7:30 p.m. Then after dinner, often there was an emergency or 2 at the hospital, and finally rounds on the cases done that day and then writing orders and reassuring those scheduled for surgery the next day. I would be home by about 9:30 or 10:00 p.m., with usually several telephone calls to answer and frequently at least one emergency call getting me down to the hospital during the night.

I found it best to keep moving in the office rather than sit down, as I was often so fatigued that on more than one occasion I found myself dozing off while sitting at the desk listening to a patient on the other side tell me his complaints. Fortunately, most of the patients seemed to understand the situation. Gradually, as other doctors returned from the service and new doctors moved to Reno, the pace slackened a bit, but for several years it was at 14 or more hours daily except Sunday when I would usually finish by 2:00 p.m. Sleep couldn't have been more than 5 to 6 hours. I was thankful that surgeries were first thing in the morning, as I was alert then, not fatigued from the day's work. Usually the operating room nurses would have prepared and draped the first case by the time I had changed clothes and scrubbed.

One occasion when I was glad I was still alert was when I was to do a phrenic nerve on a tuberculosis case. As I went to make the incision I noticed a scar already above the clavicle. I asked the patient, "What was this operation?"

"Oh, that's where I had a phrenic nerve operation last year."

He was soon hustled out of the operating room and the right patient wheeled in.

That is the nearest that I have come to operating on the wrong patient, although on several occasions I have had them prepare the wrong side for hernia or breast operation, as a sleepy patient will not infrequently indicate the wrong side to the nurse or the anesthesiologist. For that reason I have formed the habit of always quickly reviewing, or having the anesthesiologist look at, the history, physical exam note, operative permit and the anesthesiology note written the night before, before proceeding to make the incision. Ward rounds were made between operations, and I don't know when I found time to keep up with my medical journals.

* * * * *

Two brothers, Malcolm and Rodney Hadden, who practiced most of the year in Berkeley, had a summer house near Stateline at Lake Tahoe. One afternoon I got a call from one of them that a 15-year-old girl named Imogene W. had been swimming near Bijou when a large outboard motor boat going at high speed had come too close to the swimming area, and in turning the propeller blade had amputated both her legs just 6 inches below the knees. She was on the way to Reno by ambulance.

We revised the amputation stumps of this beautiful little girl, and, when healed, sent her to San Francisco to be fitted with artificial limbs, as I thought she would probably get more expert service there. My total fee, the largest I ever received, was \$3,000. That of the attorney who handled her case in Sacramento—which was settled without going to court—was \$300,000. I heard of and from her fairly often for several years. She got

married after a few years and was raising a family of 2 children.

Two weeks later a 25-year-old lady swimmer had had a somewhat similar experience when the propeller blade tore through the back of her thigh, smashing and tearing out the middle portion (about 9 inches) of the femur bone, the only bone extending from the hip to the knee. As I recall, we grafted a length of fibula, the lesser bone below the knee, leaving fractured fragments and periosteum of the femur. By great good luck it healed, and with traction we maintained the length of her leg. Fortunately the blade did not sever either major nerve or artery in the leg. We transferred her to her home in the Bay Area as soon as she healed. I'm sure further bone grafting was required after discharge home to San Francisco, as the bone graft had not been strong enough to support her weight, but neither she nor her doctor there wrote to me.

The public was so outraged by these 2 horrible examples of carelessness, that were quite widely publicized, that lawmakers in both California and Nevada responded with revised safety rules. I believe the safety rules are also made by the Coast Guard and by states. In this case the law was revised in Nevada that would apply to such cases.

[The reader is directed to the following Nevada Revised Statutes: 488.205; 488.245; 488.275; 488.365.] There have been no similar accidents of such severity at Lake Tahoe since that time of which I am aware.

An almost equally bloody but less significant incident occurred when I'd been in practice about a year and had just put a new carpet in the waiting room of my office. At about 6:00 p.m. I heard a commotion in the hall. A moment later a woman of about 35 years came in dragging a bulldog by the

chain on his collar with one eye nearly torn from its socket and squirting blood like a faucet. Before I could get her to hold the dog still in the examining room, where there was linoleum on the floor, and phoned to find a veterinarian, they had left a trail of blood on the new carpets that was approaching saturation. We finally found a veterinarian, covered the eye as well as we could with a bandage and got her started toward the veterinarian's office. My rug recovered after a thorough shampooing, but I never heard anything more from the lady or her dog.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

I met Anne Luckinbill, who later became my wife, when she came here to Reno following the war to do anesthesia. She was a nurse who got her nurse degree at the University of Nebraska, then took special training in anesthesia at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was with the Michigan unit in England and France during the war. She came here about a year and a half or so after the war to do anesthesia, primarily because a couple of the people who were in the Michigan unit were also from Reno. That's how I met her. We had a fairly brief courtship of a few months and were then married in 1947.

We met when she came to my office to ask if I had any anesthetics and to say that she would be glad to give them. You hire for particular anesthetics; the anesthetist hires by the case, not by the day. I'm in private practice, and she was also. I used her in anesthesia both before and after we were married. She gave anesthetics in all the hospitals here before we were married and after we were married. She used to go with me to Carson City and to Herlong and to Fallon to give anesthetics at times, but when we got the 2 little children

she couldn't go so easily. Then, too, the M.D. anesthesiologists here became afraid that the hospitals were going to hire nurse anesthetists, so they got together and got a rule passed by the staff that no nurse anesthetist could give an anesthesia in either of the main hospitals here in Reno. That left her with either the small hospitals or the Veterans Hospital. She gave a few there and gave an occasional one in Carson or Herlong, but then we had the 2 small children and it became too much of a thing.

When first married, Mrs. Anderson and I lived in a small frame cottage just off Riverside Drive in Reno, but in a little less than 2 years, with a baby girl in hand and a bouncing boy coming up soon, we bought and moved to a house in the section of Reno called Greenfield and lived there about 2 1/2 years. When it rained more than minimally, our main living room floor would flood, and we could not—even with the help of the architect who had had it built for himself initially, and whom we now consulted—find the cause of the flooding or how to stop it.

We then bought the larger half of the duplex at 599 California Avenue that had been built for a Mrs. Hazel Garvey. Mrs. Garvey came here to get a divorce from a steel company millionaire back east. She then married a rather worthless Renoite, and this soon ended in another divorce, with her life threatened by him. Accordingly, there was steel grillwork on all of the windows and a direct line to the police station. It was built in 2 sections, and her attorney and his family lived in one part. Mrs. Garvey offered funds to complete a just-started Episcopal church, but her money was refused because she was a divorcee. Because of this she used the funds for construction of the Christian Science church.

We lived in the California Avenue house for about 4 years. About this time, our poodle ran afoul of the heavy traffic on California Avenue and was killed. We were afraid that the next casualty might be one of our small children, so we purchased another home at 32 Irving Circle, with a swimming pool, minimal car traffic and a public grade school close by.

We enjoyed the new house and the swimming pool, with congenial friends close by, including an attorney whom I had known in Carson City before the war named Clark Guild, Jr., then with a family of 4 small children. Other neighbors named Ken and Helen Metzker had 5 small children, and we had 2, so the pool on weekends was a delightful place for swimming, sunning and barbecuing.

However, after another 5 years my daughter became less enamored with the pool and completely obsessed with horses, as my son was to a lesser degree. After she had kept her horse in the garage a couple of times instead of in the pasture when she came in late from riding, we thought it was time to move to the country. Accordingly, we moved back to the house on California Avenue for another year, sold the house at Irving Circle and bought 2 1/2 acres of pasture on the edge of the old Frey ranch south of Reno. Here we built our present home and acquired a total of 4 horses.

We were the second to build on the old Frey ranch, which was a half mile outside of Reno. In the 24 years that has passed since then, we have become entirely surrounded by city, but we still retain our prerogative of having horses, cattle, sheep or goats if we want them. To date, 24 years later, we and our neighbors who have built since have prevented the city from annexing our property, but we are entirely surrounded by the city of Reno. New homes and a new golf

course extend the built-in area for over 2 miles beyond us. Now, with our son dead and our daughter living near Buffalo, New York, we are reduced to one horse used mainly as a grass cutter. Our daughter, still a little horse crazy, has 3 pedigreed Arabians and a newly born foal.

My wife and I both wanted more children. We would like to have had 3 or 4, but she could not have any more after the one that was lost, when she almost died from tears at the time the baby was delivered. We've been very pleased with our 2 children. They were both born intelligent and healthy.

After the birth of our children I lost my personal anesthetist. Then for a while one of the Reno anesthesiologists would accompany me out on these trips until their practice became too busy and they would no longer go. Finally, the hospitals in Carson and Fallon employed nurse anesthetists themselves.

After a few years the volume of work was making me continuously exhausted. There was no time with my wife and our family. Our daughter, Suzanne, was born in 1948 and our son, Bino, in 1949. There was also no time for our house near Cave Rock at Lake Tahoe, which I had bought before the war and which we now added to. There was also not adequate time for hunting, fishing, golf, medical meetings or travel.

PARTNERS

I had tried to ease up by taking on a partner, a young doctor from Minnesota, one year after the war. He had been in the hospital on Oahu with me. His name was Ralph Black; he was partially trained in surgery and unmarried. One year of the pace that was set here was enough to wear him out and he was on his way back to Minnesota where things were a little less hectic.

In 1949, being too overworked to go on alone, I again acquired a partner, Dr. Earl Hillstrom, a well-trained surgeon with his American Board of General Surgery and Fellowship in the American College of Surgeons. He proved to be a hard worker and a very agreeable person, and he was with me for about 5 years before leaving for army service. On finishing this, he worked in an executive position in CARE for 2 years and then resigned and returned to Reno because of severe upper back pain. I did not see him for this, as the neurosurgeon he consulted called in a surgical group with which he worked more closely. No diagnosis was made and he died a few weeks later from a ruptured thoracic aortic aneurism. This was before aortogram X rays were commonly done, and CAT scans were still years away. The diagnosis was made at autopsy.

I well remember caring for our most prominent oral surgeon just after the war for a gradually expanding abdominal aneurism, for which we had no adequate treatment such as Dacron or other synthetic grafts now commonly used in replacement of the involved portion of aorta. A few doctors had tried wrapping these aneurisms with foil or other materials unsuccessfully. About all I could do was give him something for the pain and wait for the aneurism to expand enough to rupture and kill him. How surgery has changed in 39 years!

After serving on several committees—such as medical records, outpatient, executive, rural health, emergency, et cetera—in 1952 I was appointed chief of the surgical service at Washoe Medical Center and, in 1954, chief of staff. With our smaller hospital and few physicians, neither job took up a great deal of time or effort then, although at the present time, chief of staff is about a half-time job.

After Dr. Hillstrom went in the service, work and other activities, including hobbies, were again so demanding that at the suggestion of a mutual friend, Dr. Jack Palmer, I took on a Dr. Frank Russell, already doing a general practice in Sparks. He had had some surgical training in Sacramento and some surgical experience in the army, but not enough to make him eligible for the American College of Surgeons or the American Board of Surgery. He was made a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons after a few years spent with me, which were considered adequate additional surgical experience.

Our partnership worked out quite well, particularly as my family and I wanted to travel while we were still young enough to enjoy it and while most other countries visited seemed friendly to the United States. On the other hand, Dr. Russell did very little travel out of state, even to meetings, and his great love in life was golf. Any trips out of state were mainly for that.

He attempted to upgrade his surgical knowledge and ability by reading and by assisting Board-trained surgeons at operations and attending local seminars and case discussions, and improved his surgical judgment and technique a great deal in this way. My method of practice was somewhat unusual, as I spent a greater amount of time with patients than most doctors. On his part Dr. Russell must have at times resented the amount of my time taken up by the university and medical meetings and travel and my many other unprofitable projects. To compensate for these projects, however, I put in long hours at the office until retirement, even working most of the time on my so-called day off (Thursday).

Were I to do practice over again, I would go in for associate rather than partnership relationships. The hazards and pitfalls of one's

own practice are sufficient worry, whereas partnerships expose each partner to the hazards of all partners.

When I considered filing in the primary election to determine the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate in 1958, it was evident that I would need a replacement in my medical practice if elected; and if not, there was too much work for Dr. Russell and me to handle anyway. Accordingly, I visited a good friend, Dr. Darrel Holman, in Monrovia, California, who introduced me to a Dr. Malcolm Edmiston, who had not long before finished a residency in general surgery at the University of California medical complex in San Francisco. He was then practicing in Pasadena, but thinking of changing location. I explained the situation to him, and he joined the partnership in 1958.

Dr. Edmiston proved to be an excellent general and thoracic surgeon, with considerable experience in vascular surgery as well. This was demonstrated a few weeks after his arrival when a patient of mine was shot through the abdomen with a rifle and was hemorrhaging severely from the bullet partially severing the inferior vena cava, the main vein in the abdomen, lying posterior to the intestines. With me assisting, he performed a very difficult and major abdominal operation, quickly and efficiently repairing the defect in the hemorrhaging vein and then the perforations of the intestine in a manner that impressed the surgical community and resulted in his getting referral of other difficult cases. Because of his more recent training in thoracic and vascular work we also turned major thoracic and vascular surgery over to him.

Dr. Edmiston stayed as a partner for 10 years, doing much heavy and difficult surgery. He attempted to be a perfectionist in surgery

and would become extremely unhappy when any unforeseen or even expected complications occurred. So many seriously ill cases were fraught with complications, sometimes ending in death, that he finally became frustrated and depressed and said he had decided to quit surgery. He did so for 6 months, then changed his mind and returned to surgery, practicing on his own. I think that he went into solo practice also partly because there were more nonsurgical cases treated in our office than he liked, and he often had to care for some of them when covering for Russell or me. Worry over possible malpractice suits may also have been one of his reasons for not wanting to stay in a partnership. During the time that the 3 of us were together there was a case started against us through one of the partners— not Dr. Edmiston—which was settled out of court for a moderate sum.

Shortly after Dr. Edmiston's return to practice, preparations for the beginning Medical School classes to get under way were started. He was interested in this and began to help in preparation of curriculum and other matters. On my suggestion, Dean George Smith offered him a half-time position as associate professor of surgery, which position he still holds—teaching, but still doing private practice of surgery half-time. He uses his private cases as demonstration cases to the students for surgery. He is one of the more popular members of the clinical faculty with the students.

With Dr. Edmiston's joining us and me losing the election, things became a little more relaxed. Anne and I built our present home on 2 1/2 acres of pasture in the country in 1959, moved in in 1960. We also sold our house at Lake Tahoe in 1960, partly to help pay all political debts, partly to help pay for

the new house, and partly so we would not be held to the house at the lake for vacations and could travel considerably as a family. We did live in the California Avenue house for a year between selling the one on Irving Circle and completing the one where we now live.

While still in the house on California Avenue in 1960, the Winter Olympics were at Squaw Valley, 55 miles from our home. I was acquainted with the doctor who was chairman of the Department of Public Health at the University of California. He was also in charge of medical affairs for the Olympics. After a couple of visits to the facilities at Squaw Valley, I suggested that the Washoe County Medical Society and Reno Surgical Society co-host an evening for the doctors of all countries attending the games. This we did, and I persuaded the chairman of our art department, Craig Sheppard, to make up a design incorporating the rings and the logo of the Olympics on a certificate that turned out beautifully. One was given to each attendee. Somehow we managed to obtain about every kind of beer and liquor made in the free world—and some from the non-free—and the evening was a huge success, even for the Russian doctors accompanied by their political watchdogs.

Our family had purchased 4 tickets for the Olympic winter games and invited our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Holman and 2 of their 5 children, to visit us; and their family and ours used the tickets on alternate days. The high point was when we won the ice hockey, my boy receiving a puck knocked off the ice into the stands.

The whole thing with the kids along was most enjoyable, and the snow and weather cooperated wonderfully. On one occasion I was mistaken for Walt Disney, who was employed to do the decorations for the games.

Rather than disappoint their children, the parents talked me into autographing their programs with his name. No forgery charges resulted.

POLIO EPIDEMIC

While we were still in our California Avenue house in 1953, and with 2 very small children, a severe, prolonged epidemic of poliomyelitis occurred throughout the country. Nevada did not escape. It seemed like a race between the nationwide polio on one hand and Dr. Jonas Salk on the other. Dr. Salk was working to produce a vaccine of inactivated or killed polio strains of the 3 different virus types, to be given as shots. At the same time a husband and wife team, Drs. Sabin, were working at producing attenuated living strains of the same organisms that could be given by mouth and produce an even greater and longer lasting immunity.

In the year Salk's vaccine was introduced there were 28,985 recognized definite cases of polio in the country, and most doctors have believed that there were probably over 10 cases of mild polio for every one that was diagnosed. These cases often seem to be just like a severe cold or at other times may be treated as flu or gastroenteritis, and in these there is no apparent muscle weakness or involvement. So, this would have made a total of about 280,000 in the country during the worst year, 1953. Two years later, after the introduction of the Salk vaccine, in 1955, there were only 2,218 cases reported.

The live attenuated virus vaccine of the Sabins was approved in 1957 and given to both children and adults. Polio has not been entirely eradicated even yet, as smallpox has, so vaccination should still be given to all youngsters.

But to get back to Nevada, which was quite unprepared by either experience or adequate equipment, 2 near fatalities occurred from bulbous spinal polio while in the hospital and as yet undiagnosed. This sent a shock wave through the hospital and practically the entire staff—including doctors, nurses, respiratory therapists, engineers, nutritionists and aides—held meetings to work out a plan for what was thought to be an approaching epidemic. Whole body respirators were got into working shape and new ones obtained. Doctors, mainly anesthesiologists and pediatricians (although polio is no respecter of age), visited many different hospitals to see how cases were handled there. Shortages or lack of proper equipment were made up rapidly, and an appeal to the community brought more than enough money to pay for the necessary items.

The anesthesiologists, who through their everyday general anesthesia, qualified best as clinical cardiorespiratory physiologists—in particular, Drs. Bill O'Brien, Arthur Scott and Bob Crosby—and the pediatricians gave special group lectures for other doctors and nurses, and headed up the teams of doctors, nurses and paramedical personnel. Instruction in their special duties was given to all members of the teams.

An airplane, fully equipped with respirator and other equipment, was obtained to be used on a minute's notice. It did, in fact, bring in many cases, some from over 300 miles away and many more from lesser distances. Many of these had often been undiagnosed or undertreated in rural hospitals, so that quite a few were critical on arrival and would probably have died without the airplane and the special teams to take care of them here.

If the polio infection is mainly in the spinal cord, there may be just paralysis or

partial paralysis of the muscle, including those that allow adequate breathing and swallowing, but if damage or destruction goes a little higher to the so-called bulb, then the amount of breathing deficiency is likely to cause death. These patients must be placed in a whole body respirator that alternately causes inflation and deflation of the chest, and thus makes the lungs breathe. Many of these patients also needed tracheostomies to keep an airway open and allow cleaning out of the bronchi, and at times when handling and servicing them, when the respirators had to be unsealed and artificial breathing with an anesthesia machine and tracheostomy had to be used.

My part as a surgeon was to perform tracheostomies. As some doctors didn't want to go near the polio ward, there were quite a few to be done by those of us who would do them. Tracheostomy in these cases consists of, under local anesthesia, making an incision in the anterior aspect of the neck, so that a breathing or tracheostomy tube can be placed in the bronchus at around the second cartilaginous ring, as high as possible but low enough to avoid damage to the vocal cords and thyroid. In this manner, being as high as possible on the neck, the end of the tube will be far enough above the collar of the respirator, and this collar can be sealed with the iron lung, can be more easily unsealed and the patient serviced and then resealed.

Having 2 small children at home, I was terrified of taking the infection home to them. Before each tracheostomy I would completely strip, put on a scrub suit, cap and mask and covered operation room shoes, and before approaching the patient, of course, a sterile gown and gloves for performing the operation. These would be done on the polio floor while the patient was still in the respirator and getting oxygen through an

endotracheal tube and an anesthesia machine. Following performance of the tracheostomy, I would go straight to the locker room, strip and shower and shampoo and gargle and inhale water to make my nose run before dressing. After getting home, I would wash thoroughly again and brush my teeth before contacting any of my family. Thus I hoped to be free of any tracheal or nasal secretions that might bring on the disease in them. It was impossible to avoid contacting secretions when they were suctioned or brought up by cough during the tracheostomy.

In 1955 the formalin—killed vaccine of Jonas Salk— became available, and just about all children and then adults were vaccinated. I cannot say there was not some danger in the vaccine at first, as one local doctor vaccinated his 4 children, who all came down with polio; and one died. Apparently, the formalin had not killed all of the polio virus. I heard of several similar incidents, both in patients and another in a doctor's family.

Another [2 years] passed, and the husband-wife team of Sabin came forth with their attenuated vaccine, for which we had all been waiting. Their vaccine contained the 3 principal strains as in the Salk vaccine, but it could be given on a sugar cube. It came out in full production, and all were vaccinated by this method also. The nurses and doctors around the state set up areas to do this in, as it required a lot of syringes and sterilization. No charge was made by any doctor, but the people could make small donations.

The Salk vaccine gave about 60 to 70 percent immunity to type 1 virus and 85 to 90 percent to types 2 and 3. The Sabin vaccine gave closer to 100 percent immunity in all, but there are even a few of these in whom immune antibodies do not show up, and these, therefore, are apparently still susceptible.

The degree of immunity produced by these vaccines has been so high that only about 22 cases in the entire United States were reported in 1972, and it has been similar in other years. I have no statistics as to whether any of these 22 had been vaccinated.

During the first season of the [Reno] polio team's functioning, 50 cases were admitted. There were 10 that required being put in the respirator, 2 of these being bulbar cases and 7 high spinal cases. Eight tracheostomies were done on these cases. During the second season, 87 cases were admitted. Thirty were respirator cases and there were 19 tracheostomies, making a total of 27 tracheostomies. The ages range from 7 weeks to 59 years.

Now, when you look in a medical textbook, such as Tinsley-Harrison, it says diagnosed polio is a disease which is 25 to 75 percent fatal. The ones most likely to be fatal are the ones in which the virus has attacked the brain or the spinal bulb—that is, the part just above the spinal cord. These are the ones where respirators and tracheostomies and special nutrition are necessary. Many of the others not included in that 25 to 75 percent mortality are ones which will give you paralysis in one or many muscles, but which do not interfere with breathing or swallowing. In these recovery generally takes place, although the muscles themselves do not always recover their strength. Many of them leave residuals.

Our fight against polio here, we believe—mainly led by the anesthesiologists—was coordinated more successfully than in many of the other places that had severe cases, as the mortality rate in our more severe cases involving respirators was only about 17.5 percent. I attribute this to advance preparation and intensive care with trained teams.

A DIVERSION INTO TUNGSTEN SPECULATION

I have always been interested in the rise and fall of mining in Nevada—its bonanzas and borrascas and the romance of the Comstock and other lodes, as I grew up so near to many of them. As soon as I set up in medical practice after World War II, however, mining became interested in me, and I seemed to be on everyone's sucker list for unsuccessful stock ventures. I soon learned the seller's or developer's come-on ploy. He would gather several conservative local names of people who had been in mining or were prominent citizens or sometimes were stockbrokers, and he would come to my office and describe his mining venture and show me how these people held stock in it. I did call some of these people and was told that they did have stock in it. So, I was suckered into subscribing in several instances. I finally came to the conclusion after several such incidents that they had been given their stock just to get their names on the stockholders list, and I verified this. I have saved some of these certificates somewhere as educational souvenirs.

On one trip to Las Vegas my wife and I stopped in Goldfield, where I went in the barber shop to get a haircut. The window looked out across the canyon to a mine, and there was a man working over there. I said, "I've got money invested in a mining claim over an that direction."

The barber said, "Well, I guess they found another sucker. They got a man working there."

In 1954 a friend and patient of mine asked to borrow \$5,000, saying he had a lease on a partly worked tungsten mine close to the east side of Pyramid Lake called the Stormy Day mine. He said he could get a \$20,000

government development grant with this and complete his exploratory work. He then would make me a 50-50 partner in what, if it proved out, would be a valuable mine. If it didn't I would be out \$5,000, the government would be out \$20,000, and we would be through. It was owned by a party out of Gerlach who had given him a cheap one-year lease, according to him. Just as his work began to show a good scheelite vein in the slopes leading off from a tunnel that had been dug back into the hillside about 100 feet, he had a coronary and died; and the Stormy Day tungsten mine became a dangling temptation. I bought the remainder of the mine from his widow for \$5,000, largely because he was a friend and she was a friend and they had had a tough time of it. I could afford it then.

Tungsten was attractive in 1954. Congress had decided to stockpile it as a strategic metal, raising the price of a unit of tungsten from \$20 to \$40 for a period of 3 years, just as they raised the price of mercury from \$180 a flask to \$225 a flask. This was because of the Korean War. Tungsten was rather scarce in the United States, with Nevada probably having more than most other states. Korea was ordinarily one of the main suppliers, but it was now involved in violence that stopped production. Many small mines opened or reopened, mine among them.

I employed 4 miners, a cook and a person who was supposed to be knowledgeable as a mining engineer as foreman. We started to work, having to truck the ore about 50 miles to a mill located at Toulon near Lovelock for custom milling. After working a short while we had a New Year's Eve party at my house, and the foreman told us all at that time, after he had had a few drinks, that the tungsten was there in great quantity and that in his opinion this might, where tungsten was concerned, be

comparable to the Comstock Lode for gold and silver.

There were some things that I did not know at the time about the contract. I found that the foreman that I had was not only somewhat ill but rather saturated with prevarication, and I soon got rid of him. Also, I learned that the scheelite tungsten ore, although of fairly good quality, seemed to diminish somewhere in the process, or there was skimming somewhere. So we changed our milling area to the U.S. Vanadium Company, which was much farther away—in Bishop, California—and recovery picked up considerably.

Senator Alan Bible and Dr. A. Dingacci were minority mining partners, each being in it for only about \$5,000. Bible and I took an inspection trip to the U.S. Vanadium Company and talked with the superintendent of this company. After a half hour he turned to me and said, "What do you do for a living?"

I replied, "General surgery."

He turned to Bible, who in his turn said, "I'm one of the United States Senators from Nevada."

To which the superintendent replied, "Well, my advice is you stick to your doctoring, and you stick to your politics, and you'll both be much farther ahead."

It was too late now. I already had another \$30,000 government loan, and I had found in getting the papers from this woman and reading them very carefully that the Gerlach owner could take the mine back if he so desired at the end of a couple of years if the total payment to him had not reached \$100,000. I had \$75,000 of my own invested by this time, so we forged ahead in the belief that the government would keep its word and continue the subsidy on tungsten, in which case I would have made a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

It now developed that the owner in Gerlach exercised the reversion clause. He demanded in a letter the remainder of the price, so it was either drop the project or pay for it. I paid for it with nearly 2 years to go on the tungsten subsidy, with good ore in sight and with a reliable foreman, who was a good mining engineer and who was related to me. We went ahead with the mining and were casting about to construct a small mill when Congress, in its all too frequent capricious manner and wisdom—and although it had voted to subsidize tungsten for 3 years—failed to vote the support money for the nearly remaining 2 years. My program folded up, as did many others.

Fortunately, we had just repaid our government loans and almost all of our purchase price. We could not operate without the subsidy, and sold our equipment and the mine for \$25,000. We paid all debts, and we broke about as near even as possible, with a total cost of about \$50 or \$100 plus the \$5,000 that I had loaned to my friend. It has, as far as I know, largely remained inactive since; and so far as mining is concerned, so have I.

If the subsidy continued, I believe we would probably have been several hundred thousand dollars to the good. I do not have precise figures, but we must have taken close to \$1 million worth of tungsten out of the mine. I am completely grateful to John Uhalde, a capable and honest mining engineer, who pulled me out of this hole. I am told that tungsten is now selling at \$70 per unit, but production costs have gone up and I have no desire to return to it.

I have long been convinced of one thing—that for over 99 percent of mines, much more money goes into the ground than comes out of it. Bonanza is rare indeed, and I have not

wet my feet again, nor have I invested in any more borrascas.

WORK IN COMMITTEES AND SOCIETIES

A duty that I was given in 1946 was secretary of the Rhodes scholarship selection committee for Nevada, and I was also a member of the 7 state southwest regional selection committee; and this lasted until 1971, when I reached the age of 65. The other members of the committee in Nevada would be a chairman selected by me—several times the president of the university, several times other prominent citizens—plus another ex-Rhodes Scholar, varying both chairman and the other Rhodes Scholar member every few years. The 2 ex-Rhodes men who served most of the time were attorney Russell McDonald and retired navy Rear Admiral Francis Duborg, both of whom had gone to Oxford from Nevada after me and the latter of whom I had roomed with for a year at Oxford. He was a graduate of Annapolis. I regret to say he died just last year from pulmonary embolism. Russell McDonald, in May of 1983, attended a reunion of ex-Rhodes Scholars from many nations at Oxford University in England for celebration of the fiftieth year after the beginning of the Rhodes scholarships. I did not go, as I have found that on reunions years afterwards one usually finds very few of their friends, or at least ones with mutual interests.

Each state would usually select 2 candidates to compete in the regional selection, and there we competed against California, Hawaii, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Idaho. Each state would send one or 2 candidates to the regional selection, which takes place at the Athenaeum Club of Cal Tech University in Pasadena. We would study their credentials all day; then after meeting

the candidates for an evening of social chatter, we would have breakfast together the next morning, and then the candidates would draw straws to see in what order they should be interviewed. Interviews would last all day, and then the winners would be selected and notified.

Nevada is up against keen competition when it is one of 7 states competing for 4 candidates. But we have, in spite of this, got a Rhodes Scholar at least every few years. Until about 7 years ago scholarships were awarded only to men. There was only one woman's college at Oxford—Lady Margaret Hall. Now with all the women's rights movements and demands, women are allowed to compete, also, and I believe that at Oxford there are now 4 women's colleges. Cecil Rhodes's old saying that he hoped the scholars would be "the best men for the world's fight" has had to be changed to "persons." Last year Nevada placed a woman Rhodes Scholar from Incline Village who is now in residence there.

In 1947 I became a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons, and in 1948 I took and passed the second, or oral, part of the examination to become a Diplomat of the American Board of General Surgery. I had become a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons in 1941 while in the service.

In 1948 a group of about 10 of us surgeons and pathologists got together to form the Reno Surgical Society. Meeting was once a month for one of us to deliver an instructional talk during a meal. I was president of this in 1953. It soon grew in size as allied surgical specialists, such as ear, nose, throat and eye surgeons, radiologists and obstetricians, were admitted, but no internists or general practitioners have ever been invited to join. There are now about 100 members.

Most annual state medical meetings were held in Reno or Las Vegas at that

time, perhaps every third or fourth one in some small town around the state. When in Reno, the Reno Surgical Society joined the state medical association in putting on the meeting that would last 3 days, and many topnotch speakers (usually from medical schools or large clinics like Mayo or Crile) were obtained as speakers. We patterned after the Ogden Surgical Society, which put on a fine meeting once a year and which, in fact, I attended, taking the family along for 5 years in a row before we started the Reno Surgical Society. Many years ago, however, we stopped giving the meeting jointly with the state medical association and reverted back to our beginning pattern where meetings are just for members and guests and are held nearly monthly as dinner meetings.

In the early 1950s I served as chairman of several committees in the Washoe County Medical Society and was later county chairman, which took not a tremendous amount of time or work, as we had fewer physicians and smaller hospitals. At the same time I was working my way up in the Nevada State Medical Association, serving on a series of committees that did demand time. I think I served on all the committees there were: trying to get doctors for the small towns as chairman of the rural health committee; trying to prevent legislators from passing foolish medical laws as chairman of the legislative committee.

The legislature almost voted in favor of allowing county commissioners to license doctors to practice without any sort of medical examination. The legislature did vote to license a person (when I was chairman of the legislative committee) to practice medicine in a small town, who had only gone through a small 6-weeks diploma mill, never a medical school. Fortunately the governor vetoed that bill.

I went through a number of other committees, such as insurance committee and program committee and others, and then served as vice-president for a year and then was made president of the Nevada State Medical Association in 1956.

One of the first things to be accomplished by me as president of the Nevada State Medical Association in 1956 was to acquaint Colonel Nelson Neff, whom the association had just employed as its first executive director, with as many of the doctors and hospital personnel throughout the state as possible. We visited every town of more than a few people and every place in which there was a doctor in the state. This—together with all the committee meetings, a couple of trips to Chicago AMA headquarters and a couple of trips to Washington, D.C. to testify on medical insurance matters before congressional committees, plus preparation and conducting of our annual state medical meeting, plus some occasional attempt to still make a living—insured a busy year for me.

Those were the years when the politicians and labor unions were attacking and denigrating the medical profession by press, television and speeches—and about every way possible—as labor thought it would get more for less, and the politicians believed that they would get more votes and have more money to manipulate if they advocated socialized medicine as a program for the entire country. Many claimed it to be a panacea for anyone over 65 and not rich. To say anything against the King-Anderson Bill, Medicare, or any other form of government medicine would have then been like speaking out against motherhood, as [it was believed that] under the government bureaucrats everything would be run so much more efficiently and cheaply that it would cost everyone less money for more medical services.

The public was propagandized to like their own doctor but to dislike doctors in general and the American Medical Association in particular. Actual predictions were made by the Kennedys, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey and others to the public about the great number of people who could be saved by government from the greedy doctors, the exploiters of illness. Most of the public were ready and even anxious to listen. We don't have trouble now in reading and hearing how their projections of costs have multiplied while their programs are riddled with inefficiency and strangled in paperwork, so that Medicare and other medical programs are in financial danger. To offset this the patients are being called on to pay a larger proportion of their own medical bills each year. Meanwhile, contributions towards these programs from the people still able to work are also advancing steadily.

On one of my trips to Washington, my testimony before the senate finance committee suggested that the doctors would be in favor of catastrophic health insurance or aid for the people that needed it, while they did not feel that those who were well off needed to come under such social programs. Failing that, I suggested that a pilot program be tried out first in several contiguous states to see if government taxation for health care would work efficiently, before making it apply to the entire population, rich or poor, over 65, and saddling the whole country with it. However, the bleeding hearts convinced the moderates, who also envisioned the huge sums of money they could handle dangling before them, as they also did with social security. Few realized that the money would not be dangling before them and would be tied into specific programs. The struggle is now on to keep both of these programs from going broke.

Senators Alan Bible and George W. Malone both entertained me, Malone taking me to the finance committee, of which he was a member, to testify; but both he and Bible rode with the social tide. After listening patiently to me, they voted favorably for all the medical social programs against the advice of their home state doctors. I wish I had not lost a letter from Senator Patrick McCarran, sent to me just after the war, stating that "if socialized medicine would ever become a fact, it would become so over my dead body."

The problems of mental health were being emphasized at the time, and I, a surgeon, spoke on the subject of mental health before the county medical societies on my round of the state with Colonel Neff. In retrospect, as little as I knew about mental health, it might have been an appropriate topic to present before many members of Congress. But the plethora of social projects—special pet appropriations or pork barreling to get votes, big spending and bigger deficits—continued while the voters remained suckers for returning the big spenders back to Congress as the promises were continued. To make it even worse, most of the younger, newly elected members at Congress seemed to be liberals: big spenders for social programs, enjoying their new power and getting us farther and farther into a huge national debt.

So much of our budget is now spent on these huge entitlement programs that there is little left to manipulate with, and it will take a titanic upheaval in an infinitely complicated situation to bring much change. As one philosopher put it not too long ago, "Blessed are the young, for they shall inherit the national debt."

The Nevada State Medical Association has for over 35 years often been called on to arbitrate or otherwise help in settling

problems and disagreements amongst doctors or amongst doctors and hospital administrators. These have been mainly in several small towns within a radius of 150 miles of Reno that have medical staffs of from 2 to 4 physicians as their complete medical staff. In years past it was not uncommon for the doctors to be quarreling with each other or with the hospital administrator or hospital boards of trustees. In these situations there were times when problems were referred to the medical association for arbitration or other type of help.

The Nevada State Medical Association has on many occasions through the years appointed committees to meet with the medical staff of these hospitals and the administrator and/or the board of trustees to hear both sides of the questions at issue and then make recommendations. On the first 2 occasions that I was on such a committee we made our suggestions and then dropped the matter, but we soon found that this did not resolve the issue and that they would soon be disagreeing again. We finally devised a solution, suggesting that the state medical association advise them to appoint an honorary or advisory board of several doctors in several specialties that would meet with them once or twice a year, review their problems and make suggestions to resolve them. These doctors were to be from hospitals other than the hospital where the trouble was going on. This worked extremely well, and most of the hospitals involved requested that the visiting committee continue as advisors or honorary staff on a continuing basis.

At the time of most of these meetings there would be a social evening or a day of pheasant hunting or some other attraction to draw the doctors in from the surrounding towns—usually Las Vegas or Reno, depending

on the end of the state the difficulties were in—in addition to the staff and trustees meeting. In the years following World War II, when Las Vegas was much smaller, there was considerable rivalry among the doctors. Some doctors were difficult for the profession to deal with, and state committees were called in there.

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In about 1952, while attending a surgical meeting in Los Angeles, an anesthesiologist described to me how he had recently helped set up a “poison control center” at a hospital in Los Angeles. I got all the details, as well as the forms and brochures that they used, from him and brought them with me to the next staff meeting at Washoe Medical Center to suggest that we initiate a similar program.

A Mr. Clyde Fox was our hospital administrator at the time. I was sitting next to him and described what I intended to do, and he said, “Please don’t bring it up now; let’s do it at the next meeting.” I missed the next meeting, and he brought up the idea as his own and turned in my material. A regional poison control center was set up adjacent to the emergency area, which has undoubtedly saved lives in many cases by prompt attention. It has also relieved parents of worries in other cases by advice and reassurance over the phone, often preventing them from rushing their youngsters to the hospital when no serious problem or danger existed. Saint Mary’s has since also set up a similar poison control center. Needless to say, I was rather annoyed with Clyde Fox, as he took great credit to himself publicly for setting up the first poison control center in Nevada.

SERVICE IN THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

As treatment of cancer has always been one of my greater interests in medicine, in 1946 I went on the board of directors of the Nevada division of the American Cancer Society and the Reno Cancer Examination Center, 2 groups that first had interlocking boards of directors. The Reno Cancer Center existed primarily at that time for the detection of cancer. Many doctors in Reno were asked to donate part of a day once a week to do free cancer examinations. If suspicion of disease was found the patients were then referred to an appropriate doctor or to the doctor of their choice. Occasionally they would choose the doctor who found the pathology at the center.

During one period at the Reno Cancer Center examination facility, 582 persons were examined, and 21 cases of cancer of various sorts were found, as well as 101 other non-cancerous cases that needed medical attention. Treatment for all were arranged and, I hope, most cured.

In 1958, because of quarrels between the ladies on the board of directors of the north and south combined headquarters of the cancer society and examination center, the ones from the south retreated to the south, although remaining with the American Cancer Society. The Reno Cancer Examination Center and the American Cancer Society were also separated, so they each had entirely separate boards of directors. What was now called the Reno Cancer Center was given an office in Washoe Medical Center by Clyde Fox, the administrator.

Soon after this, the Reno Cancer Center abandoned its cancer examinations and started a statewide cancer registry. This was partially because of proximity to the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. It was planned to compare

the Nevada cancer registry with other cancer registries to determine whether radiation emitted during test detonations did increase the incidence of cancer. It was named the Max C. Fleischmann Cancer Registry, I think in hope that the Fleischmann Foundation would give it grants for support. They did indeed give it \$54,000 over the next 5 years to help maintain it.

Attempts were made to get comprehensive data on all cases of cancer reported in Nevada hospitals, as there was then no state registry, by employing a woman named Irene Peacock to visit the hospitals in the southern end of the state to gather data from patient records; those in the northern end of the state were gathered by Lura Tularski, whom we had hired as executive secretary. She had also been on the joint board of directors and with the examination center from the beginning. In 1959 its name was officially changed to the Reno Cancer Center, as physical examinations were no longer being done—patient aid and advice being substituted for them. In other words, they were told where they might find appropriate doctors to examine them for what their complaint seemed to be. This, of course, was supplemented by the task of maintaining the cancer registry and helping some patients with financial, transportation or other aid.

What was the reason for changing the nature of the Reno Cancer Center as radically as that?

Ordinarily the 2 would be 2 separate organizations that would not have an overlapping board of directors, but they happened to do so in this case because the same women happened to be interested in helping cancer patients. The reason for separating the Reno Cancer Center from the American Cancer Society was because the

ladies couldn't get along with each other. The reason for changing the name of the Reno Cancer Examination Center to Reno Cancer Center was because they were no longer doing physical examinations.

I understand that, but why not do the examinations any longer?

They had lost their examination location, which had been donated to them free to use. There were also now enough doctors in Reno to examine all patients in their own offices. Also, the directors of the cancer center wanted to turn their attention to other things such as patient help and the Nevada cancer registry.

As I noted, Mrs. Irene Peacock was hired by the Reno Cancer Center to collect cancer statistics in the southern hospitals—an attempt was made to cover every hospital in the state. We had agreements with all hospitals in which we had to sign pledges that these data would not be shown to anyone who came and wanted to see them, but would be reserved for study by doctors or by organizations particularly interested in cancer only. In no case would a patient's name be attached to the registry record or be made public.

In 1970 the question of giving grants for cancer research came up. Most of the lady directors wanted to give them to doctors working at Washoe Medical Center, for they were acquainted with the doctors there, and they had been given headquarters there. As there had never been any interest in real research in the hospital, I finally persuaded them that the grants should be given to the University of Nevada for projects there or for seed money to get larger amounts from the National Institutes of Health or elsewhere. There have been annual grants since then averaging \$25,000 to \$30,000 each year. There was a general rule that the grant would not be

repeated to the same person more than twice. If has project looked promising, they would make an exception, but ordinarily if it did not look promising they didn't want to throw the money away. Some fairly good work and papers have come out of there, but no Nobel Prizes as yet.

The registry persisted until 1970. It was discontinued then, I think, mostly on the urging of the director of it, partly because it was becoming more difficult to get grants and partly because the workload was increasing and hospital cooperation in some parts of the state decreasing. The data collection has been saved and has already been used for several studies and is stored for possible future use.

In 1949 the will of Allie M. Lee, a Nevada resident, had been filed providing that, on the death of her sister Chloe Peters, the corpus of her estate should be distributed equally among the Reno Cancer Center, the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children at San Francisco and the Nevada division of the American Tuberculosis Association. Chloe Peters died in about 1960, and an abortive attempt was made to start an Allie M. Lee professorship of cancer research at the university. But it really died from the fact that they were not able to give sufficient funds to support a professorship. Money was coming in, but not enough at any one time to start a professorship.

Oil wells in New Mexico were part of the estate, and although it is uncertain how long they will last and the production varies from year to year, the last few years have seen an income of about \$100,000 a year to the Reno Cancer Center. It gives annual grants of about \$30,000 to the Medical School for projects selected by a grant selection committee of the Medical School and gives an occasional piece of equipment. The rest is used for salaries and patient help. Over the years, these grants

and gifts have totaled about \$400,000—about half going to the university—and will be continuing while the oil continues to be pumped. The organization continues to do considerable patient aid, especially for the indigent and disabled, in Reno and the surrounding area.

I've remained on the board of directors since 1946, remaining after the bequest mentioned above partly to try and see that its money and activities were channeled usefully with some promise from research results. I also remained on the board of directors of the Nevada division of the American Cancer Society from 1956 through 1978, was state president of that organization in 1957 and in 1965, and was on the national house of delegates and board of directors from 1964 through 1971, serving on most of its main committees.

I attended national meetings of the American Cancer Society in New York at least twice a year and some additional committee meetings to select candidates for cancer research fellowships. I attended the International Cancer Congresses in Moscow, Tokyo and Minneapolis. I also went on a goodwill and study trip around the world with the other national board officers. Each country visited—about 8 of them in all—put on special meetings dealing with cancer, and most of the countries offered their ethnic types of entertainment for us.

In 1959 Harry M. Hoxsey was probably the outstanding cancer quack in the country. He had been, I believe, banned from activities in almost every state but Nevada. He did have a television station in Texas which he maintained to advertise his program carried on in Mexico. He tried to get positive legislative approval passed to use his quackery methods in Nevada, and I was one of those testifying against his program in the legislature.

A session or 2 before we had successfully pushed another bill, which I largely wrote, entitled the Governor's Cancer Advisory Council to try and forestall Hoxsey and other quackery. Other doctors testified, and I also made the following statement at the Hoxsey hearing:

This bill is not pointed at any individual or profession, and it is not designed to prevent anyone from practicing by any honest or ethical methods. Its aim is to protect the unfortunate people who develop cancer, or are afraid they might have it, from persons who lead them into false belief that they may be cured by means that really have no chance of curing. Such quack treatments will often cause delay in getting appropriate treatment for cancer until it is so far advanced that it is too late for any treatment to be effective.

These people (quacks) extract considerable sums of money for promised cures by secret formulas that have no basis in fact or reason. They hold out the straw to emotionally upset and sick people who, unfortunately, are all too willing to grasp at false straws that promise cure without surgery or irradiation or until they find out it is too late. Also some patients are so afraid of surgery or irradiation that they will pay out good money to quacks to avoid proper modalities. Nearly all persons who claim cure from such methods have actually never had real proof of cancer being present by any competent tests and competent examination or biopsy.

Medical methods and other types of treatments that are of benefit do not

belong to any individual or group of individuals. They belong to all doctors at any place in the world to help all possible sufferers from cancer. Ethical doctors with a beneficial cure or palliation disseminate this knowledge widely. When anyone claims a secret formula or type of treatment that only he can sell you, you can safely bet that it is a quack remedy that will not stand up under honest scrutiny.

This bill which I have mentioned, the Cancer Quackery Bill, provides for honest and fair scrutiny of any method. If anyone, and that includes medical doctors, will not submit their methods or medicines to honest scrutiny and evaluation, then you can bet your bottom dollar that they're phony. The Governor's Advisory Cancer Bill worked well. Hoxsey and a few persons who stated that he had cured them made their pitch, but their bill to allow them to practice remained bottled up in committee.

The Cancer Advisory Council committee was made up of 5 members—one M.D., one osteopath, one university scientist, and I think one attorney...constituted so that no one could claim prejudice. It had the authority to communicate with any suspected individual and demand that samples of his claimed cure and its content or mechanism used be turned over to the council. These were then transmitted to the state health officer, who would have appropriate testing done. If found harmful or useless, a "cease and desist" order could be presented to the individual dispensing the treatment, any violation of which would be a misdemeanor.

We uncovered about 8 quack schemes in the first 2 years, and it is surprising how quickly the quack schemes came to an end without any argument. There were no more

cases being placed in the council's hands. The council stopped meeting after about 4 years, and I've heard nothing more of it. I don't know whether the bill is still in existence.

Some years after that, the bill drafter's office was instructed by the governor to search out all bills which were no longer applicable or used and recommend them for abolishment by the legislature. It may have been one of them, though it shouldn't have been. One that was of little or no use was the Governor's Cancer Commission, which was not written or pushed by me. Although I was on it, I had nothing to do with its formation. As far as I could see, its purpose was nil, and it was repealed at the request of the state medical association after a few years.

During the time you were on that committee, were there any notable cases of quackery or fraud brought before you other than the Hoxsey case?

These were not notable ones brought before us—the large cancer quackery outfits stayed out of Nevada. These were several individuals selling cancer cures of just ordinary substances—like clay mixed with something else; very simple things—which, with a little spiel, gullible people would fall for. They stopped as soon as samples were requested.

American Indians often have different ways of treating their own diseases.

This is where I was afraid I might run into some difficulty, being a member of the Cancer Advisory Commission. I was, at the same time, digging up roots and medicines which the Indians had claimed had efficacious properties, and I was sending them back to Eli Lilly and Company for analysis to see if

indeed any of them did have quantities of medications that were worthwhile. In finding these roots, I had to get Indians to show me where they were. I had as one of my assistants a man who called himself an Indian medicine man or doctor, Abe Abrams, who, with his wife, ran a store out in Nixon. He may still be there or may not still be alive. He went with me on quite a few of my expeditions, as he knew where to go to get these roots and other medications. I warned him time and time again, although he extolled their virtues to me, that he should not ever sell them to really sick people.

Did he?

I think he did.

Would it be permissible, then, to treat somebody if there were no payment for the treatment? To treat them with herbs or other drugs that might not have been proved?

I think if you made false claims about them, there probably would be grounds for action. I am not enough of an attorney to answer the question properly. While I was on that committee, he was the only individual that I ever came in contact with who might be giving medicines to people. Now we find continuously that one patient will give another patient some of their medicine for all sorts of diseases, and there's nothing much we can do about that. We communicated with all those who claimed cures and charged for them to bring their medicines in, and they did; there was a penalty if they did not. Then, after analyzing them, if found worthless they were notified to stop.

But the unscrupulous still find a way around even a well-written law, such as that of the Governor's Cancer Advisory Council.

In 1977 some business entrepreneurs, sans conscience, came to Las Vegas and formed a company intended to manufacture and sell Laetrile (amygdalin)—a substance obtained from apricot pits—in Nevada. It is a wholly worthless and sometimes dangerous cancer quackery. These entrepreneurs either gave or sold cheaply stock in the company to doctors in Las Vegas who were either avaricious or ignorant or did not really care what happened to their patients as long as the stock paid off. This was happening in several other states at the same time, and the United States Food and Drug Administration (USFDA) was in contact with us. The federal drug authorities came here, but could do nothing but testify because these people stated that they would not sell it across state lines. I believe the USFDA could only intervene when things are sold across state lines. The people trying to get the Laetrile bill across used as their slogan, "Freedom of Choice in Choosing Your Form of Treatment." This was a very effective slogan—it appealed to the public.

They introduced AB 121, and they and their M.D. stockholders praised it. The bill also included Gerovital, a so-called youth medicine started in Rumania several years ago. This consists simply of novocaine or procaine hydrochloride, which we have used as a local anesthetic for many, many years. Before this came out in the USA, I had at the request of one of my patients given her a series of procaine shots, which they advocated, without doing her the slightest bit of good. The clever and evasive deception in their Laetrile and Gerovital bill was that it stated state licensing did not constitute a representation that either substance has any therapeutic effect. This nullified any action by the Governor's Cancer Advisory Council—it's a good way to get around things. Although we testified, the legislature

did not listen. I don't know whether the Legislative Commission to the Medical Association approached the governor or not for a veto, which they should have done, but he signed the bill one day before it would have expired and quackery triumphed again. The legislature again let their constituents down.

I wrote another editorial for the Western Journal of Medicine similar to the one I've already showed you on acupuncture, but I don't think I ever sent it to them. I have a copy of it here, which will be placed in the Anderson Papers.

The American Cancer Society in Las Vegas has also been helpful to the Medical School in that they have a golf tournament annually which raises about \$20,000 in scholarships for the Medical School. The money is generated through the Ross-Miller Golf Tournament, held at the Las Vegas Dunes and Country Club in memory of Mrs. Coletta Miller, who was herself a cancer victim and the wife of the man who sponsors the golf tournament. Mr. Bill Berry of the Dunes coordinates the annual event, and this is a nice little sum to help out with scholarships.

During the time I was with the cancer society, I enlisted the help of the state superintendent of schools to put on an intensive anti-smoking campaign in every school in the state—not only encouraging the youngsters not to smoke, but for them to try to get their parents to stop also. We also put on a series of breast self-examination demonstrations with a motion picture along with the demonstration... the motion picture being made by the American Cancer Society. We did that with every group of women we could get together, as well as quite a few men's clubs. I've also encouraged and helped with the setting up of tumor boards in every hospital in the state with a staff of 4 or 5 or

more doctors, where there are enough to discuss tumor cases before they are sent elsewhere or given treatment there.

I felt that my efforts had probably been worthwhile but not outstanding. However, in 1965 I was most delighted to receive an award from the National Board of Directors of the American Cancer Society, "presented to Dr. Fred Anderson, M.D., Nevada Division, in recognition of his outstanding contributions to the control of cancer." I was given a sumptuous luncheon here in Nevada, as I could not go back there to receive it, and I received some excessively laudatory and complimentary letters.

I'm curious about whether or not cancer has been your chief medical interest over the years. It sounds as if it might have been.

In medicine, I'd say it has been. Surgery of cancer primarily.

Is there any reason for this?

I have not been involved particularly with cancer chemotherapy; in fact, I am one of those who think that it is being far overdone these days. I am somewhat in agreement with a visiting professor who was here from Ohio State, who said that he referred to many of the patients receiving the cancer chemotherapy as the "embalmed walking patients." It is my belief that it should be done only in cancer centers by real cancer specialists until its uses are more clearly defined, and that it is being overdone in Reno at the present time.

How did your interest in cancer develop?

Because there were so many cases, I saw so much of it.

Was there any cancer in your own family's background?

My grandmother had cancer of the breast. While I was in my assistant residency, my father developed a lump in his right clavicle. I came back here to Reno to see if I could be of help. This was biopsied by Dr. Thom and Dr. Horace Brown in Reno. It was diagnosed as a liposarcoma of the clavicle, and radium was put into the cavity. I then took him at once down to the University of California to put him under the care of specialists. They took X rays, and it took them 36 hours to figure out why the X rays wouldn't turn out right. They finally deduced that the radium was still in the operative site. So they got the radium out and operated on him, then gave him further radiation, and he remained cured up until the time he died—close to 6 years later—of cerebral arteriosclerosis.

* * * * *

I, of course, have watched the health developments that might be associated with nuclear testing ever since the first testing in the Las Vegas Test Site. I have read a great many of the papers concerned with it, although I do not hold myself forth as an expert in the field of nuclear medicine or in the field of nuclear radiation exposure in general.

In 1950 or earlier it was recognized that there was probably an association between giving of radiation to face, adenoids, neck and upper mediastinum and the development of cancer in the thyroid gland at a later date. Many years later that has become a scientifically proved fact. Approximately 2 percent of the patients with an exposure of 500 rads to the thyroid area in infancy will develop thyroid carcinoma. An additional 9 percent will develop benign thyroid nodules,

and these may develop from a few to many, many years after exposure. In fact, the peak years of development are 25 to 30 years following the radiation. We doctors have to keep this in mind every time we see a patient and examine a thyroid, particularly if there are nodules in the thyroid gland. We have to be suspicious of cancer.

There's also the possibility that cancer may be induced in some other organs. If radiation is given in large amounts, of course, it kills the cell; in smaller doses it possibly causes changes or mutations in some of the cells. Some of these mutations may be bad mutations that lead to changes in the character or shifting of the genes, so that what we call oncogenes or cancer genes may develop. Studies are progressing at present on radiation exposure near the Nevada test site and the degree of its relation to malignancy. There are no definitive results, although many claims and lawsuits have been filed.

I heard on the television some time ago a lady testifying that 100 of her friends in the St. George area had had cancer. Well, now, ordinarily in any area wherever you live, cancer is a fairly common disease. How many of those would have died of cancer anyway? And she stated that there had been, I believe, 38 hysterectomies and suggested radiation exposure had caused all. Now, it's my opinion that probably very few, if any, of those hysterectomies were secondary to the radiation exposure. However, it is possible that prior exposure—what we'd call a cancericidal dose of 500 rads or more in infancy—may produce some tumors of the brain or larynx or facial bones or scalp or the parathyroid glands or breast, but we are uncertain of the incidence and frequency of this. There are a good many papers written on it, but none of them are written that I have ever read giving statistics in a scientific, objective manner.

Most of what we hear on the radio and television are usually statements made by one individual talking about themselves or their friends and are anecdotal. This is about the least reliable evidence that exists in medicine, or anywhere else for that matter.

DRUGS AND DETRAP

My first involvement in the problem of drugs in Nevada came when a legislative committee asked Dr. [V. A.] Salvadorini, a pathologist, and me to help them rewrite the law dealing with mind-altering drugs and controlled substances used illegally. We did our naive best and I think were of some help. This, plus the literature being full of articles on drugs and their use—coupled with the evidently rapidly growing use of pot and LSD, uppers and downers, and even heroin in our university and community—led me to try and find out a bit more about their attractiveness and the pied piper or peer effect.

I had attended an Indian peyote session, getting no particular effect out of it except dizziness and nausea followed by vomiting. I had had a doctor and patient relationship through the years with shots of morphine, Demerol and Dilaudid. Out of curiosity I tried each myself, getting drowsy and feeling relief from tension and pain, but I never had any form of heroin and have not to this day. I have had Dexedrine, as that was freely available after the war, but I never took those in the larger doses used by those addicted.

I had sampled most of the downers, such as Nembutal and Seconal, mostly for sleep, and I almost acquired the sleeping pill habit once for a period of time. I would work all day for 12 or 14 hours and then get called out 2 or 3 times during the night and perhaps have only 3 or 4 hours of sleep out of the entire 24. I would want to get to sleep

right away, even though I did have a little bit of a hangover from the downers afterwards frequently. But after you have taken them for some time, the hangover is much less noticeable, because you have what are called lysosomes in your liver that destroy the substance and increase with use of the substance. You develop those gradually, and they gradually disappear when you quit the substance, but will reappear more quickly if you start it again. I had never taken any of these medicines in the daytime.

I had tried marijuana twice—both times in Europe when drinking a little *Lacrimas Christi* with it to see the effect—but I could not attain the desirable condition that some of those habituated claim to...in particular, the flower children. I had gone to several clinics and talked with residents in psychiatry there concerning people who have used LSD and such drugs as that, and after hearing them describe some of the psychiatric episodes that occurred afterwards and the unpredictability of how long they would last, I decided that those were not for me even to try out of curiosity.

Having 2 children of my own about the same age as many of the younger flower children, I read all of the books on psychedelics and other articles on pills and drug use and methadone clinics and other similar material that I could get my hands on. I visited UCLA to talk with doctors down there that were studying these firsthand—Dr. Sidney Cohen, I believe was the main one—and I also talked with the residents. That's where I got my fear of drugs, and I attended a national meeting in San Francisco on substance abuse as well as visiting the Haight-Ashbury district, which I think everyone knows about. I had visits with Dr. David Smith there and elsewhere. He was trying to learn more (although he was the expert) in the thick of Haight-

Ashbury. I visited the treatment programs there and in San Rafael and Pittsburgh and Sacramento, California, Las Vegas and many other places, including New York City. My boy and I together visited the government bureaus and chief federal officers' involved in the drug problem, and we visited some of the methadone treatment houses, both in Washington, D.C.

At the clinics in Haight-Ashbury I saw LSD flower children being dragged in off the streets, apparently psychotic and screaming incoherently and being taken to the treatment clinics where the intention was to talk them down. A person who was familiar with these things would talk to them for hours while they were getting over this. I did take my boy and another boy about his age—each about 15 years old—to see these frightening patients in hopes it would help them to avoid such experimentation.

At home, I was asked to talk to a couple of PTA groups, and it was decided that a prevention and treatment program should be started in the Reno area. As I had been to more of these places than any other person here, I was sort of elected as the first chairman to call a few interested people, including a social welfare counselor named John Tachihara, who was a sociologist and was quite interested in the problem and had some experience in the field. Paul Bible, an attorney, agreed to help. John Caserta, a school official, the director of YMCA, David Osborne, and others agreed to participate. A public meeting was called to assess the interest, and interest was found aplenty, with experience minimal.

Soon after that we met and decided to form a parent organization. I designed the name for this: Drug Education, Treatment, Rehabilitation Action Program—DETRAP for short—as most such organizations wanted

something that could be easily remembered. This was designed more as a fund-raising and supervisory group than for actual treatment; it would supervise treatment programs. One of these which we started was Omega House, which operated in the upstairs of a building abandoned by a Catholic church on East Fourth Street. It was supervised by John Tachihara. We helped one other house, and we sought money from the city and the county and from individuals who were willing to give it to us. We also sought grants from the government and did get a couple of grants, partially because I had visited these people when I was in Washington.

Entitas—a group already functioning near Reno, with a mixed reputation—was not a part of our program, although we (mainly I) did give them free medical care for about a year and a half until I became worn out at it. We rented and remodeled—with the help of some of the youngsters who we were trying to prevent using or wean away from the drugs—an old house owned by the university for headquarters, but most of the money was spent on the treatment houses themselves, as we all worked for nothing. We got help from the city, county, LEAA [Law Enforcement Assistance Agency]—which was a federal group interested in this—and private citizens. We developed a slogan; I don't know where we derived it: "If you're not part of the treatment, you're part of the problem."

We did not fool with methadone centers, as we did not consider any of us experienced enough with that and did not feel that we had adequate supervision of any of the houses to run night and day where we could give treatment. We also gave programs wherever requested, traveling as much as 100 miles each way, for example, out to Lovelock. Law officers, Washoe Medical Center personnel and many citizens attempted to help.

We struggled along for 2 1/2 years trying to assess the results of our efforts as we went. The legislature then entirely sabotaged our program by passing a law putting drugs and alcohol under a state agency, with a board composed almost entirely of those interested in alcohol and not in drugs and a chairman almost impossible to reason or work with. This agency siphoned off just about all of the state and federal money we had been receiving. The chairman and the agency were set on treating alcoholics and almost entirely neglecting drugs. Not being able to see adequate results I gave up at this point, about 2 1/2 years after starting, and resigned from DETRAP. It struggled along for a while, unhappily hiring a secretary who was worthless, and then a few months after that DETRAP also went out of existence.

I have often wondered if we did any real good as a program, for I found this impossible to assess. Certainly the use of these substances still goes on—including a few new ones such as angel dust and now cocaine—especially now in adults, and I suppose it will as long as there are unscrupulous providers to make money from it and people who have either curiosity and want kicks or are disturbed personalities.

SOME FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES

I have already remarked on the discussions with Major Fleischmann before the war about building a hospital in Carson City. Dr. Petty took this up with him after the war, with me as a sort of consultant and encourager and at times a go-between. Finally, in 1949 the Major agreed to put up a sum of money to be matched by the community. Shares in the hospital were sold to obtain the matching money, but are, of course, of no value. (I still own several thousand shares.) A small

hospital was started in 1949 and completed in 1950. This wasn't much help to me, as I now had to go to Carson on my day off to operate all day instead of Dr. Petty sending them to Reno and coming to Reno to assist me, as he had done prior to the time of the building of the hospital. At times emergencies were still sent over here, as were also some of the more severely injured cases or those needing specialty care that could not be done in the small hospital.

Soon after the hospital was built Captain George Whittell's resident nurse was killed in an auto accident. He called me to arrange a \$25,000 memorial gift to the hospital in her name.

It was started as a private hospital but could not be kept out of the red, particularly because of tourist traffic accidents cared for by the hospital of necessity, many of whom conveniently forgot their hospital bills after discharge. Because of this it was taken over as a county hospital and has remained so.

About the time the Carson City hospital was built, Dr. Ontie Hovenden moved to Carson City from Ely, Nevada, where he had practiced for over 20 years working for the copper company. He was an internist with some specialty in cardiology, was gruff with his patients but beloved by them, as they soon knew the fine, compassionate and skillful doctor behind the gruffness. I took care of many of his patients surgically, and we became close friends, just as I had with Dr. McCuskey at Letterman. He had come to Carson to retire, but he took on some patients and was so well liked that he, like Dr. Petty, soon had his office overflowing with patients. He practiced for over 10 years there until old age caught up with him, and he died about 8 years ago. Both Dr. Hovenden and Dr. McCuskey had very personable wives, and both families seemed almost like second fathers and mothers to me.

The senior McCuskey gave up his group practice of anesthesiology in Los Angeles about 10 years after the war, retired and bought a ranch near Tuscarora, Nevada, where his friend Bing Crosby also bought one, and Crosby's doctor from Los Angeles also bought one. Crosby sold out a few years after that, and McCuskey bought a ranch near Fallon, where he would be closer to his family, his nephew Paul being a dentist in Fallon and his son Charles an orthopedist by then and practicing in Reno.

Dr. McCuskey soon grew restless and would come up to Reno to practice anesthesiology with his wartime pupils, Dr. Bill O'Brien and Dr. Arthur Scott, several days each week. He finally bought a house in Reno and turned over his ranch to his son Charles. I regret to say that Dr. McCuskey died 2 years ago, following a total gastrectomy for carcinoma of the stomach. He and Dr. Hovenden were 2 of the most respected, and, if I may use the word, beloved doctors that I have ever known.

The Carson City hospital burned practically to the ground in 1964, but it was soon rebuilt on adjacent land and is now operating in the black with 85 or more beds. The financial picture has changed, largely because of the population growth of Carson City and partly by the fact that practically all cases can be kept there now, as there are now specialists in most fields with about 50 doctors practicing in the city.

In 1965 there were at least 3 general surgeons in Carson City, and although I was still going over on occasional trips to operate or consult, most of the surgical patients were referred locally. Also, my old partner, Dr. Petty, was working half-time, and before long full-time, for the Nevada Industrial Commission. I lost my incentive to go over

there, as I had enjoyed working so much with him. My old patients could usually be persuaded to come over here for operation or consultation, so that I have done no work there for many years. I don't miss the trips, as the road seemed to get longer each year, but I have missed my close association with my old hunting, golfing and fishing companion, Dr. Petty.

Soon after his arrival here in Nevada, I took Dr. Petty on his first duck hunting trip to the Greenhead Club near Fallon. We started out along a dike to reach our blinds before sunup, but the ducks were beginning to get restless with the other hunters around. Soon someone started shooting ahead of time and before we reached our blinds. Ducks were coming at us now, fast and low, and Dr. Petty became so excited that he started shooting. By the time we reached our blinds, he had neither a duck nor a shotgun shell left. Within a couple of years duck hunting had become his favorite hobby, and he had become one of the sharpest hunters in the state.

Paul McCuskey, nephew of the Dr. McCuskey I had come to know and like so well at Letterman and on Saipan, finished dental school by 1947 and wanted to practice in a small town. His uncle suggested he come up to Reno and see me. I took him to Fallon and introduced him to several persons there, including the editor of the newspaper, and he decided that was it. So he moved to Fallon and set up a dental practice which he still maintains. I had an initial duck hunting episode with Dr. McCuskey, the dentist, identical with the one I had had with Dr. Petty on his first duck hunting excursion. Before long, he, like Dr. Petty, could get his limit of ducks well ahead of me.

Another duck hunting enthusiast and friend and dog fancier, Art Bernard, warden

of the state prison, presented me with an unusual patient. Dr. Petty called, saying they were in big trouble, needed help, and would I come over to Carson as soon as possible. I did and we operated on Bernard's favorite black lab hunting dog, whose foot had been caught in a coyote trap at least several days previously and who had lost a portion of the foot and several toes. We revised the trap amputation, and he recovered without complication, being fitted with a leather boot when healed. The incident is recorded in the book written by Bernard about hunting and dogs, *Dog Days*, and has also appeared as a column in the newspaper that is published in Hawthorne, Nevada by a good friend, Jack McCloskey. I've included the latter with the [Fred M. Anderson] papers. He promised us that as soon as the dog was well, he would retrieve a mess of ducks for each of us, and he did indeed keep his promise.

In 1955 one of my former fraternity brothers and friends, Horace Bath, left a position as a vice-president of the Ely National Bank and moved to Reno to go into the real estate business. Another friend, Dale Bell, who had a clothing store in Ely, soon sold that and joined him in partnership, with the intention of becoming an MAI [member of the Appraisal Institute], which he did. A couple of years later Allen Carter, who had been city manager in Elko, moved to Reno as county manager and put up an office building at 222 Hill Street. My friends Bath and Bell, being close friends of his, informed us that he would build and partition it according to our specifications. Office buildings were then not clustering around hospitals as much as now, so we agreed. The building was completed, and we moved in, several doctors fairly new in Reno, a couple of dentists and a law firm

that occupied the top floor. We bought the building after a few years, sold it in about 1972, and remained there until about 1976 when further new owners made the rental charges prohibitive. We then moved to 1225 Westfield Avenue and remained there until the partnership was dissolved in 1981.

SURGERY PROPERLY DONE

There are many axioms or precautions dealing with surgery, but I've always been partial to 3 of them. Number 1: If there's nothing wrong with it, don't try to fix it. In other words, don't operate unless you find something that needs operation. Number 2: Sometimes it's better to be operated on by a lucky surgeon than a good one. I've always considered myself reasonably good as a surgeon, but more lucky than most who may be better than I am. Number 3: If you are going to operate, you are going to have complications and frustrations, failures as well as successes, and in some cases death. Don't think for a minute you will ever be an exception.

Any operation should be planned from the start to the finish before touching the scalpel, with provisions made where possible to place the location and type of incision so as to allow for correction of other or unexpected findings, and be sure and make it adequate for emergencies such as unexpected bleeding. It goes without saying that the history, physical, laboratory, X ray, level of blood and blood chemistry will have been completed and any special tests, heart and lung evaluations and nutrition should be studied and corrections should be made where needed before considering operation unless it is an absolute emergency. Even at best there will be unexpected complications.

I'll give a list of a few operations that will illustrate some of these points.

In 1965 a 44-year-old woman whom we'll call W.G. came into my office. She had a hemorrhoidectomy in Salt Lake City 8 weeks before and was still passing small amounts of blood. The surgeon had done a straight sigmoidoscopic inspection (we did not have flexible ones then) before removing the hemorrhoids, but had not had a barium enema performed. I obtained one, and there was a cancer in the descending colon that would have shown in the X ray. The barium enema would have allowed the cancer to be removed 8 weeks earlier and allowed the patient to forgo the discomfort and expense of the hemorrhoid operation and perhaps be cured. I am sorry to say that even though we operated for the cancer, it had spread or metastasized, and we could not get all of it. It may perfectly well be true that even if he had done the barium enema and found the cancer and removed it, it might already have been metastasized then. However, I would term this inadequate study before operation. The patient died in a year and a half from the metastatic cancer.

In 1972 a man patient, 50 years old, who we will call A.D. and whom I had cared for for 20 years, came in with persistent rectal bleeding 10 weeks after a hemorrhoidectomy where a barium enema had been done prior to operation. A straight sigmoidoscopic examination was done before the hemorrhoidectomy. Nothing was found, and a perfectly good hemorrhoidectomy was performed at a California clinic hospital where he had had the studies. He contacted his doctor when the bleeding continued, and the doctor told him it would eventually stop. However, it had not stopped in 10 weeks, and when he saw me I felt further investigation desirable.

I repeated the barium enema again, and it was again negative. We passed a flexible sigmoidoscope the full length of his colon, and on the anterior part of the proximal portion of it was a vascular anomaly, a cluster of thin-walled varicose veins that would never stop bleeding spontaneously for any length of time regardless of how long one waited. I removed this segment of the colon, and he has had no bleeding since.

This patient had the work-up usually considered adequate, but when the bleeding persisted after 6 weeks the doctor should have investigated further with a flexible sigmoidoscope. He would then himself have found the bleeding to be coming from the varicose veins.

On a day in 1960, in Carson City when things were really busy, I had just finished 3 hysterectomies when I got a call from a doctor in Lovelock that there had been an automobile accident and that he had a badly injured patient having difficulty breathing. I grabbed a bite to eat, got in my car and at once headed for Lovelock. There I found a very ill patient (H.P.) with a tube in his stomach already. We put a little barium in the tube and took an X ray, and it showed all of his stomach in his left chest. He evidently had a considerable tear or rupture of his left diaphragm with his stomach protruding into the chest through this. There were no other severe injuries evident, and he was conscious and clear mentally.

There were neither facilities nor an anesthesiologist in Lovelock, so we at once shipped him with a transfusion going in his arm and oxygen in a tube in his nose by ambulance to Washoe Medical Center. After cross-matching for blood, starting some more, and getting him in a little better shape by suctioning the barium out of his stomach and then suctioning the mucus out of his bronchi, we operated. We opened the

chest wall, put the stomach back in place and sutured the rent in the diaphragm. We then put a drainage tube in his chest and proceeded to close the chest incision.

As I was putting the last stitch in the skin the anesthesiologist said, "I think his heart just stopped beating." We at once applied cardiac massage and—as he already had a tube in his trachea—continued artificial respiration. The heart would not start, so we applied electric shock, all without avail. An autopsy did not show any other findings of severity, no evidence of heart disease and no cause for the cardiac arrest. This is one I would call unlucky, cause unexplained.

In 1962, B.F., a 40-year-old patient that I had treated for several years—an old victim of polio that had involved the muscles of the lower extremities, leaving them weak and with deformities so that he had to wear braces on one leg—tangled with a telephone pole on an icy road on his way home at night. Fortunately, another car came by almost at once, and an ambulance was called. The medics started oxygen; then an endotracheal tube was inserted, and intravenous fluids were started.

At the emergency ward I was waiting for him. He was unconscious—evidently from a brain concussion—in shock and anoxia from fractures of about 6 ribs on the left. Fluid, probably blood, had caused collapse of the lung; he had a compound fracture of the left patella, several cuts and bruises around the head and an abraded right upper quadrant which yielded pure blood on needle aspiration of the abdomen. (You insert a needle in there, and if you get pure blood you suspect the liver is injured.)

Transfusions had been started in the intravenous needle when he first came into the emergency ward, and another with a larger needle was started in his opposite

arm. Portable X rays were taken of the chest and skull. A tracheostomy was done at once in the emergency room and the trachea suctioned and oxygen given through this by a respiratory machine to expand his lungs. An intercostal suction tube was placed in the left chest to draw out the blood and air and allow the lung to expand. He had had what we call paradoxical respiration on arrival, which means that when you take in a breath the fractured ribs depress instead of expanding outwards, thus compressing the lung on the injured side instead of expanding it. Removal of the blood permits the lung to expand, and the positive pressure breathing through the tracheostomy tube further expands it.

With further blood he came somewhat out of shock. He was then moved to the operating room, as it was felt that he had an injured and bleeding liver and would have to be operated on as soon as possible. An inlying catheter was placed in the bladder which did not return any blood.

As soon as enough blood had been put in rapidly, my 2 partners and I opened the right upper abdomen and found it to be full of blood. The right or main lobe of the liver was crushed and had 3 large lacerations. We cleaned out the blood and applied the Pringle Maneuver, which means compressing the hepatic artery and portal vein below the liver with fingers or an instrument to try and partially control the bleeding. We then suture-tied the obvious bleeders, compressed the raw oozing edges with anticoagulant and warm sponges and tried to suture the lacerations as best we could over pledgets of gelfoam to prevent the sutures from cutting through the friable liver substance.

We had to release the Pringle Maneuver, or blood vessels that were compressed, about every 15 or 20 minutes to allow blood to flow to the liver so as not to do too much

damage through oxygen deprivation to the part that had not been injured. After we had sutured and compressed the bleeding areas until most bleeding had stopped, we packed the remaining oozing areas with gelfoam and gauze packs. This seemed to control the bleeding pretty well. We put in several drains to the still oozing areas and to the space below the liver through the abdominal wall, and closed the incision.

We considered ourselves very lucky to have controlled the bleeding as well as we did and to still have a live patient. We did not find any other intra-abdominal injuries. If we had been unable to stop the bleeding we would have had to try to remove the right lobe of the liver, a procedure none of us had done before and few surgeons had done at that time.

Meanwhile, during the main operation an orthopedist cleansed out, debrided and closed and repaired the compound fracture of the knee cap. We then sutured the multiple lacerations around the head and face.

Having had 18 transfusions by now, the patient was remaining fairly stable as regards shock. In later years, we would have had a Swan Ganz or other inlying catheter from the jugular or arm vein to the superior vena cava and the heart to better control blood pressure and fluid administration and monitoring. We would also have obtained samples of blood for study during the operation, but such tubes were not available at that date.

Hemostasis had apparently been accomplished fairly well, as the patient required only 4 more transfusions over the next few days. Assisted respiration was continued for a week because of the broken ribs which had caused paradoxical respiration on admission. He remained unconscious for 3 days, but he gradually recovered his mind and came back to normal. The liver wounds healed without complication or infection,

and the drains and packs were removed over the next 10 days without starting any bleeding.

I am glad to say that the patient had complete recovery, liver function tests later being normal. I would put this under the lucky surgeon category, as about 80 percent of patients with his injuries would have died at that time. After recovery he put a large ad in the paper naming and thanking all the doctors who had been involved in his case. This I would call a very lucky one.

The patient continued, however, with his smoking and a little too much drinking afterwards. He came into the office in mid-1978 complaining of a scratchiness in his substernal region when swallowing. A barium swallow showed a defect about two-thirds of the way down, and an esophagoscopy showed a rounded tumor about 1.5 centimeters in diameter. This was removed with a snare. It showed a mixed epithelial and fibrous tissue malignancy. It was removed flush with the esophagus. The pathologists said there were only about 8 cases of this tumor of mixed epithelial and fibrous tissue in the literature; that most of them are cured by operation; and that most victims lived over a period of at least several years or else remained cured. They considered it a malignant but very slow-growing tumor.

We removed a little more than one-third of his lower esophagus with margins well around the tumor. We could not feel any involved glands or any tumor elsewhere, and we could not feel any tumor in the liver through the diaphragm. The pathologist said we had got all of it as far as he could tell. We brought the stomach up into the chest and sutured it to the esophagus. He recovered from the operation well, but was dead of recurrence in less than a year. This shows the fallacy of trying to predict in cancer cases.

In 1956 I saw a young man (TA.) who had fallen and sustained an oblique fracture of the tibia and fibula. The fragments were in perfect position, and I just put a long leg cast on him and took another X ray. The fragments still remained in good position and did so in a further X ray 3 days later.

Next day I had to go to a meeting for a week and found on return that an orthopedist in whose care I had left him had operated on him the day after I left, putting in a small plate and screws. I was furious. I used some language to the doctor on the phone that the nurses in emergency overheard, and I was asked to come to an executive committee meeting with him for reprimand. There I admitted the language that I had used and added a little bit more to it and said that if they wished to do more than reprimand me because of this, that was their prerogative. They did nothing. This case was an example of my first axiom: if there is nothing wrong with it, don't operate on it. The operation exposed the patient to additional expense, discomfort and the possibility of infection needlessly.

No action was taken against me for my intemperate language, but a few years later this doctor was removed from both hospital staffs for doing unnecessary operations. He has never been reinstated.

About 1968, on my weekend off, a woman patient of mine about 55 years old fell and sustained a fracture of the distal third of the tibia. She was seen and casted by a capable orthopedist. She heard him say the fragments were in perfect position, but next day she noted that she was scheduled for operation.

About this time I returned. I agreed that they were in perfect position and questioned the need for any operation. I called one of the orthopedist's partners, who agreed with me after seeing the X rays. The operation

was cancelled. The fracture healed without complication and left no residual.

The general principle of avoiding needless operations should apply to tonsils and appendixes, as well. I have never knowingly taken out a normal pair of tonsils. It was the custom at one time for many doctors to take out most tonsils. Not long after I graduated from medical school this changed with most doctors and gradually has become less common. Now most doctors take out only those which are subject to recurrent infections or where the patient has rheumatic fever or where we feel that for some other reason they are causing persisting difficulty, as with the ears.

This also in some measure applies to adenoids, which frequently were large and caused the patient to breathe through the mouth. The adenoids normally tend to shrink down as the patient grows older, and we would advise the patient to leave the tonsils and the adenoids alone until the child was perhaps 4 or 5 years old, and perhaps they would shrink down and breathing would become normal, and nothing would have to be done to them.

Another school of thought, as lymphoid tissue is quite subject to radiation, led many doctors to irradiate the tonsils and the adenoids, which would shrink them down, and they would then not have to be removed in most cases. They also used radiation then for acne vulgaris of the face, and of course, on occasion, it was used if there was thought to be lymphatic enlargement in the upper chest in the thymus region. However, we have learned since then that when radiation in any significant amount is given in or around the face or neck, such as would be given for these, the incidence of cancer in the thyroid at a later date is about 5 times as great as it is in the normal thyroid.

There have been more than a few times when I felt I should add Henry's law to my little list of axioms. I understand this to be, "If anything can go wrong it will." To any surgeon who says he hasn't made mistakes or misjudgments or had unexpected complications, I would only answer, "Then you haven't done much surgery." I doubt that there have ever been any exceptions to this statement.

A case in point, R.B., age 60, was seen for right upper abdominal pain and was put in the hospital. Studies showed multiple small gallstones, but no jaundice. The rest of the physical examination and laboratory work, except for a moderately elevated white count, was all normal, including a normal urinalysis. There was no evidence of kidney disease, either by history or routine laboratory studies. X rays and ultrasound showed gallstones.

The gallbladder was removed. Several small stones were also removed from the common bile duct, and the duct was drained with a t-tube. All went well with the operation, and the patient returned to the ward in apparently good condition.

During the next 36 hours, however, he secreted only small amounts of urine, and a urologist and nephrologist were called in consultation. Urine output did not increase; no cause was found, and after a couple more days he was placed on renal dialysis. Unfortunately, the patient died after a few weeks in spite of this, without return of kidney function. My questions to the nephrologist and the urologist as to their opinions of the kidney shutdown were answered by, "We can't explain it. I guess it was just bad luck."

We could not obtain an autopsy, which was very unfortunate, as a doctor who attends autopsies on patients who die while

under his care will frequently be surprised by unsuspected findings, and will frequently learn something that may help in diagnosis and treatment of future patients. This is true even in a hospital like the Peter Bent Brigham, where I had a part of my training and which is the main teaching hospital for Harvard. Doctors there, who used every possible means to arrive at a correct diagnosis, had as their philosophy, "Some of our patients may die, but they die diagnosed."

A fault I see in many doctors today is that many do not attend autopsies, even on their own patients. Both they and their future patients are the losers by it. Perhaps that practice has gone the way of the understanding, unhurried word, the sympathetic touch of the hand and the little black bag.

* * * * *

I have never believed in referring patients that you could perfectly well take care of to some other doctor just so you might get a surgical referral in return, as is too often the case in medicine. I am sure this has cost me hundreds of surgical referrals over the years and some criticism by other doctors. I am equally certain that it has saved time and convenience and additional expense to thousands of patients.

My medical philosophy also has never been to charge all that the traffic would bear, but rather to charge on the conservative side. Although I was not running a cut-rate practice, I have had many patients tell me that I was letting them off too easy—a matter I am coming to agree with more and more as I see taxes, insurance, cost of living and inflation generally spiraling upward, while my relatively fixed income at age 79 looks smaller and smaller. Thirty years ago I had

never imagined that inflation and increasingly greater taxes would make my savings appear to shrink so markedly.

I tried always to let patients know in advance what the charge would be and did not engage in gouging or quibbling, whatever their own attitude in this. This reminds me of a pregnant lady who came to see me while I was still practicing in Carson City. I examined her, told her what the cost would be, and she said, "The other doctor said he would do it for \$50 less than what you name.

My reply was, "Well, he knows what his service is worth, and I know what mine is worth. Perhaps you should go back to him, particularly as you have already talked to him."

Neither of us had examined her as yet, and she appeared to be just shopping or perhaps just sizing us up. She went into the waiting room, talked to her husband, and in a few minutes returned and both of them insisted that I care for her. All went well, and her whole family, including her parents and husband, became faithful patients, even coming to see me in Reno following the war until my retirement.

THE MINARD STOUT ADMINISTRATION AND ELECTION TO THE BOARD OF REGENTS: 1951-1957

URGED TO RUN

In the early 1950s there was considerable unrest on the University of Nevada campus because of inadequate support by the legislature and the dissatisfaction of both faculty and the president, Malcolm A. Love, that they had recently hired. Because of this inadequacy of appropriated funds and no sight of improvement by 1951, President Love at this time threatened to resign.

About a year later I was visited, because of the unrest, at my office by a member of the faculty, Dr. Ernest Inwood, with whom I had gone through White Pine County High School. He had been a fraternity brother at the University of Nevada. After experiences elsewhere, he had become chairman of the Department of Business here. He was a member of the Alumni Executive Committee; he said he had just come from a meeting of that committee authorized by them to suggest to me that I run for the Board of Regents, an action I had never even considered before. This would be running against the chairman,

Silas Ross, now serving his twentieth year on the board.

Within an hour after this, I received a telephone call from Silas Ross, who had apparently been visited by Charles Mapes, the former owner of the Mapes Hotel and a member of the Alumni Executive Committee, who told him what had transpired there. Si Ross told me he'd like to serve one more term, but would not file if I did; but he would be most appreciative if I did not file, and he further stated he would not file again if I would agree to his request. I saw no urgent reason to run at that time and agreed to his request. He filed and was reelected, despite the unrest on the campus.

THE STOUT AFFAIR

As an alumnus of many years, interested in the university and having been on the Alumni Executive Committee since 1938, I had through the years maintained a fairly close knowledge of what was going on up there, and I knew the last several presidents.

Following World War II and following a good many years of rather inept presidential administration and parsimonious financial support by the legislature, the Board of Regents had requested the resignation of its most recent president, John Moseley, a former Rhodes Scholar, but a rather naive and ineffective president. They had selected in his place in 1950 Dr. Malcolm Love, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Denver—an experienced, intelligent and progressive educator. He found himself trying to administer a small state university, with a budget much too small, whose student population had been shrinking due to the completion of their studies by the World War II veterans who were attending the university under the GI Bill of Rights. Except for a school of mines and agriculture, it had little recognition at all outside the state; had poor community support because the community had just come to look on it as a matter of course and of no great standing; and its treatment by the legislature suggested that they preferred that it remain a small, mainly agricultural and mining college, with little research or other interests outside of the state.

The legislative session of 1951 aggravated even this situation, slashing the budget submitted by the university, so that after several meetings of the Board of Regents with President Love to try and adjust to the cuts, no one was really pleased. It resulted in President Love resigning early in 1952. On his resignation, he recommended a Dr. Minard Stout, who had had no top university level administrative experience at all, coming from a position as superintendent of a university high school at the University of Minnesota, and with little knowledge of, or participation in, what I term the “Academic Holy Trinity”: tenure, academic freedom of

speech and research, and faculty participation in university decisions and governance.

Stout believed in a strict chain of command, and he believed in admission to the university—to increase its student body—of any high school graduate, regardless of grades or subjects completed. Faculty had no business meddling in this. In fact, the faculty had no business meddling in university government at all, according to President Stout. One of the professors, Everett Harris (still living in 1984), reported that one of President Stout’s first actions was to call a general faculty meeting and open his remarks with, “I guess you’re all wondering what kind of an S.O.B. I am,” and he soon proceeded to show them.

Soon after this, a capable and respected professor of biology, Frank Richardson, deploring the downward and permissive trend in education with the drift away from rigorous academic subject matter in most levels in education (a trend which still, in my opinion, is quite a bit in evidence today), obtained reprints of an article by Arthur Bestor, a professor of history at the University of Illinois, written in 1952 and entitled, “Aimlessness in Education.” Richardson distributed about 50 of these to various members of the faculty and the administration, including President Stout, and the stage was set.

Richardson was called before President Stout, and on 2 occasions he was severely castigated—the first time in front of his department chairman, and the second time in front of his department chairman and dean of his college. At one point in the conversation he was told to tend to his own job and “not be a buttinsky all over the campus.” At another point in the affair President Stout instructed Ed Olsen—who was an onlooker and later became director of Press Relations at the

university; who was at that time, I believe, a newspaper reporter—to get on the phone and tell Richardson that they wanted his resignation. Richardson refused.

Meanwhile, the faculty became more dissatisfied under Stout's increasingly autocratic attitude, his authoritarian chain of command, his coarseness in his dealings with them and his abuse of the faculty. One of the particular things they were dissatisfied with was his complete letdown of standards for university admission. This evoked enough of a furor so that the 1953 legislature had a committee make a brief inquiry into conditions at the university, but it was brief and superficial enough so that it did not really uncover the trouble. It attributed the unrest to a small "dissatisfied minority," and it exonerated Stout.

On 31 March 1953, just after the legislature adjourned, Stout sent an identical letter to 5 members of the faculty, requesting that they show cause why they should not be dismissed: Frank Richardson, who was mentioned already; Thomas Little, Charlton Laird, Robert Hume, and Robert Gorrell—the latter 3 longtime faculty members here in the Department of English. These latter 3 were on vacation and did not receive their letter until 6 April, the day before they were to appear before him.

I had known these 3 professors very well, both as patients and as friends, and knew some of their teaching. On their return, Dr. Laird called me and told [me] they had received these letters and were going to appear at the university before Stout the next day as requested. Having heard of the impending trouble, I had that same morning been up to see President Stout in his office as a member of the Alumni Executive Committee. I asked him on what grounds these men, who had tenure, should be terminated... and what they

had done that merited such abrupt treatment. The only specific reply I could elicit was that all 3 were "Pinkos" to his knowledge, although he could produce no proof of this.

I then called attorney Gordon Rice, who volunteered his help, and after talking to these 3 people we advised them not to appear. On the same day, Gordon Rice carried a writ of prohibition to a member of the supreme court. Next morning found their summons and appointment cancelled. However, at a somewhat later date they did have a talk with Stout and signed a paper saying that they would adhere to the general rules of the university, which contained other nonsense that I would have advised them against signing, had I known of it. Meanwhile, other attorneys had taken up the case for Richardson.

This ended my immediate involvement in the affair. Richardson and Little went ahead with the attorneys who had talked to them when they first received their papers, at the time Stout sent them out in March. The case against Little was dropped by the president, but the charges were continued against Richardson. A 3-day hearing was held before the Board of Regents and their attorney, a deputy attorney general. The attorneys for Richardson were Bruce Thompson and Les Gray, with a couple of other attorneys—Ralph Wittenberg and Bert Goldwater—assisting them in research during the 3day hearing. Richardson was suspended from his position and from his teaching.

The University of Nevada was placed on probation by the AAUP [American Association of University Professors]. The charges against Professor Little had been dropped, but during the subsequent year he was put into teaching courses he did not want to teach, put into office quarters that were much below the standard he'd had before, and

he finally got disgusted and quit and took a position elsewhere.

Richardson's case was appealed by his attorneys to the supreme court, which reversed the decision of the Board of Regents and ordered him reinstated with back pay. However, during this time he had accepted a position on the faculty at the University of Washington, where he went on to a distinguished career in teaching.

ELECTION TO THE REGENTS

Reno attorney Bruce Thompson, who had been one of the attorneys for Richardson, because of his strong convictions against the manner of administration of the university by President Stout, backed by the Board of Regents of the university, filed for regent in 1954 and was elected, but there was still a minority of one to 4 favoring Stout.

Sometime during 1955, subsequent to this, I was invited to a meeting of Coffin and Keys, the group to which most of the student leaders and campus student achievers belonged, and of which I had been a member when a student. This group requested that I file for election to the Board of Regents in 1955, which I did.

It was an eye-opener when I made my campaign for regent in 1956, the last year when there were statewide elections. I had some information cards printed and hit nearly every town in the state in one statewide tour, in some places staying with friends. I used no newspaper or television ads or programs, but did talk to some service clubs and other organizations. Altogether I spent \$250 on the campaign.

I had no organization, as such, and I was not in politics, but as Silas Ross had kept his promise and didn't file, I had no opposition of great consequence. That was the only time

I ever campaigned for regent, although I spent \$200 the third time when Procter Hug and I decided to campaign for the regents, more or less as a team.

My being elected was appreciated at that time by the faculty and students, who were delighted to see progress probably leading to termination of Stout. Things were evidently moving in that direction with the action taken by the legislature, which soon increased the board to the number of 9. In 1957 the addition of the 4 regents by the legislature and governor quite changed the face of the board.

I was sworn in in January 1957 for a period that would last 22 years and would see the University of Nevada grow from a small college of about 1,000 to a University of Nevada System, with a university in Reno, another in Las Vegas, the statewide Desert Research Institute, and 4 community colleges based in Elko, Reno, Carson City and North Las Vegas...with the university extension service and programs from the community colleges blanketing the state in all of its smaller towns.

THE MCHENRY REPORT

When I joined the board in January 1957, the vote was still against us 3 to 2, but in 1955—during the year that I ran for the Board of Regents—the legislature realized that something was indeed amiss at the university, and passed Senate Bill No. 270, which is entitled "An Act Authorizing the Employment of a Firm of Management Consultants or Other Expert Assistants to Make Investigation into the Administration of the University of Nevada...." It appropriated \$25,000 from a general fund, and a survey team was selected to include: as its chairman, Dean Eugene McHenry, dean of the Department of Political Science at the University of California in

Berkeley; Robert Burns, president of the College of the Pacific; Homer Durham, academic vice-president, University of Utah; Arnold E. Joyal, president of Fresno State College; Peter Odegard, former president of Reed College, but now at the University of California in Berkeley; Richard Lillard, an author of such books as Desert Challenge and another book called Interpretation of Nevada; and Carlton Rodee, vice-chairman of the University Senate of the University of California, San Francisco.

The survey team first met in January 1957. The fieldwork was done by them, until they met again on 1 September 1957 to review their findings and the findings of 7 special consultants on the various departments of the university in which they were especially knowledgeable. They wrote an evaluation of the colleges and several other chapters of the report, which resulted in a 284 page book entitled The University of Nevada, an Appraisal, printed at the state printing office in 1957 and sent to the fifty-seventh session of the legislature.

To quote from the appraisal: "Our blueprint for a sound university in an expansive state can be no more than the means to an end." The best organized structure is no guarantee of the success of an enterprise. Neither is the ablest administrator going to secure optimum results unless the setup is sound. Both proper organization and good administrators are required. Even more important, in their opinion in the Nevada situation, were intangibles—such as morale, cooperative spirit and a sense of belonging and participating.

Quoting again from the McHenry Report: "We have made analysis of the salary schedule in the regents' minutes over the past 6 years. Some of the highest salaries have been given to faculty members lacking

in distinction, while several of the more productive professors receive smaller salaries. Disproportionately high salaries have been paid to some new, relatively inexperienced appointees. Perhaps more serious of all is the charge of administrative favoritism towards some individuals and discrimination against others, particularly against those who had opposed Stout's policies.

The report of the committee further stated, "The legislature shall provide for the establishment of a state university to be controlled by a Board of Regents whose duty shall be prescribed by law. It shall provide for the election of a Board of Regents and define their duties." The study suggested an amendment to the constitution of the state, which, of course, would have taken 2 votes by the legislature and one by the people: "The Board of Regents shall have power to determine all matters of educational policy and to provide for the internal management and administration of the university, including the qualifications, duties, rank, tenure, salary and retirement of all personnel." If this had been passed it would have taken the legislature somewhat out of the hair of the Board of Regents, where they had made a persistent attempt at meddling on numerous occasions over the years. In fact, they did not give up the selection or election of the Board of Regents until pretty much forced to. When the supreme court stated that election meant election by the people in 1887, from that time on elections were by the people of the state rather than by the legislature.

Governor Russell had stated in his message to the legislature in 1955 that the regents ought to be appointed by the governor with confirmation by the senate, rather than voted by the public. The McHenry Committee study did indeed suggest that the regents should be appointed by the governor rather

than elected, but this portion, and a number of other suggestions made by the McHenry Committee, were not adopted.

In one place the McHenry Report decried the fact that the supreme court had had to teach the regents to honor not only the elements of academic freedom and tenure, but their own rules, which they found when read over at that time to be fairly exemplary. I do not know whether they read the code as we rewrote it during the first year I was on the Board of Regents, or whether they had read the old code when they made this remark. I presume that they did think that the old code was not too unsatisfactory.

They recommended that a modest publication service should be established by the university and that the regents should seek a donation to the university of a Lake Tahoe property that could be developed into a multipurpose center for conferences and institutes of cultural and educational significance. They recommended membership in the WICHE [Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education] organization, which we did not have at that time. They recommended that food, drugs, weights and measures and petroleum products should be removed from university supervision; this was done some years later.

The last paragraph in the report read: "Much solid progress has been made recently, both on the state level and within the university, to direct the future growth of the state and its university with proper operation and dedication to the common goal. The prospects appear promising."

The presidents since 1887 have had to be practical politicians, rather than educational statesmen. The report recognized this, stating that "The presidents have had to be both public relations experts and practical politicians, as well as administrators of

educators. Some have not combined all these qualities." More than a few legislators and a few governors have felt that they knew more of what the university should do and be, so that the university has not been free of attempts at legislative influence and meddling in both the administrative and educational functions, and they have changed or tried to change educational policies and programs and tenure.

Fortunately, the fact that the university was originally founded by the constitution gave it some, but not adequate, protection from legislative interference. This helped in these matters. The Board of Regents hired Frank Newman, dean of the law school of the University of California, in 1963 when I was chairman of the board, to try to better define the amount of regent authority and independence. Although he affirmed these as constitutional rights, confirming an earlier court finding—King v. The Board of Regents, which held that the regents could not transfer major decisionmaking or action to other individuals—he noted that the legislature still held the purse strings, and thus there must be a close and cooperative understanding and trust between the regents and the legislature.

STOUT'S APPOINTMENT IS TERMINATED

The 1957 legislature, in response to the university situation and the McHenry Report, passed 396.030, Nevada Revised Statutes, increasing the number of regents from 5 to 9. [The legislature also passed NRS] 396.040, determining that an emergency did exist and that the already elected Board of Regents should remain in office, but that an additional 4 members should be appointed by the legislature in convention immediately after 21 March 1957 and hold the office until January 1959, after which they would hold office by

election at large of the people. The bill further divided the state into 3 districts: District 1, Washoe County, with 3 regents; District 2, Clark County, with 3 regents; District 3, the remainder of the state, with 3 regents.

Meetings of the Board of Regents, prior to the legislative action, had been frustrating, as Stout still remained in office with the support of 3 regents, Thompson and I being outnumbered 3 to 2. With the coming on of the new regents, it was pretty well understood what would happen. After the 4 new regents were appointed to the board, and we had all demonstrated to President Stout that we would not be rubber stamps, the board decided to terminate his appointment at the end of 1957.

Because of the general atmosphere created by Stout and his actions, several of the better faculty members had resigned to go elsewhere. One of them, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, the well-known author of Ox-Bow Incident and Track of the Cat and other books and short stories, leaving with the remark that, "Stout wanted a faculty of manageable mediocrity," and he wanted no part of it.

Minard Stout's tenure as president did accomplish several good things. The preceding 3 governors before Russell—and the legislators along with them—seemed to have little interest in the funding or governance of the university. Some seemed even not to realize the state had a university or that the university needed new buildings and an adequate budget. As the public and the legislature became aware of the university through the unrest of the Stout incident, it did become aware of more of these things. The legislature—which was probably encouraged by Charles Russell, the first graduate of the university to be elected governor, who came to the office in 1951 and remained for 5 years—showed substantial increase in interest

in the improvement of university budgets, improvement in salaries, the number of Ph.D.'s on the faculty, improvement in the library facilities by purchase of books and subscriptions, and an increase in the building program. There was now an awareness that there would soon have to be educational facilities in Las Vegas, but it took a long time for the faculty and academic wounds created by the Stout incident to heal.

SOME PRINCIPALS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA SYSTEM: 1958-1983

THE APPOINTMENT AND RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT ARMSTRONG

The new president, Charles Armstrong, a classics scholar from Harvard and recently president of a small college at Forest Grove, Oregon, was selected. This time committees of college faculty participated in the selection for the first time in the history of the university. President Armstrong proved to be a strong, knowledgeable man conversant with the strange ways of a university. Just a little pompous, but after Stout, appreciated by regents, faculty and students alike.

President Armstrong arrived in 1958, after Stout left, but he retained William Wood, who had been Stout's vicepresident, as vice-president. In fact, I think Bill Wood was in a sense a martyr to the Stout regime, because he probably would have been selected president if he hadn't had to be Stout's hatchet man. Armstrong was an excellent president for about 6 years.

There was a continuing struggle with the rebellious and belligerent University of

Nevada, Las Vegas [UNLV], plus undercutting by President Moyer from there and also undercutting by the director of the Desert Research Institute, Wendell Mordy, some faculty members and some press members who tried to downgrade President Armstrong in any way or place they could and undercut him at the legislature. As many of them as could, especially from Clark County, formed direct contacts with regents and legislators, although this was directly against stated regents' policy, and criticized his administration to those persons. This brought about the joining of the newspapers in the crusade against him, their main criticism being that the university had accepted a home and several acres of ground on Lakeside Drive as a gift with the requirement that the president's family live in it. This property was somewhat larger in both residence and surrounding grounds than the house that the legislature had previously purchased on Mount Rose Street from Mr. [Sam] Ginsburg as a residence for President Stout when the residence on the campus was demolished.

As the new residence and larger grounds required somewhat more maintenance from Buildings and Grounds for its upkeep, this gave the news media further grounds for crusading against Armstrong. When he would have any group out there, whether it was faculty or whether it was townspeople or legislature or regents or anyone else, he would frequently cater, as is still done, from the university catering service, paid for from his entertainment fund voted by the Board of Regents. They would criticize it because they had to go a mile and a half further than they had to go to the other house. In fact, they used many unjustified criticisms.

Charles Armstrong and I were friends, and we shared certain interests. In 1963 a visiting air force general from Hamilton Airfield—one of the places where the sound barrier had recently been broken—invited President Armstrong and me down for a demonstration. Dressed in air force suits with helmets, oxygen masks, parachutes and so on, so that we felt like robots, we were treated to a series of loop the loops and barrel rolls and a speed exceeding Mach II. We arrived back on the field feeling our insides churning and our brains a little dizzy and our gait unsteady for a few minutes but in a half hour were back to normal.

The disequilibrium at the university was not so easily righted. Pressures increased on Armstrong and on the regents. This finally induced the regents to suggest his resignation. As a good friend of his, I was given the unpleasant job of suggesting to him that he resign, without it coming to a head in the regents where he might be fired.

Armstrong was a fine scholar. He was educated in the classics at Harvard University, remained there as a teaching fellow for some time and then came west as president of a small university in Oregon. He was a bright man and could put on a great deal of charm

when he wanted to, but he was a little bit pompous; and if there's one place where pomposity is not liked, that is Nevada, and particularly by the legislators, when he would go to make his presentations to the legislature.

You had suggested earlier that for the first 6 years as president, he had done a fine job.

He had. He began to deteriorate as people began to criticize him and undermine him.

When you say that he had done a fine job, can you give me some specifics? What sorts of things had he done that you thought were important?

He brought in faculty participation in university governance. He opened the meetings up more widely, advertised them to the public so they could attend. He brought in a higher type of faculty—which might have occurred anyway, as the school was enlarging. He instituted advanced degrees; he assisted with such things as entering into the controversy to get the Stead ground; he represented us well at other meetings and institutions where they didn't have quite the time to see that he was somewhat pompous. He was one of the commissioners with me on the Interstate Commission for Higher Education, and within 3 years time he was president of it. He had a strong desire to be president of anything he belonged to, and he usually managed it. The Western Interstate Commission formed an economic group for the intermountain states to try to work out education problems together, and it was only one year till he was president of that. After he finished the presidency, he would often lose some of his interest.

I gather you feel that he was less than effective in his dealings with the legislature, though?

He was effective at first but gradually lost a little over the years. He could have been more effective by being more like a typical Nevadan, down to earth with no suggestion of superiority.

The criticism that began to mount toward the end of his time here—was that directed toward policy or toward him personally?

Toward him personally on the grounds of his personality and that he'd moved out to this other house on Lakeside Drive where some thought the maintenance costs were excessive.

So it was felt that he was isolated from the campus. Did the faculty share that opinion?

No. Neither did the regents consider it isolated, but we couldn't deny that it did take a little more cost to keep it up and that they did have to go a little further to cater to it. These were not very strong reasons in the eyes of the Board of Regents, but they were to the newspapers— they were beautiful things for the newspapers to write about.

Most universities, and certainly all major universities, have a separate residence for the president. That's not uncommon. Is that thought to be something that's unnatural here in Nevada?

Here in Nevada, we have taken a different tack. The only house that's ever been provided was the one on campus that Stout lived in, plus the other 2 discussed. We have always allowed a certain amount for rental of a house, a certain amount for entertainment, a certain amount for some other things; and I think this is a good idea because it doesn't force a president to buy a house which he might

have trouble in selling later on. The tenure of university presidents at most places is not terribly long.

You were approached by the Board of Regents, since you were a personal friend of President Armstrong's, to go to him....

I was asked for that reason to give him the news that he was going to have to step down or he would be fired. He received it very well, and he came back into the meeting and said he'd been told and that he was going to submit a letter of resignation.

Were you candid with him? Did you tell him that it was because of his personality and because he lived out away from the campus?

Oh, I told him all the things. I told him he had lost his credibility with the legislators, largely through Moyer and Mordy and others who were the heads of these other groups going directly to regents and to the legislators. I told him he had lost his strong backing with the Board of Regents by his not becoming as effective a president as he had been before—partly because we recognized that he couldn't go to the legislature and do like he used to do, and that the news media seemed to have turned against him first and then against us.

Armstrong left here to become chairman of what is called the Miami Valley Consortium, a project jointly engaged in by several universities in that area, and he stayed there for several years in that job and then retired. He now lives in the San Diego area and tells me that he does consultation work but otherwise doesn't hold down any steady job and doesn't want to. He has now reached retirement age. It's been quite a few years.

He had stepped into a very difficult situation here and had done a fine job for many years. I meant every word of praise that I wrote in a letter as chairman of the board, and that was approved by the Board of Regents unanimously and reprinted verbatim in the newspaper.* That was 16 July 1967.

During the latter part of Armstrong's stay here as president, N. Edd Miller was made chancellor at the university in Reno, and Donald Moyer was named chancellor at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas—we had not yet decided what to call that campus.

Neil Humphrey was selected in November 1967 as acting president to follow President Armstrong. He had been our vice-president in charge of business affairs before. Armstrong's leaving as president did not take place as soon as he wrote the letter...it went on for a few months until his contract expired.

PRESIDENT MILLER AND THE ADAMIAN AFFAIR

In 1968, when the universities and the regents adopted the formula of one chancellor for the system and a president for each of the divisions, Dr. N. Edd Miller—a specialist in communication from the University of Michigan and author of a textbook on this subject, and who had served as vicepresident under Armstrong—was chosen as president for the University of Nevada, Reno, after a search with faculty committees had been made, as is provided for in the code.

A modest and unassuming man, but an effective administrator, President Miller's door was always open to regents, faculty and students alike. His popularity was quite well justified in my opinion. This was demonstrated when, in 1969, just as disorders and disruptions over Vietnam were breaking

out elsewhere in universities across the country, he came to the campus one morning to be greeted by 2,000 students declaring it should be called N. Edd Miller Day in his honor. After a luncheon also in his honor, he and his wife were presented with airplane tickets to San Francisco and a weekend's stay in the hotel of their choice. This action was capped with a letter of commendation from President Nixon for his having received such an acclaim from the students in a time when students were not doing that sort of thing in other places. The regents, the faculty, the town, the legislators were all pleased, but this was too good to last. [See the Fred N. Anderson Papers for a letter from President Miller to Dr. Anderson and wife in regard to the Miller Day ceremonies.]

With the Vietnam War in progress, the country divided in its own thinking, and riots and discontent rather common in higher educational institutions throughout the country, we felt almost certain that we would feel some of the shock; and we did. There was also a rash of incidents by black students who invaded and occupied the main student union building office and refused to leave, stating that they felt they had not been given adequate office space and meeting space for their black student organizations on the campus. They would not leave, even when asked to by the president. After they'd occupied it for about a week the other students were threatening a violent confrontation, so President Miller approached them and said that to avoid that he would have to have them ejected by the police if they didn't leave voluntarily. So they did leave.

There were several anti-war, fairly orderly demonstrations in 1968, and a lot of rabble-rousing rhetoric. Some students and faculty advocated aid and blood transfusions for

the North Vietnamese, while the more mature and less activist students conducted a drawing of blood, including some from Governor Sawyer and myself. At this time, I was chairman of the Board of Regents. This blood was to be sent for use by our own soldiers. While I gave blood at the drawing on the campus, it was interesting that I was not recognized by name or face. A picture in the Sagebrush, the campus student newspaper, showed them drawing blood from a student with part of the caption reading, "While an unidentified stranger also awaits his turn as the next to give blood." Apparently my presence on the Board of Regents for 12 years, with the 4 years just preceding as chairman, had not been very visible to the student news media.

During these weeks, several non-Nevada students posing as Nevada students were noted trying to stir up emotions at student meetings on the campus. It was believed that as no one here could identify them as individuals, they probably were student agitators who had come up from California trying to ferment trouble here—probably from the University of California, which seemed to be having the most trouble at that time. On the whole, however, the student body and faculty did not overreact to what was going on throughout the country. I think no classes were closed or even completely disrupted.

The Adamian affair was the most notable incident. It occurred in 1970 on the annual Governor's Day observance, when the ROTC parades in review for the governor and the governor presents the outstanding cadets with honors awards. On this day, Paul Adamian, a recently tenured assistant professor of English who had been very vocal in anti-war and anti-administration

[statements] in and out of class for several weeks or even months, gathered a group of students on a grassy slope called the Manzanita Bowl just south of the walkway that goes from the main campus road through the university to Manzanita Hall, a women's dormitory. They had held a meeting prior to the start of the governor's procession—which procession began in front of the student union building—and after their harangues down there, in which he had taken part, he led a group of students up towards the student union building just as the group were ready to leave for Mackay Stadium (which is where the chemistry and physics building now is) for the ceremony. There were perhaps 100 or more students with him. They attempted—by standing in front of and, in a couple of cases, lying down in front of cars; by pulling on car doors and pounding on the fenders and some even climbing up on the hoods of the cars—to block the motorcade to the stadium. They were not successful in this, but continued with shouting and catcalls to interfere with the talks being given during the ceremonies.

When the cadets began their drill formations, Adamian, urging and leading a group of students, poured out of the stadium and onto the Mackay football field in an unsuccessful attempt to break up the drill, which carried on in good fashion without being apparently disturbed. President Miller attempted, with an appeal to the students and crowd, to calm the demonstrators, and the event was completed as planned without any real physical violence.

Adamian was one of a small group of faculty and teaching assistants who seemed, during this time and at other times, to see how much obscenity they could introduce into the classroom. This irked the president

and the regents, although no definite action was taken except to speak to the chairman of the department about it.

[Representative of the type of obscenity to which I am referring is the following:]

riverrun penisperm in a gyre and
nimble nymphet's navel
by David Phoenix

I'm buried up tp here in your tangled hair, in your stretching arms like vines and wine accented thighs; I feel certain that with luck a little fuck now and then, not thick-pricked butt thin, we'll get along little doggies getalong one if you can and if you can't spit from pspine to belly and make the spot thick stick and giggle that small carillion lip then we'd better sound the depths of this hollow waiting and drop stones in our mouths like Demosthenes and please our nerves with courage and tongues teeth and meat of eloquent curves as we thread the unwinding blooms of you and me in this marriage of uncertain knees trembling as the soul's unzipped and judging fingers ply their honest trade in buzz and nudge caress and taste our blood sperm cum and glory us is one marvelous beast with two backs of articulate gestures and clowns in wet sheets and the whole damn sky is filled with traffic pushing to share to stare at our deirrieres tightened cheeks squeeking within the floods of springing skills crystal clears the bedposts in a single bound to happen sooner or later in a most delicious manner's are forgotten in a situation like this calls for more whine kneels

the kneeling maiden in the good ole
You Yes of say this is the thymes that
tries men's souls burst wide as pussies
gawk like toothless gums and by gollies
this is great! ing on nerves system are
go go go to the seashore and get a
whale by his tee if he hollars let `em
know the biblical senselessness that a
man could get his death dragged like
this but what a way to get thee to a
nunnery ng-ding-ding
went the trolley clang bang whang
went the shells coiling around my
head's in the seasand and I'm buried
up to here in your tangled hair...

It is rather interesting that David Phoenix, who composed this so-called poem and made it required reading in English 102, was just recently arrested here in Reno with his wife and another individual as part of a cocaine distributing ring. I believe it has gone to trial now. His wife and one of the other men picked up were found guilty, but they didn't find any cocaine on Phoenix, so that he was acquitted.

No action was taken against Phoenix [for making his work required reading for his students] and, as he had no tenure, his contract was just not renewed the next year. That was the case with several of the people who were acting somewhat similarly at that time. I think his poem is a rather classic one of the type in vogue and certainly, to me, suggested that he probably was under LSD or something like that at the time he wrote it.

The president and the regents, several of whom—myself included—had been at the Governor's Day demonstrations, thought Adamian had carried it a little too far, and the president was instructed to take some sort of action. Adamian had been granted

tenure just shortly before this. As soon as he got the tenure he started his conspicuous harangues in and out of class that stirred some of the students to a fair amount of unrest. He made profane, insulting remarks about the president and the regents and the university as a whole.

On the basis of their knowledge of the Governor's Day incident, the regents voted to instruct President Miller to draw up charges against Adamian and to relieve him of teaching duties pending the outcome of a hearing. Charges were filed according to the university code. A full hearing was held before a faculty hearing board, which recommended censure, and President Miller advocated censure only to the Board of Regents. The board felt after they reviewed the hearing papers, on which we from then on had to make all our judgments, that there had been sufficient infraction of the code and inappropriate behavior to warrant more than just censure. The regents were not satisfied and sent it through the president back to the hearing board for a review, which board sent it back to them with the same recommendation again. The regents received the testimony and voted—with the exception of one regent, I believe—for termination of Adamian's contract.

At one of our regents meetings, which at that time was held in the student union building as the crowds attending had grown too large to fit into the president's office any longer (this was before we moved across the street to the Center for Religion and Life, which was still larger), Adamian appeared with a considerable group of students following in his wake. All sat down and glared—and when they ran out of seats, stood and glared at the regents in what looked like an attempt to intimidate them, as his case was

still undergoing trial at this time. Also on this same afternoon, we received a telephone call that a bomb had been placed in the building. We evacuated for about 15 minutes while some of the campus grounds people looked around and didn't find anything. I believe I made the remark that, "If our visitors are intending to intimidate the Board of Regents by this visit, their intention will probably be without success."

Adamian had employed Charles Springer, who in those years seemed to represent most of the radicals and dissidents in and out of the university, and his case of termination by the regents was appealed to the federal district court of Judge Roger Foley in Las Vegas. It was probably not heard before Judge Bruce Thompson, who was the federal judge in this end of the state, as he had once been a regent himself. Dan Walsh, deputy attorney general and at that time counsel to the Board of Regents, handled the case for the university in Reno, and Thomas Bell handled it for the university in Judge Foley's court.

Springer alleged that Adamian's civil rights had been violated, that there was lack of due process and denial of freedom of speech. Judge Foley ruled that the part of the university code used by the regents for termination was constitutionally vague and overbroad and ordered Adamian reinstated with back pay, but with a stay in execution of his order that would allow the regents time for an appeal if they so desired.

The regents did appeal this ruling to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, where it was heard by 3 judges who reversed Judge Foley. As I recall, this reversal was on the grounds that the parts of the code used in the charges against him were based on and in accord with the code recommendations of AAUP [American Association of University

Professors], were practically identical word for word with them, and were therefore not considered vague and overbroad, but were generally accepted at universities throughout the country. Then it was sent back to Judge Foley for a rehearing as to whether the university code adopted the AAUP interpretation of the provision. Chancellor Humphrey and Regent Hug, as I was out of state at the time, testified at this trial, and Judge Foley ruled that the provisions were to be interpreted in the light of the AAUP construction. The trial was then heard in Reno by a federal district judge named Turrentine, who agreed with the termination action.

Regents Hug, Lombardi and I testified at this time. Attorney Springer attempted to get us to agree that we had made statements that would show prejudice against Adamian, and that we had made these statements not only amongst ourselves, but to members of the public. None of us had made such statements; we were very careful, and repeated at every meeting we had that our judgments had to be based solely on the evidence solicited before the first hearing board and not on what we saw or heard ourselves. There were several people—one from the press, several students, I believe, and some members of the faculty—who testified as to his actions and attempts to stir up the students on Governor's Day. All of us were able to deny completely the attempts Springer made to discredit us, as we had been careful about discussing the case.

Again it was appealed by Adamian and Springer. The case was first heard by 2 judges on the Ninth Circuit Court and Judge Poole, a federal district court judge in San Francisco. The 2 Ninth Circuit judges disqualified themselves because Procter Hug, who had been a regent, was now a member of that court. Then 2 judges were brought in from the Tenth Circuit to hear the case

with Judge Poole. This court affirmed the decision of Judge Turrentine, agreeing that the termination decision was proper. So after this considerable number of hearings and appeals, and the case having started in 1970, it finally ended 12 May 1980.

Common rumor had it that a defense fund collected by some of Adamian's friends was pocketed and spent by him, leaving Springer holding the bag. Inquiries seemed to elicit that Adamian did not reenter the teaching field. Rumor had it, long after the first trial, that he had become a beachcomber in California.

Procter Hug, Jr. followed after me as chairman of the Board of Regents in 1968 and bore the brunt of this turbulent and nearly violent incident. As a result he started a project to revise our university code to make it as complete and as explicit as possible, a project so well done that it has stood the test of time with a minimum of further change.

There were a couple of minor bombings during the Adamian affair—one incendiary bomb being thrown through the window of the ROTC building, and another exploding on the front porch of an old building on Virginia Street occupied by the Adamian supporters and some of the anti-Vietnam War faction. No one was hurt. The origin of the bombs was never determined, and I have wondered if a mishap didn't occur by amateurs handling the second bomb that exploded in the house across the street from the campus.

Soon all this passed over, and [in] less than a year all was back to normal and running smoothly again, perhaps largely due to the calming and non-militant attitude of President Miller, who said at a convocation in 1970, "I believe that one man, authoritative rule by the president, or anyone else, has no place in the university." The regents had long before affirmed this principle when they for

the first time instituted a faculty search for President Armstrong.

Some of the regents believed at times that Miller was willing to take a little too much guff from faculty and the students alike, but he left the university liked and respected by all, of his own volition, to take a position as president of Portland-Gorham University in Maine. It is my understanding that he and his wife were not happy, this being a split campus and the weather in winter miserable, and that he resigned from that and is now chairman of the English department at a university at or near Highland Heights, Kentucky. Again, I repeat: he was always courteous, always willing to listen, always fair (perhaps a little too lenient at times) and liked by all.

While the black student union building confrontation was going on, and when I missed a meeting in Las Vegas, 2 regents criticized Miller at considerable length in an executive committee meeting and then leaked it out to the media. It was first reported that he had been asked to resign, although this was untrue because there was never a majority of the regents that did want him to. He did, however, offer to resign, and this was followed by an outpouring of support for him from students, faculty, public and press alike. At the next meeting of the Board of Regents at which I was present, there was a vote of 8 to 2 to reject his letter of resignation. That was the end of that particular item.

While this was going on, I received a letter from President Nixon (as I presume did most regents across the country), based on an article by Dr. Sidney Hook concerning activism across the country. [See Appendix A] Enclosed with it was a statement authored by J. Edgar Hoover.

As requested in the president's letter, I wrote up in some detail my philosophy of education and the attitude that I thought

should be taken by the Board of Regents, chancellors and presidents as official spokesmen for the university. I made quite clear what actions were not to be tolerated and would be considered in violation of the university code, and some of them in violation of the law, so they might be handled by either: those in violation of the law by civil proceedings; those in violation of the university code by the normal university procedures.* In that I pointed out that in some universities—in particular, some of those in South America where the students and faculty were practically allowed to run the university—the universities were in a rather constant state of ferment. Someone who was on the visiting faculty here from South America wrote a very caustic letter concerning my remarks, and it was answered by an individual who had read my article and his letter; who had traveled abroad many times in Italy, France, Germany, South America; had lived in Mexico a considerable period of time; and had at times lived in some South American countries. He answered this professor's letter in some detail, stating that he had lived in South America for 5 years and in 3 different republics and under 2 dictators, and believed that my observations, taken in or out of context, were all too true.

PRESIDENTS ANDERSON, MILAM AND CROWLEY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO

Meanwhile, after President N. Edd Miller resigned, James T. Anderson, dean of the College of Engineering, was selected by the board to serve as acting president while a presidential search was conducted. He acquitted himself well, and most of the regents were quite annoyed when the search committee of faculty did not even

mention his name as one of the candidates for president and, in fact, did not even give him an interview.

The committee searching for someone to succeed Jim Anderson as president of UNR recommended Max Milam from Little Rock, Arkansas. He had been an administrator for the Winthrop Rockefeller estate and also had an executive position in business administration within the university, although not a president or vice-president. He was essentially a finance expert—a hardworking, businesslike man who made it his job to become friendly with influential townspeople and legislators, and I think did a good job of administering the university. He was rather taciturn and quiet otherwise, although not unfriendly.

One of the first things we noted about Milam was that he never seemed to ask anyone for advice. His wife was said to have remarked on occasion that the reason for this was that when he made up his mind, he was never wrong. He broke this precedent, however, and phoned me for advice when Neil Humphrey asked him about a short-term appointment while he sought a new position elsewhere. President Milam asked my advice about issuing the letter of appointment which would usually be considered well within the president's powers.

At this time (1974-1978), however, we had on our Board of Regents several very strange regents—James L. Buchanan II, a rather opinionated and loudmouthed and frequently wrong and unpredictable attorney from Las Vegas; and an equally loud and not-very-knowledgeable-about-education regent, also from Las Vegas, who nearly always followed Buchanan's lead, Chris Karamanos. Tom Ross from Carson City was frequently voting with these 2. John Buchanan, another regent from

Las Vegas, had a personal grudge against Humphrey.

I reminded Milam of the sort of board that he had—which he already knew, I suppose—and suggested that he not issue the letter; that they would probably OK it if he brought it up, but would probably be contrary enough to vote it down if he signed it before talking to them about it. Well, he signed it.

At the next meeting there was a quorum of 8 regents out of a total of 9 on the board; unfortunately Dr. Lombardi was not there. Molly Knudtsen, a good friend of Humphrey's, thought she would do him a favor, and to sustain President Milam's action (and in spite of my attempt to gesture her not to), made a motion to sustain it. The vote was 4 to 4, thus vetoing the president's action. If we had just taken no action at all, or let them make the motion to kill it, his appointment would have been validated. She was mortified, but such are Robert's Rules of Order, and such are some naturally contrary regents, who would not support Milam's action. I felt most unhappy for both Neil and Molly.

Humphrey was hurt and disappointed, especially after the excellent service he had given to the university previously for 16 years. He soon got a position as vice-president in charge of finance at Youngstown University in Ohio. The last word I had, he was serving as acting president there and later was made president. I've never known a man who more thoroughly earned respect and confidence than Neil Humphrey.

* * * * *

At the meeting where Milam's letter of appointment for Humphrey had been voted down, the next motion after this was to fire President Milam. Several of the regents did

not like him, and at least one of the regents had a personal grudge against him. I could not see where he had done anything particularly wrong to warrant such sudden termination, and I tried to persuade the board not to take any action. But by this time they were worked up to the point where they voted to request his resignation, and in fact a couple of them suggested that we should tire all of the presidents at the university and get new ones. There were no grounds given. A bit more talking, a bit more discussion and they gave up this stand—I think it was more of a sounding off of authority than anything else. The vote on asking for Milam's resignation was 7 to one, with me as the lone dissenter. I can only paraphrase Shakespeare that I thought "there was certainly something rotten on the Board of Regents."

The vote was not based entirely on the Humphrey incident—there were several of the regents who already disliked Milam and disliked the way he was performing his duties. They thought he was too much of a businessman and not quite enough of an academic man to suit them. And as I say, he was not one who made a point of cultivating each regent individually as some presidents had done and still do.

* * * * *

After President Milam's departure from UNR in 1978 the regents appointed Dr. Joseph Crowley for 9 months and again initiated a faculty and regent search for a permanent president. Dr. Crowley was finally chosen and took over as president 23 March 1979.

Joseph Crowley had come to the University of Nevada, Reno in political science in 1966. He was the department chairman from 1976 on, and from 1972 to 1973 he was chairman

of the faculty senate. The records show that he then fought almost bitterly against the development of the Medical School, although he has now listed it as one of the university's centers of excellence.

He earned his degree in political science from the University of Iowa in 1959, an M.A. in social science from Fresno State College in 1963, and his Ph.D. in political science from the University of Washington in 1967. He and his wife, Joy, have 4 children.

There was some apprehension when President Crowley took over that his long association with the Arts and Science faculty at the University of Nevada, Reno might give them undue influence over him, but that has not been obvious except for some lack of support for Engineering. He's a sociable individual and has become popular through prefootball game brunches, receptions at the university's Jot Travis Student Union and serving as a guest speaker for a variety of local groups as well as speaking for a series of radio and television broadcasts and columns of the Nevada newspapers. He has brought the attention of more people in this end of the state to the university and has come across well on the communications channels.

The past 3 years have been difficult ones on the Reno campus with cut back programs and minimal increases in appropriations from the legislature. This results from a tight money situation caused by changes in tax laws several years ago that put Nevada at or near the bottom state in education support. Crowley, himself, states that the faculty is restless and dissatisfied because there have been no raises other than cost of living for 3 years, but I have not seen any significant exodus from the university because of this.

Altogether President Crowley seems to be doing a creditable job, although seeking

more and more autonomy for the campus from the chancellor. I fear that the University of Nevada Foundation may be an attempt to build up his power base independent of the chancellor's office. I hope the foundation may exceed my predictions as a money-maker for the university, but as one of its members I am dubious. It also may take away any incentive on the part of the faculty and others to do any personal fund-raising themselves, as the university rules have stated that any raising of money should go through approval of the president or the executive secretary of the University of Nevada Foundation. It will, however, bring the university into closer contact with the business community, which should be a plus for it.

PRESIDENTS MOYER AND ZORN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS

In 1964 a decision was made to have a chancellor at both the Reno and Las Vegas campuses, with Armstrong over them as president. William Carlson, dean of the Nevada Southern campus, withdrew as a contender, as he thought he had been in the job long enough, and Donald Moyer was imported from New Mexico as chancellor at UNLV. He remained as a rather dynamic individual but one who could not be thoroughly depended on to follow regents policy.

From the time that we hired President Moyer on as chancellor at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and even before that, there had been a good deal of agitation for autonomy for what was still called Nevada Southern—the name was finally changed to University of Nevada, Las Vegas a couple of years later. The university at that time was fairly rapidly approaching the northern enrollment, and down there they bitterly resented any of what they considered domination by the more than

100-year-old institution up here. There was not only agitation for autonomy, but for a separate Board of Regents.

That the university in Las Vegas was dissatisfied with its status and support was made evident when we came to a regents meeting in Las Vegas in February of 1967, the year Paul Laxalt assumed the governorship. It was a tight budget year, and he had stated in his State of the State message that he wanted to try and hold the line on expenditures.

On this day of the regents meeting, a group of students had hanged the governor in effigy in front of Grant Hall on the Las Vegas campus. The regents were quite shocked, even the Clark County ones. As I recall, the students at the same time had formed an organization that they called SHAME (Students Helping to Assist and Maintain Education) to lobby for larger budgets, but I could never see where it accomplished anything except to satisfy the activist students. As chairman, I attempted to point out the crudeness and rudeness of the hanging in effigy at the beginning of the meeting, but I'm sure my words fell on ears that didn't care to listen and were deaf to reason.

Despite such aggravating actions, Governor Laxalt was a good friend to education. What with the universities, the community colleges and the proposed Medical School hitting him all at once, he attempted in his message to the legislature to lessen the polarity in both schools and legislature with the statement, "I believe the time has come to end intersectional rivalries for the tax dollars needed to expand the 2 campuses. If the university is to grow, the 2 campuses must grow together." His words fell on just about equally deaf ears.

President Moyer's energy and activities in trying to advance the cause of the University of Nevada in Las Vegas, and his frequent contact with legislators or with regents to try

to influence them individually, was somewhat frowned on by the Board of Regents. The students, however, approved of it, and when Moyer was helpful to them in getting a student union building funded, the student body officers suggested that it be named the Donald Moyer Student Building. Several of the regents were hesitant to do so, however, as we were beginning to get somewhat worried about his lobbying tactics and his denials of such doings. Regent Lilly Fong brought her husband to a regents meeting, and the 2 of them attempted to browbeat the regents into naming it after Moyer and predicted dire consequences, both downtown and on campus if we did not. Their pressure tactics nearly turned a few of us off, but in view of the students' request we did name it the Donald Moyer Student Union Building.

It's interesting that soon after Moyer's resignation by request of the regents a year later in 1968, the regents felt a little bit vindicated in their previous attitude when the next group of student body officers asked us to erase the Moyer name from the building. However, we felt that once we had named it, we should leave it alone and let it stand.

* * * * *

Moyer was succeeded after a usual faculty search by a Dr. Roman Zorn, a historian arriving in 1969, trained in Wisconsin. He was steady rather than flashy like Moyer. The university and its budget were growing rather rapidly. There were now 3,601 students in 1969, and the number was 5,841 ten years later in 1979—almost doubling in size. The University of Nevada, Las Vegas had both its new name and the plan of reorganization approved by the legislature in 1968.

The University of Nevada in Las Vegas has always had one advantage not enjoyed

by the Reno campus—that is, full support by nearly the entire community. The University of Nevada, Reno, a 100-year-old campus, has been “old hat” to the people of northern Nevada for so long that it was taken for granted for a long time, generally not to be noticed much except when faculty or students did something that the papers or public did not like.

RESIGNATIONS AT THE DESERT RESEARCH INSTITUTE

At this time, the Desert Research Institute—which had been formed under the University of Nevada, Reno, with Wendell Mordy as director—was now set up as a separate institution of the university, with Mordy being named as president. However, Mordy's influence had already begun to weaken with the regents and with legislators, as he had started to go around the president and regents to legislators to get programs that he wanted. Although he was called on the carpet by both the president and the regents, he continued to do this. In 1969, the regents asked Mordy for his resignation as president of DRI. There was some minor litigation over his contract and when it would expire, but this was resolved without any particular difficulties.

The university and the public seemed unaware of the very excellent work that Mordy and his staff had accomplished during the 10 years since 1959, when DRI was formed. He had built it up well, and a very competent staff remained and continued with the work.

We were less fortunate in our next choice of president for DRI, who was John Ward, a plant physiologist trained at Rutgers and the University of Pennsylvania. He was not a real leader of the group at DRI, as he was mainly a plant physiologist and the chief group of researchers at DRI were

interested in atmospheric studies and water studies. However, there was no one who had particular expertise in atmospheric physics applying for that position, and he appeared the best of a rather mediocre group of applicants. He had come to Reno from the deanship of the School of Science at Oregon State University. He inherited an organization which had developed a fine statewide basic research and applied research program, and was working well with the state agencies who were concerned with water conservation and water usage, and with water availability for future growth in the state of Nevada.

Ward was a disappointment as an administrator. It was only a very good staff and a fine national advisory board that kept up a good productive level of research and service at Desert Research Institute. Tippling occurred in his case, and we were forced to ask for his resignation. He fought against it with an attorney, but we held our ground and did fire him.

It is interesting to note at this point, though, that whenever a faculty member or an administrative member has any difficulties with the board, he tries to get a legislator who is also an attorney to represent him, because he figures that they can intimidate some members of the Board of Regents. Ward was no exception to this. He got one of the stronger senators from the legislature, Bill Raggio. Just by being able to vote on things that they were to have in the future, a legislator/attorney carries additional strength; and he can come on a little stronger without their arguing with him and asking him questions.

CHANCELLORS, PRESIDENTS AND SYSTEM CENTRALIZATION

Neil Humphrey, a graduate of Idaho State College and the University of Denver,

came to Nevada from Idaho to be executive secretary of the Nevada State Taxpayers Association shortly after 1950. He was selected as state budget officer by Governor [Grant] Sawyer in 1959, and quickly gained the respect and confidence of the governor and the legislators. We were very fortunate when we got him as business manager for the University of Nevada, Reno, in 1961, and we soon changed his title from business manager to vice-president of finance. In 1967 he was made acting president of the university following the resignation of Charles Armstrong. [Humphrey remained acting president for only a brief period before the regents made the decision to designate N. Edd Miller and Donald Moyer as presidents (rather than chancellors) of the universities in Reno and Las Vegas, respectively. Humphrey was then named chancellor of the state university system. See James W. Hulse, The University of Nevada, A Centennial History.]

Chancellor Humphrey was an unassuming, modest, agreeable individual who almost never lost his cool. He did his homework so thoroughly that he could practically never be caught up. He attempted to be always fair, to know the facts and be able to get them across in understandable language so that any sensible opposition—as well as those who were in favor of what he said—could not mistake what he was saying or misquote him easily. He was also, as well as being a fine administrator, a fine family man and a person who gained confidence and credibility with the legislature, which he had also gained as director of the state budget. He also gained credibility with the public, the press and the regents. He kept things running about as smoothly as anyone could possibly have done, in my opinion. He ran the institution in the newly formed

system that was composed of a group that had just recently been at each other's throats, so that the competition and wrangling soon ceased.

Humphrey taught a class in business administration all the time that he was at the university. He taught this class because he wanted to maintain a hand in teaching, with the thought that one day he wanted to become a university president. Why he wanted to, I don't know. During this time, he spent his summers attending Brigham Young University and attained a master's in business administration, although he never reached a Ph.D.

I admired Humphrey and relied on him more than anyone in the entire university system for the entire time he was here. The faculty was a different thing. He had by this time a Master of Business Administration from Brigham Young, but still was not a member of the exalted Ph.D. club, who in my experience have thought that anyone who was not a Ph.D. was really not worthy of much consideration. So the faculty felt free to peck at him and frustrate him, whether he was right or wrong.

My experience in the university as a regent has been that the Ph.D. club is really almost a closed club. Many of them don't recognize as being able to teach: an attorney, a doctor, a dentist, a CPA, or many persons who have spent as much or more time getting their degree and training than the Ph.D. has. In other words, in Business Administration up here, a young man who was a lawyer and also had his master's in business administration, but did not have a Ph.D., was kicked off the staff in favor of an inferior person who had a Ph.D. This happened to be one of my godsons; that's how I happen to know the details of it. I don't see how they can even stand to see dentists teach

in dental school or doctors in medical school or lawyers in law school.

Chancellor Humphrey, because of concern that the south would think his office too closely connected with the University of Nevada, Reno, used the money from the sale of the Mount Rose president's home—which had been sold when the other house was given to us—to construct a central administrative building at Marsh and Lander streets in Reno. This has worked out well. His astuteness and credibility were both great assets to the university, and they saved many a legislative squabble and many a public squabble, although we were not entirely without them. They would criticize him when the students would bring the questionable speakers on campus, for example, or when Professors Siegel or Richardson would write their diatribes against the university and against the regents in letters to the editor.

Humphrey ran the chancellor's office in such a way that it became the most important unit in the system for the planning of future education in Nevada, and it had a very significant influence on the fair allocation of resources within that system. He held it together as amicably as, I believe, no one else that I have known would be capable of doing.

But Neil Humphrey's ambition, for some reason, was to be a university president. He accepted a job as president of the University of Alaska. On arrival there, he found the scattered system to be in a real financial mess of fiscal mismanagement that seemed hopeless of straightening out, particularly as some of those parties contributing to the mess were still in positions of political power that permitted them to thwart his attempts to straighten things out. After about a year of frustration he resigned, asking for a letter of appointment for a few months at the University of Nevada in Reno, while he

could search for a new position. As recounted earlier, that request was denied.

* * * * *

When President Roman Zorn resigned voluntarily to retire from teaching, he had during his years at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, tried to achieve steady improvement in quality, adding new courses and advanced degrees with orderly but steady growth and not quite in the same hurry-up or frantic manner of his predecessor, President Moyer. Also, over these years the budgets were a little better than they had been, which allowed improvement in faculty and some new buildings. His calmness and straightforwardness were appreciated by the Board of Regents and the chancellor.

I remember President Zorn best for his phrase at board meetings when we were trying to make the best of what seemed to always be too small a budget after trimming by the legislature. When some of his programs and proposals had to be cut or dropped, he would remark, "You can only get a certain amount out of a baloney, no matter how or what way you slice it." He departed the scene with our respect for a job well done.

Zorn was followed by Donald Baepler, an ornithologist trained at the University of Oklahoma who had taught at Central Washington State College. He worked well under Zorn and accomplished things. He even acted as a temporary president between the time when Moyer went off and Zorn came on. When Zorn left, Baepler's name was suggested as president by the southern regents, now a majority. After a faculty search was made and he was offered the post, he accepted it, attempting to show some reluctance which I really don't believe existed, for to me it was quite evident that he had wanted it for quite a long time.

Dr. Baepler, who followed Zorn as president in the south, was bright and progressive, but fretting and frustrated by not having complete autonomy. He soon found a way around this. He determined what the southern regents, now a majority of the board, wanted, and bent his efforts to please them so that his projects had a majority vote most of the time. To the other board members he seemed less reliable— not fully revealing facts at times, doing private lobbying not only of his regents but with southern legislators, so that he gave Chancellor Humphrey more than a few headaches. However, during the regimes of Zorn and Baepler, as I mentioned, there had been a somewhat more generous legislature with a great deal of local support and money gifts. The 7-storey humanities building, the teacher education building and the Judy Bayley Performing Arts Theater all became additions to the campus, and very beautiful ones.

At about this time Neil Humphrey retired. The southern regents were in favor of Baepler to take over his job to be chancellor of the system, so he—again showing some reluctance—finally took the job and almost at once started moving people around to get a few of his cronies around him. I honestly believe that he took the job primarily to weaken the well-integrated system to gain a good deal more autonomy for the universities. Not only I but many others also believed this, as his actions showed from time to time.

Had Chancellor Humphrey agreed with the centralization that you and the Board of Regents thought was necessary within the system?

Humphrey was very much in favor of unifying it as one system, and he was one of those whose advice I sought when the governor's office called me to try and bring

about a court action to see whether there should be one or 2 boards of regents—that is, a separate board for the community colleges. Both Humphrey and Hug agreed that the way we had it was the way we should have it.

Was there any indication prior to hiring Baepler that he may not have agreed with that philosophy?

Yes, there was considerable indication. Baepler had always favored as much autonomy as possible for each university—particularly the University of Nevada, Las Vegas—and it was quite evident. But the regents from the south wanted him as chancellor, and as I've mentioned before, the regents from the south now had a majority vote on the board.

I take it, then, that they were much less concerned about what you view as the potential destruction of the system than were the regents of the northern part of the state?

They were not as concerned as we were. Particularly some of them—Buchanan and Karamanos, for example—wanted complete autonomy all the time that they were on the board and fought against the chancellor's office.

Did the northern regents put forth any alternate candidate to Baepler at the time that he was being considered for chancellor?

No.

Was it just decided to acquiesce to the wishes of the south and go ahead...?

They decided to agree with those of the south and put him in, particularly as he said he would not want it for more than 3 years at the most. I don't think any search was done.

You have already suggested that he and Karamanos and Buchanan were in favor of.. well, I think the term you used was "wrecking the system." I'm curious as to whether or not they had an alternate plan that they were putting forward?

They had no alternate plan except to have complete autonomy themselves.

Can you give me some specific examples of the kinds of things that Baepler did while chancellor that would have worked toward the dissolution of the system that you had put together in the Board of Regents?

He didn't attempt any legislative actions to do it, but he attempted to abrogate some of the authority of his position to the presidents and tended to, in general, transfer Humphrey's assistants and got people who agreed with him around him. In meetings they wanted things done that Humphrey would perhaps not have been in favor of, such as duplication of courses or....

Tell me about the duplication of courses. Was there an effort on the part of the presidents to...?

Well, I won't tell you very much about them because I was off the board by this time, as I had not filed again, but it was quite evident in talking with members of the Board of Regents that he was trying to reduce the position of the chancellor in regard to the position of the presidents, not only for the time he was there but more especially for the future. And I say that, although he did do the chancellor's job in a fairly satisfactory manner.

Did he find any allies in the northern part of the state?

He found an occasional ally in Tom Ross from Carson City, who was a rather close friend of Buchanan and Karamanos for quite a few years until Tom Ross sort of, I think, saw the light and veered away from them.

I get the impression that Baepler was not able to leave a lasting impression.

No, I think Baepler did not leave a lasting impression because Humphrey had built the system together strong enough so that it was not easy to break it up. Nearly all of the other administrative officers and the northern regents and community college presidents felt it much better to keep it as a unified group. Baepler, I think, did not feel that he could go to the legislature and accomplish any legislation that would have any effect in that direction.

Has he remained at all active in politics?

Not very, to the best of my knowledge. Dr. Baepler used to be a very active man. Of course, he's primarily an ornithologist by training. When he went back he didn't aspire to the presidency—he had had it and he'd had the chancellorship and he wanted to pursue his own type of work, so he took over the running of the University of Nevada Las Vegas Museum there with some teaching responsibilities as well.

After a considerable search, which took place, and after I was off the Board of Regents, Dr. Robert Bersi was selected to succeed Baepler. I think he has performed well. Some of the presidents and a few of the deans and some of the regents, however, have not made it a bed of roses for him and have sometimes openly questioned his authority and attempted to weaken his position.

Chancellor Bersi received his B.A. at the University of the Pacific and his M.A. and Ph.D. at Stanford. From 1962 to 1966 while he was still getting his Ph.D. he was involved in projects focused on academic governance; then in speech education at California State University for 3 years; then executive assistant to the president there; then dean of academic program development; and from 1975 to 1981 was president of Western Connecticut State University, in an area that has been described by the New York Times as "Corporate Corner, USA" because of the large number of business organizations and the many Fortune 500 corporations that make this area of Connecticut their headquarters.

While Bersi was at the university in Connecticut, in 1975 the legislature enacted an enabling law for public employees to organize and bargain collectively. The campus elections that took place gave him considerable experience with contract negotiations. He has shown himself adept at fund raising from the private sector and has apparently worked effectively with legislators, as in 1981 (still in Connecticut) he was recipient of an official citation from the general assembly of the state of Connecticut. Some of the regents, as well as some administrators, in my opinion, have not given him good support.

When President Donald H. Baepler came to Reno to replace Chancellor Humphrey, Dr. Brock Dixon, vice-president for administration, took over as acting president at UNLV while a faculty and regent search for a president took place, covering nearly a year. Leonard Goodall was chosen in June, 1979. He had been chancellor at the University of Michigan at Dearborn and was a political scientist with a masters from the University of Mississippi in 1960 and a

Ph.D. from the University of Illinois in 1962. Before going to Michigan he had been vice-chancellor at the University of Illinois from 1969 to 1971.

His tenure was marked by a steady growth in enrollment and variety and enrichment of curriculum, and somewhat less of the old bitter rivalry and activism against the north. Recently the regents became dissatisfied with his performance and terminated him.

THE BOARD OF REGENTS AND THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM: 1954-1978

ESTABLISHING A SOUTHERN CAMPUS

When I first campaigned in Clark County for a place on the Board of Regents in 1954, I found an embryo school offering just a few classes in a portion of a rented high school building, just starting the year before and with a faculty of one professor and several graduate assistants. Although it looked like a long time away, I envisioned a state university equal with the University of Nevada in Reno and stated this as a goal. I don't think I ever faltered in this goal, though accused of it many times when Las Vegas constantly wanted a full-fledged overnight university, complete with full separation, autonomy, self-determination and often [wanted] a separate board of regents. Las Vegas was increasing in population at a rate soon to outstrip Reno, and there was public demand in a few years when the school went from a hardly recognized student body in a rented building to a rather tumultuous demand for full equality and independence.

I was first elected statewide, and I always tried to look at the job of regent as a statewide

job, even after we were elected from districts. Many regents kept this same attitude—I think even Archie Grant, who was on the board that supported Stout. Certainly many others—such as Juanita White, Molly Knudtsen, Louis Lombardi, Tom Bell, Arthur Smith, Procter Hug, Harold Jacobsen and others—remained statewide regents in their actions. We wanted to see it grow as fast as funds, buildings, faculty and other facilities would permit, without neglecting other aspects of education in the state, such as the Reno campus. And indeed Reno would have been neglected had it not been for 3 things: the Fleischmann Foundation; the student capital construction fee—first proposed by Regent White 2 years before adoption and then by her and Lombardi the next year, voted by the board and used for capital construction projects on the respective campuses; and Claude Howard, an unassuming building contractor in Las Vegas who had by foresight and initiative, amassed a fortune of quite a few million dollars in Las Vegas, had no known relatives and was determined to do needed

and lasting good with his money. With a few exceptions, look at the funding of buildings that have come to the Reno campus in the past 20 years, and it will be evident where the legislative money has gone, or not gone.

Nevada Southern, as the University of Nevada at Las Vegas was first called, experienced growing pains and increased rapidly in enrollment after quite small increases from 1951 to 1957 while it was still mainly located in rented space in a high school. Two hundred thousand dollars for a university building was requested by the regents at the first regents meeting in Las Vegas in 1954. The legislature appropriated it in 1955, but it was voted by the legislature to be built only if a site were obtained with non-appropriated money. The first building voted in 1955 was the Maude Frazier Building, named after a retired teacher who was a strong advocate for southern university development. The first building was completed in 1957. Additional courses were rapidly added to the curriculum, and additional faculty were recruited. In 1957, \$535,000 was voted by the legislature for a second building.

The first land acquired for the southern campus has a somewhat shady history. When the legislature voted the \$200,000 for the first building in 1955, the bill provided that land be obtained with non-appropriated funds. Mrs. Estelle Wilbourn, wife of a Modesto real estate operator, offered the university a gift of 60 acres, provided they would buy an additional adjoining 20 acres for \$35,000—which looked like a bargain, at about \$440 an acre, with land nearby selling for at least \$1,500 an acre. A Nevada Southern campus fund, which soon raised the \$35,000, was organized by Guild Gray, a public school official and later superintendent of schools for Clark County. Construction was started.

It was later discovered that the land owned in Las Vegas by the Wilbourns had been part of the land released by the BLM to the state in 1954 at \$1.25 an acre. (By then the surrounding land owned by Wilbourns and others had gone up to about \$5,000 an acre.)

Wayne “Red” McCleod was surveyor general. He and his successor, Louis Ferrari, had a unique opportunity to know the location of land to be released, which was to sell at \$1.25 an acre. It is generally believed that they, their friends and some of the legislators probably had advance knowledge from the surveyor general and benefited by this knowledge to—as rapidly as possible after release of the land—buy it up, along with their friends, at \$1.25 an acre. These purchased the more desirable tracts, mainly in Las Vegas and on the fringe of Elko. This included land now constituting a part of the Las Vegas Strip.

Mrs. Wilbourn’s land had apparently been acquired in a partnership with one of the surveyors general, who also had other lands surrounding the university. The price advanced rapidly, partly because of being adjacent to the university, but there was also a general rise in land prices as Las Vegas expanded. Other citizens known to have acquired land in this manner were Bill Byrne, Bill Embry and George Von Tobel—these 3 from the legislature—and McCleod and Ferrari, who were surveyors general.

Ferrari’s position was abolished on recommendation of Governor Charles Russell, but as this was a position named in the constitution, it took a vote of 2 legislatures and the vote of the people before this was accomplished. Ferrari hung onto the job as long as the law would permit. Meanwhile this land grab had become a fait accompli.

A grand jury was convened in Carson City to consider this land grab, but they found

nothing illegal about it—only that it had been rather unethical and rather immoral and a breach of trust to the citizens of Nevada, particularly on the part of the publicly elected officials. Embury later gave up some of his land near Elko, probably because of public criticism.

Nearly all the remainder of the main campus at the University of Nevada in Las Vegas is in one block due to the unselfish and generous action of a group of Clark County residents headed by Jerome Mack and Parry Thomas, bankers, and a few other public-spirited citizens.

Wayne McCleod later offered a number of acres of land to the university for a football stadium, provided they would name the stadium after him. The regents refused, and he later gave the land, anyway.

Parry Thomas and Jerome Mack, with others, conceived the idea of buying a large area of land adjacent to the university for the then-going price, which was on its way up. They were farsighted enough to foresee the markedly spiraling prices ahead. They would then hold the land under an organization formed as the Nevada Southern Land Foundation, for which Procter Hug—a regent then and now a judge in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals—drew up the articles of incorporation and bylaws. They would then sell this land to the state for the university in parcels as the legislature appropriated the money, without raising the price of the land, and only charging an interest rate for the investment. In this manner, the university has gradually grown to comprise 333.87 acres as the parcels have been acquired and are all in one group. There are other small acquisitions that will add some to the university's size, but these are all rather small.

The largest of the areas away from the campus, all of which number about 10

small areas, is the Pabco-Gipson mining claim, which is 554.5 acres. It is a gift, but inactive at the present time and inactive for the foreseeable future. The university in Las Vegas has no need of multiple, scattered teaching areas, as there is no college of agriculture or mines, and its extension service is limited.

* * * * *

Nevada Southern was staffed at first by a single faculty member and 2 part-time instructors sent down by President Stout in 1951. The university had its start in some rented high school space, so small that a coat closet held its first library. There were occasional visiting faculty from the north campus. The first faculty head, James Dickinson, and his wife, Marjorie, were a very well-liked couple and were soon prominent both in academic and social circles. She was a talented musician.

Starting with 41 students in 1951, enrollment rose to 540 in 1960. The general population grew even more rapidly, from 25,000 in 1950 to more than 125,000 in 1970, and then doubling again in less than 10 years to over 250,000.

In the early days, President Armstrong was a restraining influence on the Board of Regents on the growth of the school, and the Faulkner Report really felt it should remain a college for some years, not knowing that there would be the tremendous population boom that was coming. President Armstrong felt there were so many projects on the Reno campus that were underfunded—and had been underfunded for a long time—that they should be brought up to date before anything of great moment was started in the south. In 1954 he stated that it should be a branch with no immediate plans for a college, but later the

same year, Bill Wood, who had been Stout's vice-president, but held over by Armstrong, and who had recently been designated dean of statewide development, added many additional courses to it, and it acquired the title, "Nevada Southern."

Dr. Dickinson had tired of administration by this time. Shortly before his resignation, Stout sent, in 1957, the man who had been dean of students here and one of Stout's supporters, Dr. William Carlson, to be dean of Nevada Southern, where he performed well as an administrator until 1965, in spite of the fact that some faculty animosities followed him from the days of Minard Stout.

Some of the southern regents—such as Ray Germain, elected to the board in 1958, and Richard Ronzone, elected in 1964—wanted a full-blown university with full parity between campuses almost overnight, but others—such as Juanita White and Archie Grant—were more practical and less regional in outlook and believed in a rapid but sensible development.

CREATING THE DESERT RESEARCH INSTITUTE

Soon after the [1958] arrival of President Armstrong, Vice-President William Wood, whom Armstrong had retained after Stout left, made a suggestion regarding the formation of a research institute somewhat similar to the Stanford one or the one at Princeton, but more closely allied with the university and directly under it, whereas the Stanford one, for example, is quite separate from the university—the Stanford Research Institute. Armstrong and the Board of Regents accepted his suggestion with enthusiasm. They voted unanimously to establish a research arm or branch of the university which would function all over the state but would be under

the University of Nevada in Reno—somewhat separate from the university, in that it would be doing research that would bring in grants as its main support, if appropriate projects were chosen and good researchers obtained, and this was the case.

The regents saw its advantage at Princeton, Stanford and elsewhere and gave the idea strong support. In 1959 the Desert Research Institute (DRI) was made a reality by the legislature, but without any funds—to encourage and conduct research, to develop research talent, to help with some of Nevada's problems. The Fleischmann Foundation again came to the rescue with a sizable grant, which, I believe, was over \$2 million. Projects were started, such as in desert biology and cloud and water studies.

A man conversant in research in atmospheric physics, named Wendell Mordy, was obtained to be director of this. He soon had gathered around him a team of experts involved in such things as cloud seeding and measurement of water flow in rivers and amount of moisture in the mountains to be available for the next summer season and [the] study of both quantity and quality of the water available to Las Vegas Valley, particularly that in the wells that they draw water from down there—they do not get any more than a portion of their water from the Colorado River.

We obtained experts on air pollution, and in this regard we soon had a contract with, I believe, Southern California Edison, who were in process of getting into action a coalburning power generator below Davis Dam. Because we had these experts, we were able to get contracts with a number of organizations and particularly with NASA, which was very much interested in what we were doing—our studies of atmospheric physics and of snowflakes and their formation and composition and of air

and water pollution; also of cloud seeding, for which we got both federal grants and grants from the legislature as Nevada was then, as it still is, short of the amount of water it needs, particularly in the northern part of the state. There were contracts with the Bureau of Reclamation and the Defense Department, which funded a study called Project Themus here, which sought information about the air velocity, temperature, moisture and particles in warm clouds.

A Water Resources Data Center for all of Nevada was established, with a special airplane that the university obtained, I believe, as a gift from NASA for carrying out some of its projects. This airplane could pick up samples of air at any altitude it could go to and bring them back intact for analysis on the ground. A dynamic cloud chamber was established in the center for the study of snowflakes, and hail studies were made. And one man who is still with it, Joe Warburton, has made several trips to the Antarctic to study the pollution of the snow and ice in those areas—to see if the air pollution actually goes that far, which he found to be the case.

Then we obtained an internationally known plant physiologist named Dr. Frits W. Went, who I think remains to this day the only man we have had who was a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He started the study of transpiration of plants and the study of terpenes and moisture exuded from them, and in particular we were able to carry on these studies in Little Valley—an isolated, unsettled valley where pollution is minimal, which was given to the university by Captain George Whittell—where we were as far away as we could get from air pollution. Dr. Went had done quite a bit of his plant physiology work in Indonesia. He was the originator of the renowned Botanical Gardens and the

Climatarium, I believe they call it, in St. Louis, where you can establish just about any kind of climate you wish in the one building.

About the same time, a Dr. George Smith came to Reno to get a divorce. George Smith was a graduate of the University of Maryland, and before coming here to Reno had been on the staff of Harvard Medical School, where he took his training as a pathologist at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. After finishing the residency, he had become particularly interested in cardiovascular pathology and was a research scholar with the National Institute of Health, which would continue supporting a scholar as long as he stayed at the same place he was when he gets it, if his work continues to be productive. We knew he was going to be here for some time, and we knew his interests.

He and Frits Went became friends. Went's studies on plant life in many cases bordered on animal studies. Between the 2 of them, we worked out a plan to start a research program and applied to the Fleischmann Foundation for a considerable-sized grant to establish a laboratory of cardiovascular pathology under the university.* At first, we wanted it located at Washoe Medical Center, because this research would require operation facilities. We did indeed get a grant, I believe initially for \$350,000. We built some pens, because we had to have experimental animals for this.

As in this state we have no law governing the regulation of getting dogs or animals from the pound, we used sheep; and also for the reason that their heart, I believe, quite closely approximates the human one in its anatomy and physiology. Nevada has no law prohibiting vivisection, but Dr. Smith and Frits Went and myself and several other members of the university faculty and some doctors in town went before the city council

to try and get permission to get some dogs from the city pound for us to use in these experiments on the heart and were refused. There was a considerable group of very vociferous anti-vivisectionists there who were able to apparently put on a more convincing talk than we were, and we were turned down for it.

The work was done in the Quonset huts in back of the hospital on Dr. Smith's project. With the \$350,000 grant, we were able to get an adequate operating table, surgical equipment, an X ray with fluoroscope and equipment to do cardiac catheterization on the sheep. We employed a knowledgeable and enthusiastic young veterinarian, who since has gone on toward a Ph.D. in addition to his veterinarian's degree, and an anatomist whom George Smith had known before and who was really a fine anatomist. We had here a nucleus, really, of medical research, which was later used when the Medical School was begun. Of course, we had then to pretty well give up the experiments that we were doing along these lines, but several papers were published on the work done there which were, I think, worthwhile papers.

At the same time, as chairman of the board, but with full support of the board, we encouraged the other research activities of the Desert Research Institute—for example, in the study of ants and a number of other things, including cloud seeding to induce moisture precipitation. And we had here, when it was only about 4 years along, a national meeting of the American Meteorological Society, which I had pushed for quite strongly, actually, on the Board of Regents, in issuing the invitation. Dr. Mordy desired it and wrote to me thanking me for my support on that.*

Dr. Mordy was active and progressive, and the Desert Research Institute was a very definite success. Of course, each legislative

session we approached the legislature in our budget for hard money, because we didn't want to try to exist solely on soft money. We were able to get the money, but never in large amounts. Most of the time the Desert Research Institute has been in existence we were able to get a ratio of about \$10 of outside money for every dollar of hard money we got from the legislature. This, of course, included money from the National Science Foundation, from the Institutes of Health, from the Fleischmann Foundation and from NASA and many of the other government agencies, plus a considerable number of contracts and, of course, further help from the Fleischmann Foundation.

We were also able to get a Sigma 7 computer, which was our first real computer of any consequence at the university, through a grant from the National Science Foundation and thus were able to accelerate the work that we were doing at the Desert Research Institute. A national reputation was achieved by the mid-1960s. The grants and contracts coming in were keeping a staff of about 400 people employed, between the soft and the hard money. From time to time we would perhaps have to change some of the personnel if their soft grants ran out and there wasn't enough hard money. No matter how hard the regents pushed for more hard money, the legislature always gave considerably less than our need.

Pat Squires, an Australian-born and trained scholar in precipitation and weather modification, headed the weather modification laboratory, which is similar to the national one in Boulder, Colorado, and of which Walter Orr Roberts was the director. Roberts was also a member of the Fleischmann Foundation.

Professor Wendell Mordy was our first director. He was, in my opinion, more of a

promoter and a procurer of good researchers than an administrator. It was soon noted that he was going around the president and the regents and directly to the legislators. Although we did ask him to appear before us on 2 or 3 occasions and try to establish that he was not to do the lobbying over at the legislature, he continued with his wrangling with the president and his other actions which irked the Board of Regents. He was finally asked to resign.

Mordy was succeeded by Jack Ward, a plant physiologist who, in my opinion, did little to enhance the already excellent reputation of the Desert Research Institute. Before long ethanol had become a problem, and he too was terminated after a day of wrangling with the attorney who he employed to try and get the Board of Regents to change its mind.

One of the reasons the Desert Research Institute has been such a success is that from the start we have had on it an advisory board of the finest scientists we could find in their disciplines from all over the country. They would come here and visit for 3 days, and each program going on at the DRI would make its presentation before this board. The board would then meet for half a day, discuss these, turn in a report to the president and the Board of Regents discussing its good points, its failures, what direction they thought it should go and where they thought we might be going wrong. These were really outstanding men and gave us, in my opinion, outstanding good advice.

One of the men on the DRI Advisory Board was John Pierce, who was in charge of research laboratories for AT&T in New Jersey, and who had, 2 years before, been the recipient of the Presidential Medal for research. He had conceived and engineered the first communications satellite to be

successfully launched. Other members of the board were of similar caliber, although I consider Dr. Pierce the most intelligent man I have ever met.

Persons with little knowledge are no respecters of genius. Chancellor Humphrey, soon after the first several meetings of this board, received a letter regarding a paper published by Dr. Pierce entitled, "When is Research the Answer?" [The article appears in *Science*, Vol. 159 (8 March, 1968).] The letter was from a Las Vegas attorney who appeared to be somewhat ignorant on the subject and who apparently was a friend of Dr. Friedwardt Winterberg, a theoretical physicist of whom the first report of the Desert Research Institute Advisory Board had suggested that they thought his type of work was probably not appropriate for the Desert Research Institute. We should have terminated him then. As I had been a frequent recipient of critical and peculiar letters during my tenure as president of the board, Humphrey gave this to me to answer. [See Appendix B]

When we terminated Dr. Ward, we had a fine program going up at DRI. One of the members of our advisory board had been originally a Nevada boy. Lloyd Smith had gone to school here and then went away for advanced degrees. He was, I believe, assistant director of the research institute at Princeton University, which is one of the best in the country, but he had reached the age of 65 and had to retire from that. We could still, at that time, take people over the age of 65, and we decided, on the basis of having observed him over a period of several years on the visits here that he might be able to handle this for a while. He was given the job, and Dr. Alex Dandini, [a professor in foreign languages], was made his assistant, because he [also had] a degree in hydrology, and he had done some inventing on his own.

Dr. Dandini is allegedly the inventor of the 3-way light switch. During World War II he invented some skirts for tanks that were actually used by the armed services, and he has gone on with trying to do some inventing here. He has attempted a new kind of boat, the research on which was actually funded by the navy, and he has attempted a solar energy device which would focus the rays into a central point. Neither have met with outstanding success or have been generally adopted. He was placed at Did as he had experience and a degree in the field of hydrology. He no longer wished to teach in the Romance languages, and an assistant director was needed.

During a good deal of his time here, Dr. Smith, the director, worked with Dr. Dandini in trying to develop the solar energy project. This and the experimental boat did not come to a conclusion so that they could be adopted for practical use, even though they were largely funded from federal sources in the belief that they showed promise. Dr. Dandini, although he has reached far past the retirement age, still serves voluntarily with the university as the Grand Marshal at commencement time. When his previous wife was alive—a very charming lady—they gave a great many of the social functions for the university. For example, each time the Desert Research Institute Advisory Board met here, they'd put on a social evening for them and invite all the members of the Desert Research staff and the people more prominent in research in the university to come to it, and they, at times, entertained distinguished visitors.

The Desert Research Institute has allowed one other thing—it has allowed us to give advanced degrees by using staff of DRI along with the university staff and combining the 2 to develop advanced degree programs in atmospheric sciences.

The Desert Research Institute conducted most of its studies on the Stead campus—except for the Water Resources Research Center that had been donated by the Fleischmann Foundation on the main campus, now converted for use to house the main University System computers—after we had acquired the land of the Stead campus from the General Services Administration. The Fleischmann Foundation had also given to the university, operated by the Desert Research Institute, an atmospherium-planetarium. It shows the sky and climatic conditions and has a range of vision of 180 degrees—an unusual lens and about the only one of its type in existence at that time in a university. It could also, of course, show all the various constellations and what they had looked like at any date during the history of mankind's studies of the skies. It was intended for entertainment of the public [and] for purposes of study; and one of its main uses has been to bring busloads of children there from schools in the northern part of the state to see specific programs like the skies at the time of the birth of Christ or to show, in time lapse, the development and progression of a thunderstorm. One of the productions was a simulated approach to the moon in one of the space capsules when that was first being done, and later productions have shown other progress in space programs.

The Desert Research Institute was in a position to prepare the sort of shows that this used, where they were frequently concerned with the climate and with the study of the skies and weather conditions and such things as that. The planetarium did not maintain itself by what small charges it made, so a considerable number of years later the Fleischmann Foundation made a grant to refurbish it and bring it up to date, and at that time it changed hands from the

Desert Research Institute to the University of Nevada, Reno, which has operated it since.

In about 1968, I believe, Count Alex Dandini came to me one day with an aerial photograph of a large area of land north of the campus on a higher elevation over a hill, and told me that it was Bureau of Land Management land, except for a few worked-out mining claims. I checked this out and found it to be true and brought it to the attention of the Board of Regents, who voted to attempt to acquire it. We approached Senator Bible for help and soon determined that the patents on about all the claims had run out. We were able to pick up about 232 acres for almost nothing—I think the cost being less than \$15,000 in all. I was, in general, given credit for this, but it was really Dr. Dandini who made the original find and location of the land. I merely carried on from there. The Desert Research Institute and Truckee Meadows Community College have since then chosen it as their main home, and a portion of it has been named for its discoverer, as Dandini Industrial Park. The Fleischmann Foundation funded a headquarters building there for the DRI.

Meanwhile, Desert Research Institute continues to produce some good, solid basic and applied research. It contributes both to the state and to the nation, but it has lost the glamour that surrounded it for the first 15 years. Many of its faculty teach in the University of Nevada, and advanced degrees in atmospheric physics and several other studies may be obtained by the cooperative efforts of Desert Research Institute and the University of Nevada.

When the universities and community colleges were organized into a University of Nevada System, it was changed to a division or institution the same as the others and has had its own president since that time, on the

same status as the other presidents. There were many critics in the legislature and some businessmen in the state who complained that programs such as those in the Desert Research Institute would dilute the universities and hinder their teaching and programs and development. At this time, I attempted to point out the fallacies of their arguments, when I was given a critical letter addressed to President Armstrong and asked to answer it myself.

Attempts are sometimes made to discredit or compromise members of the regents or administration, and I have had my share of these. One involved Dr. Friedwardt Winterberg. When DRI was initiated, there was a determination because of uncertainty of research grants (so many of them being made up of soft money) that there would be no tenure for any of its staff. On a day, however, when the regular director of Desert Research Institute was away, there was a Board of Regents meeting, and Pat Squires—a director of the atmospheric physics program at DRI and also the DRI assistant director—did recommend tenure for the theoretical physicist, Dr. Friedwardt Winterberg, whom we already knew to be peculiar. I pointed out that we had already voted against tenure and that I did not think it appropriate in this case with the director away—and even under any circumstances—that we should now give anyone tenure without completely changing our policy. However, the Board of Regents saw fit to pass this practically over my dead body and have regretted it ever since.

Winterberg continued to be even more peculiar and quarrelsome, becoming a real thorn in the side of the regents, administration and DRI. The regents and administration tried to encourage his resignation. When he refused, we on many occasions considered some type of action.

But the tenure was there, and he had this vociferous and vituperative lawyerfriend, William Sweikert from Las Vegas (already mentioned), threatening to go to court. So we finally determined to make the best of a bad situation and let him stay on.

Presently, a supposedly normal patient of mine came into my office alone. After a brief visit during which Winterberg's name was mentioned a couple of times, but with no particular discussion of him, the patient concocted the following page of completely imaginary conversation—for just what purpose, I never found out. Someone made certain that I received a copy. I don't know how the copy was obtained. This paper by Frances Wright, who had been a patient of mine off and on over several years, is entitled, "Conversation between Dr. Fred Anderson, member of the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada, and Frances A. Wright, transpired on May 8, 1971, and witnessed by Patsy Yorba, concerning Dr. Friedwardt Winterberg." (Patsy Yorba was a fictitious character as far as I'm concerned, because I cannot remember anyone else in the room.) The conversation went as follows, as written on the paper, [and is a direct transcription from the original:]

Wright: What is all this about Dr. Winterberg? I understand that he attended the last Board of Regents meeting (April 24th, 1971) in order to defend his tenure.

Anderson: Winterberg? He has no tenure. He wasn't at the last meeting and he has never attended any board meeting. (angrily) The Board is finished with him—it's a matter for the Courts.

Wright: A matter for the Courts? I don't understand.

Anderson: Yes, he's a phony.

Wright: A phony? What do you mean? How could a phony be hired on the University staff?

Anderson: Yes, he's a phony. He isn't at all what he says he is. He's no more a physicist than I am....he's a phony! His papers are not in order—they are not real. I'm a doctor, not a physicist, so I had someone who knows about physicists investigate him. Winterberg's papers are forged. Besides, he's with DRI—nothing to do with the University—DRI should never have been a part of the University to begin with (tone of absolute disgust). He's a troublemaker.

Wright: A what?

Anderson: A troublemaker. He writes letters to people and tries to cause trouble. It's been decided—he's fired. He can't do anything about it. It's a matter for the Courts. What is your interest?

Wright: Some friends had told me about the incident and I wanted your viewpoint.

Anderson: Oh, well, he's out!

This is signed by Frances Wright and, in rather faint and illegible handwriting, by Patsy Yorba, who was alleged to have been present during the conversation but who I do not

remember seeing. The conversation is almost entirely imaginary, and no such statements have ever been made by me to anyone.

Did you have any kind of a conversation with her at all about Winterberg?

She brought up his name 2 or 3 times, and I made very little comment on it.

I take it that this spurious document circulated. Did it go to the Board of Regents, to the newspaper, or...?

No, someone just put it on my desk and left it there. I made no attempt to answer it or to pass it on to anyone else.

Did she pass it on to anyone else?

I have no idea. I never heard anything more about it.

Well, that's truly odd. Was that an accurate reflection of your sentiments concerning Winterberg?

No, because these incidents didn't happen that she described, although I had some definite opinions.

I understand that, but I wonder if you felt that way about him?

All of us felt that he was a troublemaker; all the board and the administration, as I've already said.

What was he doing to create trouble?

Mainly being quarrelsome with the rest of the staff and occasionally making statements

to the newspapers about the university which we didn't consider proper.

What would he say? Can you give me an example?

I can't remember offhand what the statements were, and I wouldn't want to misquote.

So she fabricates your statement that his documents were not in order. Was there any substance to that? Was he a bona fide physicist?

No substance to it. He is a bona fide [physicist] as far as I know. He did one rather peculiar thing. He went down to the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory for a few days at one time and came back making the statement that he had discovered 3 new elements and named them after 3 of the regents—Regent Grant was one of them. He called one of them Grantium, and I can't remember who the other 2 regents were after whom he named the other 2 elements, which were never heard of again after he had made this great discovery.

I believe that Dr. Winterberg's dislike of Dr. Pierce— and apparently his discussions with the attorney Sweikert in Las Vegas— resulted from one of the initial meetings of the DRI Advisory Board, when Dr. Pierce, who usually wrote the summary of the visit and the recommendations for the board after the 3-day visit and inspection and listening to the presentation of their work by the various DRI researchers, included in his recommendations that the board did not consider theoretical physics to be an appropriate inclusion in the projects of Desert Research Institute. I was well aware that Dr. Winterberg knew of my opinion of him. In fact, my opinion was shared by most of the other regents, and he

knew that well, also. But why this type of alleged interview from Frances Wright should have appeared, I have no idea. And I really also can't say why Winterberg took this article by Dr. Pierce to the attorney, except to try and discredit Pierce and the university. If the university should at any time take any action to get rid of him, I would also be set up by my alleged comments.

Winterberg is still at DRI. I think he will be there until he has to retire because I think by now it's generally known—elsewhere as well as here—the type of individual that he is and that he would only make trouble for them. He has tenure and uses it.

He makes frequent claims to great new discoveries in the field of theoretical physics and nuclear energy and how to better detonate nuclear bombs than they're now doing and studies on magnetic fields for the cure of cancer, but as all of his papers are theoretical, one can't actually say, "This has been done and proved to be wrong or proved to be not true." So you just read them and say it may or may not be, and no one seems to feel they are worth testing that I am aware of.

As Desert Research Institute was organized as a part of the university here, Winterberg's tenure request should have gone through the normal process of going through the department. He was the only member of that department, however, as there was no other theoretical physicist there. And the director of DRI was not there to say yes or no. So as far as I know, this was brought directly by Pat Squires to the Board of Regents at that meeting at which other tenure positions were not being even discussed; the idea of tenure for anyone in DRI had already been voted against. It's one of those peculiar situations where you get a Board of Regents to pass on something without appropriate consideration, and usually later have cause for regret.

CHANGING THE RULES

In January of 1966, when the new regents were sworn in and the officers elected, Archie Grant of Las Vegas stepped down from the chair and nominated me as the next chairman. Before any other nominations could be put in, someone on the board moved that the nominations be closed. I was it, and took over then, the first meeting in 1966. At the end of the 2-year period I was nominated for another term, so I served for 4 years as chairman of the board. It does seem to me that most of the important things that happened to the university during my 22 years on the Board of Regents happened during my 4 years as chairman of the board.

Soon after being elected, I engineered a motion that no one could be chairman for more than 2 consecutive terms, although he or she might be reelected after the lapse of one or more terms. I've always had the belief that if being chairman was pleasurable, it should be shared; while it was not, the pain should also be spread around. But what I really felt was that a new chairman with new ideas and philosophies should be a welcome change every 4 years. Silas Ross had been chairman for at least 16 of his 24 years on the board, and Archie Grant for at least 10 years. I've never believed in anyone holding chairmanships for a length of time like that in any organization.

This change in the bylaws was welcomed by the board and was passed unanimously. I came onto the chairmanship of the board with stars in my eyes—or more likely blinders in front of my eyes—that if we put on a campaign to foundations and to the public and showed a few sparks of initiative, just maybe we would get a few things for the universities that the bare bones budgets of the past several legislatures had not seen fit to give us. I

opened my second meeting with an appeal statement to the Board of Regents, intended to infuse a little life into the regents, ending with “criticism, comments and discussion are invited right here and now.” There was just a modicum of handclapping. The main reply to my impassioned plea was a caustic editorial the next day in the newspaper that the regents would like to be greedy and have it all, although I had said in my talk that, in my opinion, we had received our fair share of the legislative pie, but the pie was not a very great one.

I believe that we put in for a supplemental appropriation and got a couple of lesser items increased, with a very cool reception from most of the legislators. I had always believed, and still do, that one of the functions of regents is to explore ways of getting gifts, grants, legacies or whatever for the university, but this seems a very low priority in the minds of most regents.

Our meetings were usually on a Saturday, much to the dislike of Archie Grant who was a football fan and wanted to get to the games, but arguments seemed interminable and he seldom got to see even the last quarter of a game. Because of this, I conceived the idea of having committee meetings Friday afternoon and getting most of the arguing out of the way. No decisions could be made, but we could get some of the arguing out of the way. Then brief discussions sufficed the next day and shortened the meetings so we could all get to the games.

A project of my first year as chairman was a complete revision of the constitution and bylaws. It was felt the old ones were deficient, hadn't been rewritten for a long time, and conditions up at the university had changed considerably. We now had a university in Reno with a developing university in the other end of the state, the

number of regents had changed many times, and the code was incomplete and vague in places. Both were accomplished after much discussion with faculty, student body officers and consultations with regents from other universities and some so-called experts.

We brought all of the institutions within the state into one university system under one chancellor, with presidents in each one of the others. This was done so that we would not have the various institutional presidents frequently going separately to the legislature or vying with each other for the favor of the legislators, and, in general, making a mess of trying to formulate a logical lobby for the entire budget that we wanted before the legislators. Under this, the chancellor is the chief officer of the university and selects those that he wishes to go with him to present the budget. The presidents are always included when their budgets are to come up. Some presidents and some regents seem to have been attempting to sabotage the integrated concept during the past few years.

Now, this does not mean that other institutions within the university can't have their own advisory boards, who you know will go to the legislators. But they can't make the official presentations, and they don't have the preliminary meetings with the budget officer that the chancellor and those he selects to go with him do have. When the chancellor goes, he is supposed to know who is going to be there and what in general they're going to say and ask for. We could present a logical budget, which we couldn't otherwise. At one time just before I came on the board both the president of the university and the registrar went to the legislature with separate budgets.

It was an effort not only to centralize and to coordinate the budgetary process, but to have new curricula reviewed by the chancellor's cabinet—which is made up of the

chancellor, the president from each university, the chairman of each faculty senate, and any others they choose to invite to come, such as a student body president or a chief member of some committee or anything like that, to give their testimony—not only at the time the legislature makes up the budget, but at other times to make up the agenda for the next Board of Regents meeting, which must be sent out to the regents 2 weeks in advance. At any meeting, a new matter can be brought up only by a vote of the Board of Regents.

* * * * *

In February 1967, there was introduced Senate Resolution No. 20 by the majority of the senators, and it was referred to the committee on finance.* In essence it proposed a constitutional amendment to place the University of Nevada under the control of the legislature, to be exercised through a Board of Regents appointed by the governor.

The introduction of this bill was by a group of senators whose experience and judgment should have been at least collectively of a caliber that would have made them realize the unfortunate situation that would, over the passage of years, result in making the universities into political puppets. Several of us from the regents and administration testified on it; I can't remember for certain how far it went, but I believe it was killed in committee. I have retained my own testimony and that of Regent Magee, although others testified there also.

This was in 1967, and perhaps the riotous goings-on throughout the country, plus the minor ones going on at the university here, may have helped prompt the introduction of the resolution. I believe we had reached the Adamic crisis at that time, but I don't see why these were sufficient; but apparently

some of the legislators had considered it so. In my opinion it's rather common for screwball bills to be introduced into the legislature with no very adequate or apparent cause. My testimony was:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:

The members of the Board of Regents have over the years considered it to be their obligation to bring to the young people of Nevada, and to others who may need and desire it, the best in quality and quantity of higher education that the state has felt it could afford. The members of the Board of Regents, the administration and the faculty of Nevada's university system are completely amazed and puzzled at the education philosophies apparently envisioned in Senate Joint Resolution No. 20.

At a time when other state legislatures have recognized the harmfulness of such unduly restrictive and bureaucratic controls of institutes of higher learning, and have undertaken to remove them, is Nevada going to be blind to their experiences and take a long backward step in the field of education? I refer specifically to the state colleges of New York, the state colleges of Michigan and the University of Massachusetts, all of which existed as second-rate institutions under such laws as these proposed, but have at once increased in quality and educational standing with their removal.

At superficial glance, perhaps it would not matter that the proposed amendments would effectively transfer nearly total control of all university function in detail from

the regents to the legislature or a committee of that body; that the legislature, or a committee from it, would prescribe the powers, not just the duties of the Board of Regents. Ours would then be universities without flexibility, without challenge, without academic freedom and largely without research; with practically none of the stimulation that can lead to excellence and without the qualities that draw financial and other support from friends, from foundations and from alumni. In fact, much of such support, as well as many of the grants and other funding from industry and government, could not even be accepted by the universities under such restrictions. Both of our universities would simply be state agencies, and, I think before very long, second-rate state agencies, for they would neither attract nor hold good faculty.

I'd like to read a couple of paragraphs from an article entitled "The Efficiency of Freedom," a report of the committee on government and higher education, under the chairmanship of Milton Eisenhower, brother of former president Dwight D., and president of Johns Hopkins University:

"Intellectual freedom and institutional independence can hardly be separated. The climate of freedom in which teaching and learning flourish is dependent upon attitudes and conditions within a free institution, which encourage rather than limit the intellectual activity of those within the university community. When either bureaucracy

or partisanship infringe upon the authority of the governing board, it thereby threatens both the intellectual and the institutional independence of the institution. Intellectual freedom may suffer seriously if public colleges and universities are subjected to the same controls as state activities. The members of this committee further believe that ensuring independence and -freedom for institutions of higher learning is neither inimical to efficiency in state government nor an invasion of the prerogatives of other, but distinctly different governmental agencies. The committee is quite convinced that in states where the colleges and universities are not granted constitutional autonomy, society will best be served if state officials and the public take steps to treat the institutions as though they did have such guaranteed autonomy."

I repeat, these resolutions under discussion would move Nevada backward along the road of progress in higher education. Again, quoting, "Educators know that all-embracing supervision is a recipe for institutional mediocrity in the field of higher education. Competent administrators and productive scholars will simply not be attracted to serve in an institution where their work will be hampered by bureaucratic controls and where the power of decision is taken away from them. Further excessive surveillance causes a climate of administrative caution and academic inertia which can only result in a second-rate institution. At this critical period in history our nation demands excellence in higher

education. Restrictive practices can lead not only to a decrease in quality of programs built up over a long period of years, but also to inefficiency in management.”

To summarize, in my opinion passage of such legislation would soon place Nevada at the lowest of any of our 50 states in quality of higher education, and even a poor lowest, I might add. I ask you to consider this resolution carefully before you vote on it, for your decision will have a profound effect for good or bad on future education opportunities in Nevada.

That was my testimony. Testimony by Regent Molly Magee, later Molly Magee Knudtsen:

Mr. Chairman and members of the committee:

I welcome this opportunity to say to you how concerned I am over the projected changes in the constitution as proposed in SJR 20. I believe that if changes occurred such as the placing of the Board of Regents under the control of the legislature, with complete budgetary control of the university in the hands of the legislature and the Board of Regents no longer elective but appointive, the university as we know it would be seriously damaged.

As an elected member of the Board of Regents, I have tried during my years in office to keep in touch with the people in the state, to acquaint myself with their interests and hopes for a state university. It has seemed to me that the majority of the

people in this state have welcomed the growth of both campuses of our university, and that they are proud of the developments in the past 6 years of the research program carried out through the Desert Research Institute. The type of legislative control proposed in SJR 20, even as it has been amended, would stifle research, would jeopardize financial support from federal and private foundations and from individual donors. The lack of flexibility would adversely affect all phases of the university’s operations, and the advances that have been gained in bringing higher education to our young people would regress.

The same people that elect the legislators elect the regents. I cannot believe that regents and legislators do not share the same hopes for the orderly growth of our university system as it can best serve Nevada.

The university can play a significant and constructive role in the future development of our state. I beg of you to leave the administrative control of higher education in the hands of the regents. The men and women have been elected by the people for that purpose.

The bill was either killed in committee, which I believe was the case, or on its first appearance on the floor. At any rate, it did not make any significant headway. The issue has never been raised again in a degree such as that.

* * * * *

Some type of reorganization of the various university components had been

contemplated for some time. Soon after Armstrong's departure in January 1968, Humphrey was asked by the regents to meet with his cabinet and to instruct the presidents and chairmen of the faculty senates to meet with their senates, and the Desert Research Institute president to meet with his staff, and come up with one or more plans for total reorganization of the various components—which at this time were the 2 universities, the Desert Research Institute, the developing community college in Elko and other planned community colleges—into some kind of a unified system.

Several regents and administrative officers—mainly, but not entirely, from the south—had wanted complete unit autonomy, and some even separate boards of regents, which would have really made a competitive mess before the legislature.

When the alternate plans had been formulated and were brought before the regents, they were 4 in number. The alternates were set forth in some detail in the regents' information agenda, which always had the agenda on one side of a loose-leaf folder and the back-up materials on the other side, so that you could really study up beforehand and know what you were talking about when you got there, if you would do your homework. The alternate plans were as follows:

1. That there should be an integrated system containing all units of the university, together with a strong executive at the head of it and answering directly only to the Board of Regents; and that each division under it should have a considerable degree of autonomy, with a chief administrative officer in charge of it; and that he should have direct access to the regents at all regular or

special regents meetings where they were concerned. At other times, his access to them should be through the chancellor so that the chancellor would know what was going on.

2. A coordinating or administrative officer with no real strength—actually in a weaker position than the division or unit heads; and each division with almost complete autonomy, except for answering to the Board of Regents, but not having to answer to them through anyone; and any one of them having direct access to the Board of Regents. The intermediate man or coordinating head was done away with, in essence.

3. Abolish the current central office of chancellor, having the presidents report directly to the Board of Regents, and creating a staff officer—or if we chose to call him that, an executive secretary-treasurer to the board—to coordinate all the system's functions as directed by the regents, but with little or no authority of his own.

4. Abolish the current office of chancellor and create a special governing board for each division to which the division president would report. The division boards would then be subject to coordination by a master board, which was the then-present current Board of Regents—with no chancellor, with no real central advisory person between the division boards and the master board. This would leave us with little knowledge of what was going on in any one of the universities, except what the representative of that board wanted to tell us.

It was not difficult to see the rivalries and separate lobbying and confusion under the latter 3, to my way of thinking, with the chief systems officer or chancellor in a rather helpless situation to prevent unneeded duplication of courses and lack of common basic standards. I consulted with board members and university presidents from other states, and they unanimously recommended alternate number one.

Was that also the feeling among the people here in the state of Nevada who were considering it?

At each portion of the university—the University of Nevada, Reno, University of Nevada, Las Vegas and DRI—the faculty took a vote. The votes were such that I couldn't satisfactorily interpret them, and I'm not at all sure a computer could. Finally the chancellor, who had a degree in business administration, did try to straighten them out and explain them to us in a way that would make us understand as best we could how they had voted. They voted in every direction possible, it seemed to me...small groups of them, and there was no large group that would agree on anything.

Members of the Board of Regents were quite divided on which plan to adopt. I believe that I did more solicitation of regents' votes and campaigning and appeal to common sense on this than on any other issue during my 22 years on the Board of Regents. In fact, I considered getting alternate one passed the most important issue to come before the board during my 22 years on the Board of Regents, and I still feel the same about it. Even the southern regents voted in favor of unification into one system when all reasons had been given...some of them a bit reluctantly.

Would you say that there had been a very real danger that the Nevada university system could have been fragmented?

There was a very real danger, because some people wanted to go directly to the legislators. It has occurred in other universities. Other regents that came here told us it had. It still is fragmented in many states, so the different universities go on their own to the legislature.

When reasoning and pleading finally prevailed—and I think partly due to my persistence—Regent Procter Hug made the following motion as recorded in the regents minutes:

That the Board of Regents go on record as favoring one statewide system, with the chief executive officer to be the chancellor of the university, and the chief executive officer of each campus to be a president; and that the board recognize the necessity for a large degree of autonomy for each campus; and that the chairman of the Board of Regents appoint an appropriate committee to make nominations for the position of chancellor, and further moved that the regents at a future date, and with the recommendations received from this ad hoc committee, get together with the chancellor's advisory cabinet to define appropriate roles and the manner in which the university system should function.

The motion was seconded by Regent Archie Grant from Las Vegas and carried unanimously. After a huge sigh of relief on my part—and trying not to show too plainly my satisfaction—I at once appointed a committee

with Regent Seeliger as chairman, Regents Grant and Hug and the chairmen of each of the faculty senates, with instructions to bring back the full plan of coordination.

The basic plan was returned to the next board meeting. It was adopted and is still a part of the regents' code, with very few changes. A couple of the things which we had said verbally at the time have since been incorporated in writing, such as the fact that the chancellor shall name who shall go with him to present budgets to the legislature—it's now written in the code; we only had it as a verbal agreement then.

The 2 universities, the by-now 3 community colleges, the Desert Research Institute and other divisions as they developed were integrated into a university system with a chancellor as a chief executive officer of the system. His office was to be the headquarters of the system, with special units used by all divisions, such as the chief computing center, the University of Nevada Press, the University Legal Counsel and the Board of Regents office to be based there with him. Each of the members, institutions or divisions named above is, to a considerable measure, autonomous, with its own president having direct access to the Board of Regents by attendance at all the board meetings at which the chancellor is also present. At its next session, the legislature confirmed this plan, going a step further and setting up separate budgets for each member institution. About 4 years later, because of special circumstances of the Medical School in its faculty-student ratio and some other items, a separate budget was set up for the Medical School itself from that of the university here, although it is a part of the university.

The community colleges entered into discussion of the situation and suggested

several alternatives which had been included in the report financed by Howard Hughes with a \$250,000 gift. They weren't sure they wanted to come under this governance, but the regents in their wisdom—and the legislature in its wisdom, I believe also—brought them under. Now, I read in one place—although I couldn't find it in the constitution; I attempted to—that all higher education in the state paid for by the legislature was to be under the Board of Regents. Whether it has been a law since that time or whether it doesn't exist, I don't know; but all the time I was on the Board of Regents, we had taken that for granted. That would include the community colleges, but would not include such a thing as Old College here in Reno. And Carson College was at one time an abortive attempt to form a private college in Carson City, about 15 years ago or more.

The term "autonomy" for each institution is used with respect to curricula, admissions and all matters deemed local as noted in the Nevada Constitution—the law that they passed—but this is not always true and can't be in the case of the curricula. If you leave each one to make up its own curriculum, you're certainly going to have overlapping. So the chancellor with the Board of Regents would settle that matter. I consider this development and maintenance of an integrated system my most important accomplishment while on the Board of Regents.

Governor Paul Laxalt leaned toward a separate governing board for the community colleges as one of the alternatives that had been given in the study. He had his administrative assistant, Jerry Dondero, call me to see if I would not act as a party in bringing a friendly lawsuit in which the community colleges would have a separate board of regents. After consultation with Neil Humphrey and in

accord with my own thinking and talking to Procter Hug, I decided it was better as it was and phoned him back and told him I would not enter into such a lawsuit. The idea was dropped.

ACQUIRING FACILITIES AT STEAD

The regents started, in 1966, to move in the direction of forming a vocational technical school in each end of the state. The high school system in Clark County had already constructed a facility of this sort between Las Vegas and Henderson, which could give vocational training not available in the high school to students who might not want to go to high school or finish it, or who might not want to go on to college, but were prepared to go to work at other things such as heavy equipment handling and welding and carpentering and such things as that.

Both universities had certificate and 2-year vocational courses. The latter did not belong in the 4-year schools, as they were both striving for higher standards and more advanced courses and advanced degrees with a greater percentage of Ph.D. faculty. Although there was some dragging along and resistance to turning loose of these courses on the part of the universities, they were persuaded to gradually transfer them to technical institutes when the buildings and grounds were ready. We had already started ours out at Stead [a deactivated air force base north of Reno] because the buildings and grounds were already out there; we had permission to use them. The development of the community colleges changed all that.

Most of the community colleges provided their own land—200 acres were transferred from the Nevada land register for the Western Nevada Community College in Carson. A portion of land at Stead air base—232 acres

and several buildings—had been in 1966 considered as a site for the technical institute and some DRI work and a convention center. There was also a dining hall, a swimming pool and other facilities there that we figured we would probably get on complete deactivation. It would cost the university many millions of dollars to duplicate it if they had to.

But the community colleges were already on their way in the Elko area and about to be on their way in others. The university and the state Department of Education through its Division of Vocational Education and Vocational Rehabilitation, together studied the Stead area thoroughly. Each amicably chose and properly applied to the GSA [General Services Administration of the United States] for the acres that they could make good use out of. This was brought to the attention of a committee called the Stead Study Committee, which was formed of a group of prominent citizens under the mayor of Reno as chairman. They were to study the Stead area and make recommendations which would be suggestive, but fortunately non-binding, on GSA.

Meanwhile, there appeared at a main Stead Study Committee meeting a Dr. William Rust, who presented himself as president of California Western University near San Diego in Southern California. This was a 14-year-old so-called university, with as yet no listed entrance requirements, a total valuation of buildings and grounds and equipment listed at \$2.9 million after 14 years, a total current income of \$2.4 million a year annually, and a student body of 2,045 students with a dropping enrollment.

This Dr. Rust had applied for just about all of the space that the University of Nevada and the state Department of Education had applied for. As far as I could tell in attending the meeting of the Stead Study Committee, he

had the chairman and most of the members of the committee just about mesmerized and about ready to give him everything he wanted. They had not checked on California Western and apparently believed everything he said. There were a number of federal people there who didn't take a very active part in the meeting. Among them were Mr. Saul Elson of the United States Office of Education; Mr. Don Bradford of the Department of Defense out of Washington, D.C., with several of his underlings; Mr. James McCrory of the Department of Housing and Urban Development; James Kurtz of the Federal Aviation Authority; Mr. John Gifford, regional representative of HEW [the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare] from San Francisco, who seemed to be carrying the ball; and Lloyd Taylor, assistant chief for the disposal service of HEW in Washington, and a few others who didn't appear at this meeting. There were many meetings, but I'm only going to go into one of them in any particulars.

Mr. Gifford stated under questioning that about 852 bases had been deactivated over a period of 5 years, and that he had participated in about 80 of them. But in fact, he said, he did not feel that this made him an authority about everything, including space for education.

Then President Rust said many prominent citizens of Reno had asked him to apply in the name of California Western University. But on closer questioning, it appeared to be not California Western University that was applying, but United States International University, which intended to apply for land and buildings in several areas in other states as well as to initiate universities on other deactivated bases. One of them, I believe, was even in Mexico.

Rust told the committee he could have a 4-year university at Stead in less than a year

with 3,000 students, all from California, and stressed the large sum of money this would bring into Nevada. He didn't say why, in 14 years, his university in California had only reached a population of about 2,045 when they could go at home and not have to pay out the money they would to support a university here. He said the name had been changed from California Western University to United States International University because they intended to apply in several states and even in some other countries.

He said California Western University backed the application financially and legally by affiliation, but refused to say where the money for development was coming from and refused to give us a copy of his application and financial statement. Gifford, the man from the Department of Education, would neither confirm nor deny that a financial statement existed, and Mayor Bankofier of Reno, the chairman of the Stead Study Committee, would also not confirm or deny there was one. We had given them our statement.

I had said repeatedly in a previous meeting that if Rust was really serious with his application and if the university was really behind him, why wouldn't anyone else come to the meeting and support his statements? I also produced letters from Senator Bible and Senator Cannon, to whom he had made a visit in Washington and stated that if the university had an interest in it, he would withdraw his application. I had also, at a previous meeting, asked him if the university was really interested, if he intended to go ahead with his application. He said no, he would then withdraw it. Some moments later I repeated the question so as to emphasize it in front of the study committee, and he again said he would withdraw it. But Mayor Bankofier, for some reason, seemed determined to defend Rust and Gifford, and

seemed to be in favor of Rust getting the choice land and buildings.

One of the questions asked Mr. Gifford repeatedly by Neil Humphrey was, "At the end of 20 years, will the land then revert to whoever has obtained it now for such disposal as he pleases then?" The answer was yes.

On 19 April 1966 Procter Hug and I prepared a series of questions and telephoned along with Mrs. Smotony, the secretary of our Board of Regents, all 3 of us taking down answers to our questions. We had a conversation with a Mr. John Cranston of San Diego, who was an attorney and was chairman of the board of directors of California Western University, and asked him questions about the university's intentions.

[A public meeting of the Stead Study Committee was held on 12 April 1966. In the audience were regents Dr. Fred Anderson and Procter Hug. They and other members of the audience and the committee asked probing questions of the attending representatives of federal agencies. Several questions and comments were also directed to Dr. William Rust, who was present to represent California Western University. In the course of the meeting it became apparent that there were several anomalies attendant to California Western's (or rather United States International University's) application for land and buildings at Stead from which to operate a school. A transcript of the proceedings of this meeting, plus a transcript of the 19 April 1966 telephone conversation among Dr. Anderson, Procter Hug and Mr. Cranston, plus related documents and letters, may be found in the Fred M. Anderson Papers.]

This was, I think, one of the most important and interesting things that happened while I was chairman. It was continually more fascinating, particularly when we made the telephone call and found he [Rust] was lying.

And the state came very close to losing Stead?

Yes, through Bankofier and his citizens committee colleagues. He was mayor of the city of Reno! And yet he was fighting Rust's battle for him all the way, as far as I can see. They finally backed off, and the university and other local interests took over. In another year the university will own the land that it has used, and it is of great value.

ESTABLISHING COMMUNITY COLLEGES

The universities attempted to serve the outlying areas of the state through the general University of Nevada Extension Service beginning in 1951. They formed a statewide development office for this, which was rather unsatisfactory. In many instances we were unable to give places like Ely, Battle Mountain and Pioche the university level courses they wanted. We could either hire faculty there—providing we could find ones with the appropriate qualifications for it, which of course would have to equal the qualifications of university faculty—or members of our own faculty would go out in the cases where we couldn't find them. Well, the members of our own faculty were not too fond of this, so many of them would not go out and give their courses under the extension education branch.

Also, at this time it was noted that the state was particularly short on the intermediate types of education usually found in vocational schools, where the person is educated to handle heavy equipment or work as a painter or a carpenter or a welder or cook and baker or a thing not normally taught in the university. So, under Governor Sawyer, there were 2 or 3 state meetings in which needed manpower in the state was one of the topics under discussion. I was a delegate at a couple

of them—asked by Governor Sawyer to go for the university—and so had a chance to hear many of the arguments and the needs. Because of this, the university planned to form new branches—one of them in Reno, which would be called the Nevada Technical Institute, offering terminal 2-year programs and to be located on the Stead campus.

Meanwhile, in Clark County the public school system had constructed a building partway between Henderson and Las Vegas, which in essence was a technical institute. One of our plans was to cooperate with them in enlarging and working the programs out together. However, about the time that we began to start the 2-year programs in this institute, the community college concept was already on its way in Elko. In 1967, with the encouragement of Governor Laxalt, they had already started a community effort. President Armstrong made an inspection trip to Elko, but he returned with the opinion that there were not sufficient students and resources to support a technical institute or a community college in that area at that time. I think he was probably correct. Meanwhile, however, the community did give it strong support and made a concerted effort to get at least part-time students out from behind every sagebrush in the near and far vicinity of Elko. The bill was put into the legislature for money to support it but was killed in the Senate Finance Committee.

Meanwhile, a little less than a year after President Armstrong had been to Elko—and because they were making such a determined and vociferous effort to get something started—I visited there and found they had more than 400 of the citizens enrolled. I think many of them just to get the enrollment up and get it recognized as a community college. In spite of my thoughts in that direction, at the next regents

meeting I moved that the university take Elko Community College under its wing, thus myself incurring the considerable wrath of President Armstrong, who had said no just a year before. Fortunately, a gift of \$250,000 came along just at about that time from Howard Hughes—half of it to support the community college in Elko and half for the University of Nevada to make a study of the need for further rural or community colleges.

The Arthur D. Little research firm was employed, with Professor Thomas Tucker—a professor of the College of Education and chairman of the Department of School Administration at the University of Nevada—working closely with the study. The study group finally recommended a rather rapid extension of 2-year colleges in Nevada, but with a prohibitive price tag. However, we were not obliged to adopt the study in its entirety as made by the study team, nor the suggestion that they be done on such a broad and extensive scale as the study suggested.

In 1969 the regents approved the plan in principle, and the legislature put the Northern Nevada Community College under the Board of Regents. The university at once took up the task of creating a system of community colleges, but on a more conservative financial level than had been suggested in the Arthur D. Little study plan. We decided on the name Northern Nevada Community College for the one in Elko, which was already functioning in an old high school building. We decided to develop one in Carson City called Western Nevada Community College, which also started out in rental buildings, and one in North Las Vegas to be called the Clark County Community College. All of these were to serve in considerable degree not only the need for graduates of 2-year programs that were lower than university degree level, but also to try to serve the less populous areas. And it did

this, of course, in Elko and Carson City—which was available to the people in Minden, Gardnerville and Lake Tahoe quite readily and within easy reaching distance of Fallon.

The Northern Nevada Community College in Elko certainly had its ups and downs in getting started. Governor Laxalt commented at a ceremony there, “I have never worked on a project that died so many times; but it wouldn’t stay dead.” It is now flourishing on a campus of 50 acres donated by the community of Elko, and with \$8,340,000 in buildings that have been constructed. It is the smallest of the colleges.

The Clark County Community College is in North Las Vegas with 72.2 acres. The buildings are valued at \$13,557,800. There’s a 71.36 acre branch campus at Henderson with a \$1,180,000 building, and there will probably be another branch campus at West Charleston Boulevard where we have 74 acres with a value of \$4,330,800.

The Western Nevada Community College, which was known at first as the Carson City Community College, has been divided into 2 to form the Western Nevada Community College in Carson City—now with 196 acres and new buildings—and the Truckee Meadows Community College on land north of the University of Nevada, Reno, with buildings valued at \$8,340,000.

The first administrator of the group of community colleges was Dr. Charles R. Donnelly, who had spent more than 20 years with the Michigan Community College System and who arrived here in Nevada in 1970 as vice-chancellor and coordinator of the community colleges and supervisor of the group of them. He was an experienced administrator, and, in my opinion, did quite a good job.

Each community college was given a president on an equal status in the university

system with the presidents of the main universities, a decision to which I was quite averse and in which I was outvoted. I did not consider a community college in Carson or Reno or North Las Vegas or wherever it may be to be the equivalent of a university granting advanced degrees, but I was outvoted by the rest of the Board of Regents on that. The decision to recommend this really came, I think, from the regents from the rural counties—I think the suggestion was really theirs to begin with, and the rest of the board went along with it.

All the presidents of the community colleges have access, the same as the other presidents, to the chancellor at the Board of Regents meetings. During intervals, of course, the presidents have more direct access to the vicechancellor at any time.

One of the first comments of the president of Clark County Community College when he talked to us was that a community college can be compared pretty much to a mule—“It has neither pride of ancestry, nor hope of progeny.” Nevertheless, the community college outlook is bright. They are well supported by the regents and by the legislature, and the communities are enthusiastic about them. Each one serves a certain area of the state around it. The small towns that do not have community colleges and are not within easy communicating distance will have faculty go out to give courses there. As an example, the community college in Carson City (Western Nevada Community College) will give courses in Gardnerville and Minden and Hawthorne; and the one in Elko will go as far out as Ely and come this way through Battle Mountain and Winnemucca; and the one here in Reno will go east and pick up through Lovelock and as far as Winnemucca. The whole state is covered, not only by the statewide extension program of the university,

but, in the instance of the Medical School, the statewide continuing education program; in the case of the College of Agriculture, by the county extension agents in every county in the state; and, in addition to that, the program that has been set up for each small town by the community college nearest to it.

The Universities of Nevada in Reno and Las Vegas accept transfer courses from the community colleges when they are the equivalent of university courses. They are not required to accept any graduate of any community college just because he has gone to the community college and taken community college courses. Such courses may be entirely foreign to what the university is teaching—they may be mechanics or cooking and baking or.... So each community college really teaches 3 types of courses and has them well defined to avoid any disputes. We have an articulation committee between the universities and the community colleges which takes care of any questions that may arise in this direction. They have university-equivalent courses in a pretty fair number of things—foreign languages and English...and they may have them in anything for which they have the faculty. The faculty has to be equivalent in its own education and degrees to university faculty in order to teach them the university-equivalent courses. So it is taken care of well in that direction.

Another third of the courses are vocational courses to teach people an occupation that will be gainful to them in life, and the other group of courses are those of interest to people in the community who wish a course in something for their own interest and their own benefit. Those courses in the latter third are not given unless they find a sufficient number of people wanting them, so that the fees paid for the course will support it. That portion of the community college is self-supporting; no legislative money is required for it.

There were many disputes during the first years after the community colleges were started when students wished to transfer and wished to transfer their courses with them. The courses were not equivalent to university courses; the students may not have even graduated from high school, and if they did, they may not have had a sufficient grade point average to be admitted to the university, so there is no automatically going on from a community college to a university. If you do go, the only credits that you carry with you are those which are university level credits. I believe there may sometimes be a challenge by taking an examination for credit for a course, but this is rarely done.

An interesting sideline is an opinion by the attorney general in 1968 that any program of higher education in Nevada, supported by the legislature, must be under the control of the Board of Regents. This, of course, does not prevent a university from another state such as Brigham Young University or the University of Southern California from having an extension course go into Pioche or Caliente or Las Vegas or Elko or wherever they wish. It does not apply, for example, to Old College—mainly a law school—started here in Reno without any legislative funds but which has been partially funded by a gift of their entire old Reno newspaper plant and grounds by the Gannett newspapers.

The Arthur D. Little report originally had advised a separate board of regents for the community colleges. Governor Laxalt rather wanted that, too. He had his administrative assistant, Jerry Dondero, call me to see if I would take the affirmative side for the university—that it should be under the university Board of Regents—while they would provide somebody else to take the other side to arrive at a decision through the court. After thinking it over and after talking

to Regent Hug and Chancellor Humphrey, I decided I wanted no part of such a court procedure. I thought we had the ideal system already and didn't want to see 2 boards of regents not coordinating with each other going over to the legislature competing with each other for legislative funds. I called Governor Laxalt back and told him I didn't think we should do it, and the matter was dropped.

Quite a number of states have adopted the plan suggested by WICHE [Western Interstate Conference on Higher Education] where if a course is not offered in the community colleges in one state, a student from Nevada could go to the community college on the same basis as a student from that state could, provided a student came to Nevada in some category that that school didn't have. In other words, an equal exchange of students. We have desired this; the Board of Regents has voted in favor of it, but we have been turned down a couple of times by the legislature for it. I always failed to understand why the legislature voted it down, because it would allow for enlarged opportunities for the citizens of Nevada at no extra cost whatever to the state.

The community colleges also, at times, have tried to request permission and state funding to enter into intercollegiate sports, but there was an understanding when they were first started that they would not go into intercollegiate sports. The Board of Regents and the legislature have both stuck with this, although there has been lobbying to both at times on the part of the advisory boards of the community colleges. Each community college has an advisory board; of course, each college within the university also has an advisory board for people particularly interested in their field. In the community colleges, they can be interested in any field, not

necessarily in agriculture like it would be for the agriculture college. I must say all boards don't follow that pattern, however, for on the advisory board of the Medical School we have many people who have no direct interest in medicine other than having a doctor to take care of their health, but they take a sizable and helpful interest in the college.

Truckee Meadows Community College is a separate college that was established originally as part of the university system in December of 1979 when we started to establish vocational schools. At that time it was to have been called the Reno-Sparks campus of the Western Nevada Community College. At first, all community colleges were located in old buildings—the Truckee Meadows one in buildings on the Stead campus, but since 1976 it has occupied a new building complex on ground which is just off El Rancho Drive and actually lies in Sparks, rather than in Reno.

The community colleges did well under Vice-Chancellor Donnelly, their first administrator, who was a very knowledgeable person with respect to community colleges but a rather plainspoken individual at times. Responding in the legislature to some exasperating questions, he apparently offended a few legislators who I think unfairly contacted several of the members of the Board of Regents (not myself) suggesting that Donnelly should be fired, and he was.

Vice-Chancellor Donnelly was not very happy with the dismissal. He wrote a rather critical letter concerning relations between the universities and the community colleges to a legislator.* This brought a reply from the by-then acting chancellor, Donald Baepler.*

Senator [Norman] Glaser was also unhappy with the situation from the start, as he had always wanted to see a separate board of regents for community colleges, and

introduced legislation to that effect. Several of us testified against this at a joint legislative committee meeting which was held in the Truckee Meadows college building north of the university campus. Most administration members of the community colleges also testified that they thought the system was working well as it was. The bill introduced by him was finally killed and did not come to a floor vote, although Senator Glaser continued to express his displeasure on several occasions.

One of the sources of the fairly often abrasive relations between community college presidents and the universities was the fact that each community college had an advisory board. Members of this board would frequently exaggerate or aggravate or misunderstand minor incidents that would enlarge as they passed through several mouths and eventually had to be settled by the Board of Regents. However, the system has remained united, and the community colleges have flourished mainly through the efforts of the articulation committee made up jointly of university and community college faculty.

Such things as transfer of courses from community colleges and their equivalency were a major issue during the first couple of years, often brought on by the students or faculty misinterpreting rules which were written down very plainly about what was transferable and what was not. So the student and the faculty member who may have advised him would get angry when non-transferable courses were not allowed. Time and a number of incidents of this finally ironed out these problems, and after a couple of years very few incidents occurred.

The community colleges at this time provide education to just a little over half of all Nevadans in search of selfimprovement through education. All of the community

colleges have similar functions sometimes expressed differently and reflected in the community college master plans that seek open-door, comprehensive educational programs. Training is mandated in the following areas:

1. Occupational programs designed to provide the student with vocational or technical skills so that he or she may enter the labor force on completion of the program. The programs are designed to educate students for semi-skilled professions, skilled professions and semiprofessional technical jobs with practical experience in the college wherever possible, but none of these lead directly to university degrees. To get a university degree, one would have to transfer to the university for completion of an appropriate curriculum.

2. The university parallel courses and programs are designed as lower division university courses that allow transfer with full credit to our universities so that 2 full years of university work may be taken within the community college before transfer if a student is willing to take the courses that are offered. He may wish some that aren't offered, but the number of college level courses are limited.

3. Students may benefit from the development and special programs tailored to enhance individual interest or success. Through this program the college assists in the solution of community problems by making staff resources available through seminars and conferences.

4. The students may obtain continuing education at any age, suitable to their own needs and desires and at their own pace capability.

5. Students may enrich their own lives and the life of their community by means of the community education programs.

6. Any students may use the counseling and guidance functions, which are emphasized as one of the most important functions. Trained professional counselors try to work some with each student in helping to guide him through the appropriate courses to take for what he wants to get out of it.

In communities having casinos and some other operations around the clock.... It is no wonder that at Clark County Community College approximately 48 percent of the classes are taught after 5:15 in the evening. Trials of a 24-hour offering of classes at both Clark County Community College and the University of Nevada, Las Vegas have been considered but have never been implemented. The Clark County Community College head count enrollment in 1981 and 1982 accounts for 43 percent of the total of the community college enrollment and 50 percent of the full-time equivalent enrollment of all community college enrollments.

You have given me an excellent outline of what goes on in the junior colleges. I'm not sure I fully understand why the program was developed in the way that it was. I believe that community colleges came into vogue in this country first in the 1930s, that they began to blossom in the 1950s, and by the 1960s most states in the Union had some sort of a community college

system. Many of them differ from one another in the guiding philosophies that underlie their systems, however. In some states there was considerable debate about what the proper role of the community college was in the state's university system. Here in Nevada was there any such discussion? If so, were you a part of it in the articulation of the community college philosophy in this state?

Yes, we were definitely a part of it on the Board of Regents. We met individually and collectively with the Arthur D. Little Company representatives who were making the study for implementing the community college system. Of course, we were right in the middle when it came to any of the clashes on transfer from community colleges, and we were on the losing side, of course, when it came to introducing legislation to allow swaps of students between one state and another.

It appears that here in Nevada the community college system was put together in such a way as to serve all types of students.

This was set up only to a minor degree as a feeder system for the state universities. I would say it was more set up for the vocational-technical aspects of it. By the time the first one in Elko was started we were in the process of setting up vocational-technical programs in both ends of the state that would have been in connection with the universities, but as soon as the community colleges got well started it was the policy of the Board of Regents to try and shed all 2-year, non-degree programs to the community colleges. In some instances, this didn't seem quite appropriate. The colleges didn't want to give some of them up, but we tried to stick to that as closely as we could. I think now there may be two or

three 2-year certificate courses left in the universities, but nearly all the others are in the community colleges.

I would also say that the community colleges really are designed so that they can fit anyone who is old enough to read and write adequately. Unfortunately, some of the students coming from high school into the universities can't even by then read and write adequately.

Was this by design, or was it due to political pressure?

This was design, definitely. There was no political pressure on us to adopt any special parts of the Arthur D. Little study. We agreed with most of it, except I think they favored a separate board of regents, which we did not; and we went strongly in the direction of a unified system.

Of course, Nevada is primarily great open spaces. There must have been some problem surrounding the location of various community college campuses. You have already mentioned that politics came into play when it came to the concept of independent presidents of the various colleges and whether or not they would report to the Board of Regents. What about the actual location of the community colleges?

Well, the Elko one was settled before we came into the picture. There was no particular argument over the locations in this end of the state, because we already had a vocational educational program going out at Stead air base and merely transferred our courses to that. Those who lived closer to Carson City, we felt, should have a community college closer to their home that could serve the area of the state out beyond Carson City toward

Yerington and Hawthorne and Fallon. There was no problem there.

There was a problem in Clark County, and there probably still continues to be a problem. As you know, regents are now selected by districts rather than by counties or statewide, and in particular down there each regent feels that he or she represents their particular district. Some of them don't feel they have a statewide obligation, and so there have been arguments there between the community.... There was no argument over where we were given the ground for the main campus in North Las Vegas. But then there was an argument over whether a branch should be in Henderson, whether it should be halfway between Henderson and Las Vegas, whether it should be in Boulder City, whether it should be on Charleston Boulevard...and there would be one or more individual regents from down there to advocate each of those. Finally, it was established with the main community college being in North Las Vegas and with the other ones being branch campuses that I've already named.

Were there any quantitative guidelines that could have been followed in terms of population base that would serve a prospective junior college?

No, there were none purely on a population basis. The only way in which population came in was that they were to serve what we have always in this state called the cow counties, or rural areas in particular. But they were also to be available to students in the more populated areas, which would probably make up the bulk of their enrollment, just from the mere fact of numbers of people. So they had to be located either in, or within commutable distance from, the populations of Reno or Las Vegas.

You suggested that university parallel courses in the community colleges—those that were eligible for full credit transfer—had to be taught by what you termed university level faculty. Just what do you mean by university level faculty?

Equivalent degrees.

Ph.D.'s?

Well, we don't have all Ph.D.'s in the university. No, they don't all have to be Ph.D.'s. Some of them are Ph.D.'s, however, and I'd say more of them are masters.

There are 2 different salary scales established for professional personnel of the university system—a salary scale for those who teach at the University of Nevada, Reno and Las Vegas, and a different salary scale for those who teach in the community college level. Yet we're suggesting here that they are equally qualified to teach courses. How did this develop? Was there ever any discussion of it?

Because they are working under the community college. When they sign a contract with the community college, they have accepted the conditions and procedures that are determined to be appropriate for the community college. Now, a person could be taken...and, you see, in the community college instead of an assistant professor, he might be given a higher step and grade level than that if he had degrees and experience to warrant it. So that would, in some measure, even it out; although at the top I think that you probably couldn't go as high in the community colleges as you could within the universities.

DEVELOPMENTS ON THE MAIN CAMPUSES

FOREIGN STUDENTS (UNR)

Soon after President Armstrong became president, the plight of some ill foreign students came to our attention. We had about 75 foreign students on campus, and little attention and no great amount of advisement or other consideration was paid to them. I got Archie Grant, chairman, to appoint a committee on foreign student problems, and he made me chairman of this. Soon after, with several others of the committee—Colonel Gundlach in charge of military; Professor Morrison from the English department; Sam Basta, dean of students; the foreign student advisor, Jack Selbig—we took a trip to San Francisco and environs, visiting the University of San Francisco (high in foreign students) and several other colleges and universities to learn more about their problems and how to prevent and deal with them. This did result in improvement in student advisement and an increase in foreign student fee scholarships, which I moved in the Board of Regents, gaining 30

foreign student tuition-free scholarships per semester.

The foreign students have now increased to about 360 at UNR, and they have an active international club which gives a bazaar each year to which the students bring foods from their various cultures. There are also style shows in which they may wear their national styles of clothes and, through moderators, explain their customs to our students and faculty.

The concept of teaching English as a second language has also developed, although it is a private company from off campus that runs this type of facility on several campuses on a for-profit basis. Several years ago, such a program was started on this campus, run by a little soft money being obtained through grants, plus the fees of the students that supported it. It appears that this program is now coming to an end, as there is no appropriated money.

The university may attempt to continue the program as the company has done by charging a comparable \$800 for a concentrated

8 weeks of learning of English to keep it going and manage it themselves. For those who cannot afford that, there is a somewhat similar program at the Truckee Meadows Community College funded by the legislature at community college regular fees. The students are expected to take some university courses along with the foreign language as soon as their knowledge of English permits, usually beginning with English 111 or 112, although more advanced knowledge of English may allow other courses. This is the case with many students. Out of 360 foreign students, only about 60 need any real advisement from our international student advising department.

The foreign students come, at the present time, from 52 different countries, with about 90 from Iran followed in sequentially declining numbers by students from Malaya, Taiwan, Indonesia, Communist China (who may register in anything they wish), Hong Kong, West Germany, Cameroon and Korea.

THE CENTER FOR RELIGION AND LIFE (UNR)

One rather unique and sometimes helpful organization at the University of Nevada, Reno has been the Center for Religion and Life, which owns its own building across Virginia Street from the main campus. This is a multi-religious faith organization where a student of any faith—whether Christian, Jew, Moslem or anything else, or even heathen or atheist—may come for advice and counseling and personal attention. It has no financial or other tie to the university, except that the university has been renting its main room in which to hold the regents meetings for many years. Most regents meetings they have held in there because of the increasingly large gatherings that have attended regents

meetings, particularly when there were controversial subjects to be discussed.

There are planned activities for the center, such as seminars and speakers—sometimes ones that the public would not approve of in campus buildings, sometimes speakers of prominence such as William Ruckelshaus and others. There have been seminars such as those for newlyweds, women's rights, minorities and acupuncture, and there's a monthly newsletter announcing coming events that they put out. It has been a definite asset to the university and to the community. An attempt was made to duplicate it at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, but I think it has not been nearly so much of a success down there. I don't know the reasons for it as I have not been close enough to it to observe.

The Center for Religion and Life is a secular organization in some ways, in that many of its discussions and other things have nothing to do with religion. In fact, after regents meetings the faculty used to occasionally invite us down into the basement for a cocktail party afterwards.

THE FRIENDS OF THE UNR LIBRARY

An organization that has been quite supportive and helpful in developing the library at the University of Nevada, Reno, has been the Friends of the University Library. It was organized in about 1948 or 1949 while James Hill was still librarian. Robert Griffen, father of history professor and author Gloria Griffen—for whom the Gloria Griffen Cline Room in the library is dedicated—was the first chairman, and I was the second one.

Various special functions have been given at intervals, often using the Mackay silver for teas or receptions, and these have gained funds for special acquisitions. There was a chronic lack of legislative funding for book

acquisition for the main library for a long, long time.

In the early 1960s, construction of the new Getchell Library was begun, and this marked the turning point. In 1964 the Fleischmann Fund granted \$200,000 for book purchases, provided another \$100,000 could be raised elsewhere. The Friends of the Library and the Alumni Association collaborated in an appeal drive to the public that raised the needed sum. The \$300,000 gave a real boost not only to acquisitions but to morale. It also seemed to make the legislators library-conscious, so that the next several sessions had specific appropriations for purchase of books for libraries on both campuses.

David Heron, a well-trained librarian with experience at the University of California, Berkeley and at Stanford, became librarian in 1961, when James Hill retired, and stayed until 1969 when he left to become director of libraries at the University of Kansas. He proceeded to modernize the facility, which was helped considerably when the legislature provided \$3.2 million for an addition to the library in 1974. Dave Heron initiated the idea of having open book stacks instead of windows or panels in front of all of the stacks, which gave the students much greater and much more efficient access to the contents of the library.

To facilitate the use of the library materials, the regents, during my earlier years on the board, established a system of branch libraries. There had been some small libraries scattered helter-skelter over the campus before that, but not under any real direction. When I left the board they had 5 colleges that had branch libraries under the direction of the main library. They may have added a few since that I don't know about. Some of these—as those of the School of Mines, the Medical School, the College of

Agriculture, the Library of Life [and Health] Sciences for the College of Agriculture, and the College of Arts and Sciences—all have quite large collections themselves, but it is to be emphasized that they are all still under the direction of the main Getchell Library.

The Friends of the Library fell into a period of inactivity for many years but was rejuvenated 3 years ago under the chairmanship of Grace Griffen, wife of its first chairman. It was done with enthusiastic support from Harold Morehouse, director of libraries, and a small group of members that will hopefully enlarge.

Mrs. Griffen died from heart and lung disease complications just a few months ago, and her entire estate and residence was left to the University of Nevada through the University of Nevada Foundation. She left \$100,000 directly to the Medical School together with \$100,000 for the library, and there will be a large amount for history scholarships as the estate was larger than thought. If the house is not sold, it is probably for general use of the university and not to any particular part of it. There are some indications that the president would like to keep it that way, but we have never had any luck with trying to provide the president with a house, so I rather think that it will be sold by the foundation together with the contents after the many gifts that were left for her friends have been removed from it. If sold I believe half of the proceeds go to the Medical School and half to the library.

THE ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

In the future, scholars studying Nevada's past will find the products of the University of Nevada Oral History Program of great importance. It was started as a part of the Western History Studies Center under

the Desert Research Institute in 1965, but transferred to the main university library in 1969. It was under the supervision of Mrs. Mary Ellen Glass until her recent retirement and is now under Tom King as director. King went to the University of Florida, and his degree was in American history, but he did a good deal of oral history type work along with his training there.

Oral histories are taped of Nevadans who are chosen by the director with the assistance of an advisory committee, transcribed and converted to book form, then shelved in Special Collections and the Oral History Program. Persons chosen are usually those who have witnessed or participated in the development of Nevada and the West. The person interviewed has the option of having his history released for public use at once, or he or she may place restrictions on it for one or more years or even for their lifetime.

ARCHITECTS AND UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS (UNR)

The Getchell Library building and a new mines and engineering building were planned at about the same time. Both were to be quite extensive buildings.

On the Board of Regents at that time was a regent named Newton Crumley, who built the Holiday Hotel here in Reno and was at one time, I believe, a senator in the state legislature. He was a rather dominating type of person. He and I came into conflict at intervals when I was chairman of the building committee—perhaps the most controversial committee on the Board of Regents—and he was named a member of that committee.

When plans were made and funds obtained for the construction of the new library and the new mines and engineering

building, Regent Crumley proposed to the regents that we name the library the Getchell Library and that we name the other building after George Wingfield, who had at one time been appointed a regent and served for a short while. Wingfield had been a very prominent man in the early days in Tonopah and Goldfield, where he made his fortune. He came to Reno, built the Riverside Hotel and started a bank there, which later went under in the Depression. The board demurred somewhat, as we were not in the habit of naming buildings without having a particular reason for it—where a person had been a large donor to it or was in some particular way connected with it.

I, in particular, demurred in this and asked Crumley what evidence he had. He stated that he had been told by [Noble] Getchell that he was leaving his money to the university. It turned out to be about \$150,000 toward this several million dollar library. There was no evidence whatever that Wingfield was leaving any money to the university, and, in fact, he never did leave any money. When Regent Crumley told us that Getchell had told him definitely that he was leaving his money, then we conferred and voted to name the library the Getchell Library. We didn't find out until after his death how much was being left to us. We refused to name the other building after Wingfield because we had no concrete evidence or any other type of evidence, really, that he was going to leave us anything. In fact, he left us just exactly nothing.

I've talked with a number of faculty around the campus, and there seems to be some controversy surrounding the location of the library and the design of it. I understand that a road passed through a portion of the land upon which the library now sits.

There was a road just east of Lincoln Hall, where there is now a passageway between the library and Lincoln Hall. The main controversy over the plans of the library surrounded the long ramp which is on the front of the library, where you go under a covered walkway for a considerable distance before you get to the entrance to the library. There was a good deal of argument over this among the regents. At that time I was chairman of the building committee, so I believe I got the brunt of the arguments tossed at me. Finally it was decided to let it stand as the architect had drawn it.

It was about this time that all of us regents discovered that when an architect drew a plan for a building, he considered that the last word for the building. He didn't consider the regents had much right to interfere and change anything. We found that attitude continuing nearly all the way through the time I served on that committee and afterwards. At one time, when money had been appropriated for the new chemistry and physics complex to be built in what had been the old Mackay Stadium where they now stand, the architects drew up plans which were entirely unsatisfactory to the Board of Regents. We rejected those plans completely, and the Board of Regents voted—now, this is during the time I was chairman of the board—to bring up the chief architect from the University of California System to look over the situation, look over these plans and give us some suggestions. He did, and then he gave suggestions for plans. I think we retained the same architects but gave them the suggestions and our suggestions, which resulted in an entirely different set of architectural plans. I think this has resulted in a very nice complex of buildings, with a lecture hall common to the 2 buildings, and then a physics building connecting with it

from one direction and a chemistry building from the opposite direction.

David Vhay was the architect for the Getchell Library. He is a local architect who is married to the daughter of Gutzon Borglum, who did the statue of John Mackay that is in front of the School of Mines.

How did Vhay get his commission? Was there competition for it?

No. One thing the regents would like and many times tried to initiate—and on 2 occasions did—was a competition between architects. It was thought that architects could bring in the preliminary plans, and the regents would choose the one that suited them the best. The architects always fought this tooth and nail. They didn't want interference with any plan; they didn't want to have to draw up preliminary plans to compete with each other. The only time we were able to achieve that was with the first community college buildings. I particularly remember the one for the Western Nevada Community College, which is located near Carson City, and the Northern Nevada Community College, which is located in Elko. We did have architects [in] competition for those and chose the one we preferred. I don't know how we managed to do it, because they were the same architects that we'd used for the other buildings. They have, in general, refused to compete with each other in that way or to cooperate with us.

It has been my feeling—in watching the buildings on the 2 campuses develop—that probably the architects in the south had a little more imagination and put up many buildings which are, in ways, more attractive than those that we have had on campus here. This may have been partly, though, because the legislature was putting up larger funds to

do it with, and they were not constrained by crowding and often quite old surrounding buildings. Many of our buildings were put up on a shoestring, such as the old Ross Business Administration.

How, in the absence of any design competition, did the building committee go about selecting the architect who would be responsible for the design of the library?

There has existed in the state, for I don't know how long, a group of people appointed by the governor who used to be called the State Planning Board. Their name has now been changed to the State Public Works Board. When I first came on the Board of Regents these people, as well as the Board of Regents, had to pass on any architects for buildings for which money had been appropriated by the legislature. There has always been a little argument about whether they had to pass on other [privately funded] buildings also, and there still is that argument. Currently there is disagreement over how to proceed with one of the buildings Claude Howard wants to give money for. There is now a debate going on over whether he will be allowed to go ahead with the plans that he wants and the regents pass on, and not have his plans changed by the State Planning Board or by the architect they employ as their secretary. The State Planning Board had in earlier years chosen the architect for any building after it had been approved by the Board of Regents and funded.

Shortly after I came on the Board of Regents—perhaps shortly after I became chairman of the Board of Regents—we decided we wanted more say in it. We entered into a series of discussions with the State Planning Board. It was finally determined that the Board of Regents would select the names of 3 architect firms listed in their order

of preference, and the State Planning Board would then choose from among those 3. They almost invariably were obliging enough to give us our first choice, so it pretty well boiled down, then, to the fact that the regents would name the architect for the building.

Was that before or after Mr. Vhay was selected for the library?

It was after Vhay was selected for the library. We at first considered Vhay one of our better architects. Actually, he can be when he wishes to be, but he's rather stubborn in defense of his own ideas, as we have found also with several other architects. They feel that, "Why should you as regents question what I, a trained architect, put down here?" We've had many an argument over those things, over many a building.

In the case of the Getchell Library, there seems to be a certain architectural dissonance between it and the other buildings on campus; although it may have merit on its own, it doesn't necessarily fit into the overall design of the campus.

It doesn't fit into the brick structure of a great many of the other buildings on campus. It is different, of course, in the arrangement of what you might call window space because it doesn't have windows like the other buildings—it has some attempt to have the wall structured so it gives an appearance of having something of that nature, but really doesn't have them. I believe pre-cast concrete slabs were used there also.

Has there been an overall coherent architectural plan for the campus? You mentioned earlier that the University of California System has an architect. Many universities do; is there...?

We have had a university architect in recent years. Ed Pine, our chairman of Buildings and Grounds served us in that capacity before, and he served us well. He was in the job for several of my years on the Board of Regents until he became vice-president for business. He had been state engineer—a highly responsible job—and had previously worked for Isbell Construction Company, at that time the largest construction company in the state. Ed Pine knew materials; he knew construction, and he was able to do a fine job for us and pick out many faults that the State Planning Board had let slip with their inspectors. When you needed advice, when you needed facts, when you needed someone to get things done, Ed Pine was the man to see.

A certain percentage of the appropriation for each building was set aside for the State Planning Board to hire inspectors to inspect the work as it was done. We found many instances where the inspectors hired by them had overlooked defects or departures from the architect's plan that our own people picked up. In many cases we were forced by this to go to the State Planning Board and make them force the contractors to make the corrections. One of the faults at the Getchell Library, I believe, was in the roof, which was constructed so that it leaked! It had to be redone. There have been a great many buildings where there has been difference of opinion between the representatives of the State Planning Board or State Board of Public Works and the regents, whose staff had knowledge in that direction.

How large a role did the director of the UNR library and his staff have in the design of the library?

I think they had a great deal to say about the internal design of the library. We changed from closed stacks to open stacks when we

built that. They had been closed book stacks in the old Clark Library, and our main change was to open the stacks, which made books much more accessible to the students. The librarian and his staff would sketch out what they wanted. This would be submitted to the architect, who would then draw up, I believe, what we call parti plans. These were not the final plans, but were then resubmitted to the people who had made the suggestions and then submitted to the Board of Regents for approval. Then it would go back to the architect to draw up the final architectural plans, and then it would go to the State Planning Board for their approval. It wasn't until it came back from them to the Board of Regents that any building project could be gone ahead with.

So in a sense it was almost built from the inside out? They decided on the skin of it afterwards?

Yes.

There must have been some sort of a figure to which you were limited?

Well, we were limited by the appropriation or by the amount of bonds we had been permitted to sell by legislative act. Both the future users of the building and architect knew exactly what those were when they made their plans. In nearly every instance the architect would design the building so that when the bids came back they were all more than the appropriation from the legislature or the amount of bonds we were able to sell. We would then have to start deleting portions until we got down to the amount of money we had for the building. Then we devised a way of having the users and the architects design what the architect felt certainly would come within the amount of money appropriated,

and then he could place a list of additive alternates along with it.

All buildings, of course, were subject to bids with the proviso that the regents could turn down any bidder, providing they had good reason to do so. If they knew he did poor work, they could refuse his bid even if it were the lowest. In most of the buildings we would be able to get the base bid plus a certain number of additive alternates, and then over the years we'd go back to the legislature for additional money, or we'd get it from other sources to put those other additive alternates in. I might say at this point that the only building on the campus in which the construction cost and the construction bid have come under the funds that were available for it is the Anderson Health Sciences Building. For it we had \$1 million in funds, but the contractor's bid came to only \$900,000, so we had to revert \$100,000.

Were there any significant deletions from the Getchell Library before it was completed?

There was a considerable list of additive alternates, which one can find if one goes back to the regents minutes and the plans. I might add that every new regent that comes on, or every new legislator that is elected to the legislature in Carson City, demands, "Why don't you have some master plan for the university?" Well, I think on our own we have done about 5 master plans while I was on the Board of Regents. In addition to that the legislature passed a law that a master plan must be redone every 5 years and submitted to them as well as to the regents. We would generally hire an outside firm consultant to come in and do these master plans. As you know, a master plan is only a master plan to a certain degree, because just about as soon as it's done you have to start making changes

in it. That has been the case with every master plan that we have done.

You mentioned that shortly after you became chairman of the Board of Regents the process of selecting architects was changed. The Board of regents was given an active voice in it—you would select 3 firms from which the State Board of Public Works would choose one. What is the process that's followed by the Board of Regents in selecting those 3 firms?

It's based on several things. The main thing that it's supposed to be based on is our knowledge of the work of those architects on buildings they have previously built—ones which may or may not be on the campus. The architects will show the regents the plans that they have made starting from the beginning to the finished product on the other buildings. If they have previously built for the university, then after a few buildings we get to know who the architects are who are cooperative—who will work with the Board of Regents and the users; who will make changes when they're suggested. I hate to say this, but in many instances certain architects have tried to cultivate the friendship of members of the Board of Regents to such a degree that it might influence their voting on selection of an architect.

Is there a favorite architect that you can think of here at UNR? Is there one you have found who is easier to work with than others?

No, I wouldn't say that that's the case. I named 2 that have been difficult to work with already, but I wouldn't say there are any one or 2 who have been easiest to work with because we've found nearly all of the others cooperative in making changes and adapting. I think on the whole we may have found the

architects in Las Vegas a little bit easier to work with than the ones up here in making alterations and in preparing the plans and presenting them to the Board of Regents. It may be that the architects in Las Vegas—because of the building of the huge casino buildings, there's so many of them down there—were perhaps a little more versed in the construction of these sorts of buildings than the architects in this end of the state... although I'm not trying to compare a resort casino building with a university building nor to disparage or criticize the northern architects.

Are local architects always chosen?

Nearly always; not always.

Is that by design?

By design, we used a local architect whenever we felt that they could handle it. When we felt there was no one in the state who could handle an unusually complicated or specialized building appropriately, we chose an outside architect. The regents did OK that on our most recent one, which was the Claude Howard Building of the Medical School. In it there were so many technical areas devoted to laboratory work that they felt no one in this state had had sufficient experience to construct the type building we wanted, so the regents hired an outside firm. When an outside firm does a building here they have to associate themselves with a Nevada firm of architecture. Otherwise, they are not licensed to work in the state.

THE ORVIS SCHOOL OF NURSING (UNR)

When I first came out of the army and came to Reno to practice, I noted at once that

there was an acute shortage of nurses in the hospitals. As there were no training programs in any of the hospitals themselves or in the Veterans Hospital or in the university, the doctors took the lead in forming a committee to establish a school of nursing on the University campus. This committee consisted of a number of the most prominent doctors in Reno and also included some citizens from the community and, of course, had some nurses on it as well. There was a good deal of discussion at first whether it should be a 2-year or a 4-year college, and this discussion continued even up to the time of its actual establishment as a 4-year college.

There were, at that time, only 631 full-time active nurses practicing in the state. Even with encouragement from the hospitals, action on the part of the doctors and nurses came rather slowly. It was not until after a survey by the United States Public Health Service in 1954, and after we received a gift—from a Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Orvis, a prominent and well-to-do couple who lived part-time in Honolulu and part-time in Reno—in 1955 of \$100,000 that the initiation of the Orvis School of Nursing came into existence in 1957. Financial support and encouragement—and, of course, free teaching—came from the medical profession, including a committee for a nursing school advisory committee consisting of Drs. Vernon and Edwin Cantlon, Ernest Mack, Kenneth Maclean, myself and a few others. All of us, I think, did some voluntary teaching there for which we did not receive pay but were so-called clinical faculty. Of course, it had a nurse as dean and a teaching staff of nurses, too.

The legislature which authorized the school in 1955 provided money to employ a dean. The first dean was Doris Yingling, a stickler for all the points of philosophy and rules of the National League for Nursing.

One of her philosophies was that anything that can be taught to a nurse student by a doctor can also be taught to her by a nurse. This tended to create somewhat of a breach between the doctors who had backed the school so thoroughly and the dean of the school. The M.D. teachers gradually almost completely dropped out, as she was so vocal in her philosophy.

The school was originally slated to be a 3-year program, with the fourth year taken elsewhere by transfer. But this was changed to a 4-year program when Miss Yingling, who had a very abrasive personality, was let go and a somewhat older and more experienced nurse-teacher with an advanced degree in nursing named Helen Gilkey was hired in 1957. The first 4-year graduates, who were 6 in number, graduated in 1961.

I taught occasionally in the school, but got in my best lick at a social gathering at the house of retired Ambassador and Mrs. Robert Reams, very close friends of ours for many years. On that occasion Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Orvis were guests at the dinner and regretting verbally the slow growth of the school and lack of a building. I suggested to Mr. Orvis in front of the other people that another gift of \$100,000 from him would probably stimulate a building. He gave immediate positive response, so that with this and some federal funds and some capital improvement money the construction of a new Orvis School of Nursing building was begun in 1964. The generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Orvis extended beyond that with many smaller gifts, especially coming from Mrs. Orvis after her husband's death, which was only a couple of years later. The school was named after the Orvises, and a plaque was presented to them in the centennial year of the university, 1974.

The school received national accreditation in 1963. Since then its progression has been

steady. It now takes about 100 students into each first year class, although only a portion of these—usually about 50 percent—finally graduate as nurses. Some of those who would like to go on, and who are passing satisfactorily, can't be taken into the third and fourth year program—partly due to a lack of adequate patient experiences in hospitals and partly due to constraints of the budget, as a faculty-student ratio of 8 1/2 to one is required for accreditation. I should say that it is not a full half of these 100 that can't get into the third year class which contains 50, because quite a few of the students will have changed their curricular aims or will have dropped out of school. But there are a considerable number who would like to go on but cannot. I feel that both the administration and the legislature should have remedied this over the several years that this has been allowed to exist. There must be many disappointed students, and there's still an insufficiency of 4-year graduate nurses in the state. There is not the great shortage of nurses there was, because in addition there is the other 4-year school now at the University of Nevada in Las Vegas, and there are 2-year schools in at least 2 or 3 of the community colleges, as well as certificate degrees for practical nurses.

Orvis has turned out to be a fine school for Nevada, but as there was still a shortage of nurses 10 years later, a 2-year school (which soon became a 4-year one) was started at Nevada Southern in Las Vegas. Soon a unique experience developed where we received what was, I believe, a federal grant to connect the 2 schools by television, thus enabling them to utilize each other's faculty and courses. This was used not only by them but was used by the state medical association when they wanted to have a meeting of their board of directors but didn't want to have them all take the time out and spend the money to get them together in

one part of the state. Those from this northern part of the state could gather in the school of nursing here and those down there in the school there and talk to each other over the televisions, where we had visualization as well as audio.

Being both a doctor and a regent, I took something of a leading part in these developments, although with a strong backing by the rest of the Board of Regents and all the administrative officers.

That it did not go unappreciated is perhaps best expressed by a note from Marjorie Elmore, who was dean of the nursing school. This note, I believe, was written by Marjorie Elmore at the time when I was given an award from the National Board of the American Cancer Society. A luncheon was given in my honor here in Reno, and she was one of those present. There were several brief presentations, and Mrs. Elmore stated:

In our position on the campus of the University of Nevada, we members of the faculty seldom have direct contact with members of the Board of Regents except on social occasions. However, we strongly feel the effect of actions taken by those regents. To the struggling new school of nursing it has been a godsend to have a Board of Regents which gives firm support and encouragement toward the development of a basically sound, nationally recognized program in nursing. We feel certain that much credit goes to Dr. Fred Anderson for his interest in and interpretation of nursing education to other members of the Board of Regents.

In Dr. Anderson's position in medicine he has been able to work with us on interdisciplinary problems

which exist among those of us engaged in medical nursing sciences. He has been both an honest critic and an ardent supporter. At times he has expressed his concern about nursing education and our activities, yet he listened sincerely to our expressions and concerns. His interest has been directed toward better health care for all people. For this, we can be truly grateful. As we see Dr. Anderson, he is soft-spoken, a severe and intelligent critic, a supporter of sound educational programs and a crusader for the continual improvement of medical and nursing care.

At another time, while turbulence existed on most campuses but was yet to come to this campus, I received an invitation to be speaker at the nursing school convocation, when they received their caps and their candles.* I accepted and gave the following capping ceremony speech for the Orvis School of Nursing on 6 February 1966:

In these times when we co-exist with the possibility of overkill by thermonuclear bombs; when there are daily massive civil rights marches; when union or wildcat strikes can tie up major portions of our greatest cities; when there is almost constant ferment and unrest at home and abroad; when our American boys face enemy attacks by day and night—with all this and more, it may seem to some a very small and unimportant occasion that we are gathered here for. I want to emphasize that it is not unimportant, however, for it is a sum of many similar small ceremonies across our own and other countries that total

up to create stability and sanity and progress in a sorely troubled world, that give us some degree of certainty that man's inhumanity to man is not riding ahead on an unresisting crest.

You are on the threshold of a profession that embodies just about all of the finer attributes that have been acquired during the thousands of years of man's progress from the savage to the civilized. For the future, sympathy, compassion, understanding, hope and help will be yours in abundance as a priceless gift to all those sick and suffering who will need them. You take up the baton where our tiring hands relinquish it, with youth, vigor, curiosity and determination stretching for you down the years ahead.

Today, in the assumption of the cap and the lamp, you pass through what I consider the most beautiful, although the simplest, of all ceremonials. Just as we have no poem in medicine that touches the spirit of our profession as does "The Lady With The Lamp"—properly entitled "Santa Filomena"—Longfellow's poem that so aptly captures the spirit of nursing, so also there is no symbolism so meaningful and sincere as the capping and acceptance and lighting of the lamp at the present time within the university.

Now I plead with you to take these caps as your badge of authority to step up to any doctor in any hospital who is not on an emergency, and ask him to teach, to explain and discuss the clinical and emotional problems of his patients on the ward or wherever in the hospital you are working. Let

me warn you in advance that we doctors are disagreeable fellows. We are impatient, egotistical, cranky and intolerant, but we have one Achilles Heel that makes us vulnerable. Ask us to show you something or to teach you something, and we will be your slaves. As you know, the word "doctor" derives from the Latin word meaning "to teach," and this is coupled with Webster's definition of doctor as "a man of erudition or sometimes also a teacher." That a mere hint of this word might somehow apply to us is more than our vanity can stand.

I might almost say that the cap symbolizes an engagement to the medical profession, just as your final degree in nursing 2 years hence will consummate a marriage of the 2 professions—a marriage dedicated and consecrated to the care of the patient. The health team is the natural result of this union with the offspring as licensed practical nurses, nurse's aides, technicians and technologists, physical therapists, social workers—in short, all of the skilled helpers that comprise the full-functioning medical group to care for the patient.

And what will the doctor demand of you?

About 100 years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes lectured before the Harvard Medical School and could honestly say, "I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes." Through the intervening years, however, the techniques of experiment, industry and research have taken us from the

age of shotgun prescribing to the age of specifics, and increased what we must know and continue to learn accordingly.

Just as his own educational process is getting to be more and more one of continuing education for as long as he practices, so the nurse's education and professional experience will be one of lifelong learning and self-development. Lifelong teaching also, for as head of the nursing team it will be part of your duty to teach and direct those of the health team with less training than yourself—the nurses with diplomas or associated nursing degrees, the licensed practical nurses, the nurse's aide, ward clerks and other technicians. In doing this, it is to be hoped that you will delegate but never abdicate responsibility for care of the patient, for the patient's best interests are our only justification for existence.

Nearly all of the doctors would prefer that there be more discussion and consultation on our patients and mutual problems, and a lessening of the gap between our 2 professions. But business on the part of each of us, even when working side by side in the hospital, prevents the development of this to the degree that we would like.

Each of your succeeding classes will have more medical knowledge, perform more skillful and intricate tasks and work with more highly technical electronic and other equipment than you, their predecessors. But the accumulation of knowledge and skills is only a part of what college experience should give you. The ability to think and

reason clearly, the development of an inquiring and critical mind, the formation of study and learning habits and the acquiring of ability to adjust socially are all acquirable assets on the way to a university degree that are just as important as other portions of the curricula. These prepare you for the future where you may chart your course by stars you have not yet even seen or imagined.

What will the patient want of you? Skill, knowledge and efficiency, yes, but even more important to the patient—distressed by pain, plagued by uncertainty and doubt—will be the feeling that you are there for the personal interest in him, with sympathy, patience and understanding. Never fail to have time for an encouraging word and a reassuring touch or act of help, for in the words of James Russell Lowell, "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action."

The patient will have little thought as to the depth of your penetration into pathology, pharmacology or embryology, for with your R.N., he will take these for granted. And so I say please cultivate and never lose a generous amount of outgoing humanism, always near enough to the surface so that the patient can sense it.

And what do you want for yourself? As college graduates, many of whom will go on for advanced degrees or specialist training, you can expect to be among the leaders in your profession, whether as clinical specialists, teachers, researchers, charge nurses, public

health or sociology specialists or administrators. There will probably never be enough adequately trained leaders and teachers for the demands of a population that is so rapidly increasing in numbers, economic capability and increasing the intelligent demand for constantly improving and more highly technical medical care. Your work should become more highly skilled, more directive in nature, but more productive in results and no less interesting. The end products of advanced technology and research with highly sophisticated, electronic and other equipment will have us working in ways we have not yet thought of.

A satisfactory and productive professional career, yes. But of even more importance for most, will be a happy and well-adjusted family life. No other degree training offers such a group of helpful courses for this. Medical knowledge in child care, psychology and sociology, personal and group hygiene, and nutrition; training and experience in the making of personal adjustments under conditions of stress. But to achieve these you cannot be a dropout, whatever the reason. Fortunately, your profession can accommodate you in either full or part-time work, in either usual or unusual hours, work in most areas where you can drop out for a few years to get your families well launched and then return to it. More and more women with families partly raised are finding that the bridge, tea and cocktail routes do not bring real personal satisfaction—a feeling that one is continuing to make a positive

contribution to society. You may not be exceptions, so you might well include career, family, then at least partial resumption of career. As you go ahead with your education, such long-range possibilities and planning should be kept in mind, and you will be less likely to be a dropout, even if you do plan on early marriage.

The school of nursing continued to have such capping ceremonies for several years, but I'm sorry to say that it was done away with a few years ago and has not been resumed. Now, of course, with the Medical School coming into being we have a somewhat similar program, but it is just preliminary to graduation, when we have the hooding ceremony on the part of the Medical School, usually on the night before graduation. How long we may be able to keep this up, I don't know, but this has meant much more to the medical students than the graduation ceremony itself, and more to the doctors who are teaching them, and more to the doctors in the community who are giving their services freely in teaching at the Medical School. In fact, several of those are usually asked to hood some of the medical students whom they have helped to teach.

Programs at the Orvis School of Nursing at the present time are the baccalaureate program, which was initiated in 1956 and results in an R.N. degree; a master's degree program was initiated in 1972 to prepare R.N.'s already having baccalaureate degrees to obtain a master of science degree with a major in nursing administration, to serve as administrators in small hospitals or as charge nurses in large ones. Another program that has been developed was a rural nurse practitioner program. It was done with federal funds and gave the R.N. a course usually

lasting not more than 6 months, which was then thought to enable her to serve the role as the medical person in a town that was too small to support a doctor...or some of these might go in doctors' offices and be valuable assistants to them.

Then there has been a continuing education program which was initiated in 1957 to assist R.N. practitioners to keep up to date and improve their practice. There has also been a health education program—a program sponsored by the school of nursing, but conducted by the health sciences program, which is really more a part of the Medical School—and it is a program leading to a bachelor of science degree with a major in health education.

The school of nursing has also had under it the prephysical therapy program. There they teach the first 3 years toward a bachelor's degree in physical therapy, and the student must then transfer to one of 2 or 3 locations in other states where they have affiliation contracts with the hospitals to give them the last year of training where there are physiatrists and physical therapy schools. The dean has a leaning in that direction, and if we are able to get the legislature just to fund about 2 positions, we could perfectly well establish the complete physical therapy course with a degree program here in this state. We have had a physiatrist here, and we have physical therapy programs with patients in 4 hospitals here, or a program could be started in Las Vegas, although I think it would be better to start it in conjunction with the Medical School.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The name University of Nevada Press is almost synonymous with that of its developer, the recently-retired Robert Laxalt. I have

known Bob and his family and parents—siblings, children and all, including politically famous brother, Paul—since childhood in Carson City. At times, I have cared for many of them. My first university exposure, however, came with Bob soon after I was elected to the Board of Regents.

Bob, a former United Press correspondent, had a position as director of news and publication for the university and was one of those who had had the temerity to stand up against President Minard Stout along with Walter Van Tilburg Clark and others. Stout called Laxalt in his office and told him that his job was going to be made into 2 positions, which, of course, would reduce his salary to half and make it untenable for him to remain. I got wind of this, called and made an appointment with Stout, and after a stormy hour with him in his office he decided to let the job alone and the partitioning was dropped.

Any time you weren't Stout's friend and his supporter and his "yes man" you were his enemy. It didn't require antagonistic incidents.

I do not want to give the impression that I have been in general a meddler—which in this case I was—for I think this is almost a cardinal sin in a regent; but I did in this instance go straight to the top in something that I thought was important both to the individual and the university.

Bob made a reputation as an author with Sweet Promised Land in 1957. This was a book about his father's coming to the Carson City area from the land of the Basques as a young man, his wife coming from there also. It tells of their being married and raising a family of 5 between the long, lonesome months he spent as a shepherd and through 2 ruinous depressions, and then with a visit to the old country with Bob 47 years later. Bob Laxalt has also produced other books—Man in a

Wheat Field, In a Hundred Graves—and has also been, through the years, almost regularly a contributor to the National Geographic Magazine.

The desirability of a University of Nevada press had been under discussion by Bob and others for a considerable time when, it I remember correctly, it was my pleasure in 1961 to move in a Board of Regents meeting for the official establishment of the University of Nevada Press with Bob Laxalt as its director. Its goals are as stated at its inception: to fulfill a properly university-related function by disseminating knowledge beyond the lecture room and the research laboratory; to make a contribution to the state of Nevada by publishing books dealing primarily with Nevada's history, government, natural resources, ethnic groups and contemporary affairs; to stimulate scholarly research and writing by faculty members and other authors in their specialized fields; and to enhance the academic reputation of the University of Nevada on national and international levels.

These goals have all been well and faithfully fulfilled as far as could be done with finances available, and production has been at a steady increase of both quantity and quality. There have been 70 books and art portfolios—and others which are written but not yet published—[which] have stimulated writing and research among the faculty and other Nevadans. A grant from the Fleischmann Foundation also made possible the publication of the Journals of Alfred Doten, edited and selected and written by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. The late English professor, Charlton Laird, recently edited a critique on the writings of Walter Clark, which he has generously dedicated to me.

Molly Magee Knudtsen, a regent, has always been consistently one of the strongest press supporters. One series named the

Lancehead Series is named after a lancehead she discovered in her archaeological searchings around her home ranch. It has become the symbol of the Lancehead Series, a group of books started with the University of Nevada Press and still continuing. She has also written books herself, among them This is My Valley and Under the Mountain. My family and I have been with her on several archaeological expeditions in the state to old caves and other areas, particularly the diggings about 10 miles from Las Vegas where there was found prehistoric remnants of life and possibly even human life 30,000 years ago by carbon dating. I think the establishment of humans has not been definitely proven. She has also written several anthropological and archaeological papers.

The book by Laxalt, Sweet Promised Land, had wide circulation, was translated into several languages and may form the basis for a full-length film production. There is a faithful reconstruction of one of his father's old "sheep camps" in the Nevada Historical Society.

One of the other principal contributions of the University of Nevada Press has been the Basque Series, which has been under the direction of Dr. William Douglass. Some of its book titles are Americanuak, or Basques in the New World, by William Douglass, A Book of the Basques, by Rodney Gallop, In a Hundred Graves, by Robert Laxalt, Witches' Advocate: Basque Witchcraft and the Spanish Inquisition by Gustav Henningsen, and a number of others which will include a now being written Basque-English dictionary and photo studies of the Basques in the American West.

A \$550,000 grant to the University of Nevada Press by the Fleischmann Foundation during its final year for a series of books on the Great Basin called the Natural History Series will include books on shrubs,

wildflowers, birds, mammals, insects, geology, anthropology, ecology and butterflies.

I regret that I had the unhappy experience of caring for both Walter Clark and his wife during their final illnesses, the wife from cancer of the pancreas in 1969 and Walter also from a malignancy in 1971 at age 62. Both are buried in Virginia City, site of their last home. We were good friends over the years, in addition to our patient-doctor relationship.

In March 1982 Robert Laxalt received word that the University of Nevada Press had just been awarded affiliate member status with the National Association of University Presses, Incorporated. Before that they had received a great deal of advice and help from the University of California Press in Berkeley. Rick Stetter was in charge of the books on Great Basin natural history, which I have just mentioned, and has recently been made director of the University of Nevada Press. Kenneth Robbins has been business and production manager since about 1960 and is well versed in all the aspects of the press but is not himself an author.

I was a founding member of Friends of the University of Nevada Press and remain on it still.

THE UNR FOUNDATION

Most of the time for the past 20 years, the university in Reno has had a public relations or fund development office with varying degrees of—but never outstanding—success. In about 1972, after studying several foundations, I wrote up the outlines for a university foundation—modeled largely on the one existing for many years at the University of Nebraska—and presented it to the regents for possible adoption but could not get them interested in it. This was to be affiliated with the university, and not a

completely separate organization, and was to be under the Board of Regents.

At the regents meeting on 2 November 1979, when I was no longer on the Board of Regents, Chancellor Baepler, according to the regents minutes, reported that there had been some previous discussions regarding proposals for foundations for purposes related to various university programs. There already existed a private foundation in the College of Agriculture and one was proposed for the College of Business, but it was felt that a fund-raising foundation should be an institutional undertaking. President Crowley strongly urged that some action be taken by the regents to resolve what he described as a severe and proliferating problem with implications for the fund-raising efforts, and also, he suggested, for university governance. He commented on the growing interest within the community for some identifiable entity toward which fund-raising efforts could be directed.

Chancellor Baepler reported that the University of Nevada legal counsel, Larry Lessly, along with others, had, at his request, researched the legal and tax aspects of such foundations and had already sent a letter to board members. Lessly had also consulted with a firm in Denver knowledgeable about foundations. Lessly spoke and presented 4 options for foundations—some within the framework of the university, which he favored, and others created as private foundations outside of the administrative framework of the university. With very little discussion the regents accepted the general principle of foundations as a possibility for each separate institution of the university system.

During the lunch hour the administrative officers and counsel drew up a series of proposals that were eventually to create separate foundations for the University of

Nevada, Reno, University of Nevada at Las Vegas, the Desert Research Institute and each community college, with no relationship to each other or to the existing university colleges' endowments. The foundations are independent organizations and are not under the Board of Regents. The University of Nevada, Reno Foundation was the first, and the others followed, the last just recently completed.

I was asked to serve on the UNR Foundation as a member of the board of directors and have done so since with some skepticism, perhaps unwarranted, as we have proceeded. I have not attended the other institution foundation meetings or read their articles of incorporation or bylaws or observed them functioning, but I am told that they are organized and function much the same as the University of Nevada, Reno Foundation.

The whole foundation problem was discussed and passed almost as a crisis situation. I think it was discussed—not very fully—at only 2 meetings of the Board of Regents, who seem to me to have passed on the matter with undue haste and insufficient consideration. The Board of Regents did have their counsel check the articles of incorporation, but they did not have university system counsel study and report on the constitution and bylaws of the foundations, although they had approved them. In fact, I doubt if the regents could have any power in disapproving or changing any parts of them as the foundations are really independent of the regents.

I have felt that this might be improper because of the ruling in the King v. The Board of Regents opinion rendered by the Nevada Supreme Court. I felt the regents might have abrogated their constitutional mandate to manage the university finances

when they delegated as much as they have to the foundations. I have on 2 occasions during the first year brought this up at foundation meetings, and I was promptly disagreed with by President Crowley and several of the trustees. However, I believe its separate and independent functioning could have at that time been challenged. By integrating full-time university personnel in the foundation's functions, they have since then considerably improved the situation and decreased my apprehension.

The foundation is designated to be in charge of all non-legislative, non-federal voluntary gifts and donations of money, property, stocks and bonds and so on coming into the university from whatever source—whether due to foundation efforts or not—with power to determine an investment policy and, quoting from its constitution, “thus remove the university and its officers from the investment responsibilities related to private gift dollars.” There are to be from 30 to 50 members on the board of trustees, as they are called. These are mostly influential and interested and dedicated businessmen such as casino executives, business executives, attorneys, wealthy area residents, plus a few of President Crowley's top executive officers. The scholarship chairman and the members of the Board of Regents of the university are listed as non-voting members, although I have not seen any of the regents in attendance. The chancellor and members of his staff are apparently excluded, as I read it, unless specifically invited, and this I see as presidential bids for more distance from him and more individual autonomy and a less cohesive university system, which was being sought by Chancellor Baepler and some of the presidents and regents.

Restricted gifts must be passed on in their entirety to the Board of Regents for

use as designated in each gift. Otherwise the foundation keeps the money for investment and enhancement of the university, taking 10 percent off the top for its own operation. Its stated objectives are: "Public funds provide the academic nucleus of classrooms, laboratory, library maintenance and operation of the University of Nevada. But the enrichment features—scholarships, endowed chairs of learning, research, experimental programs, special book and art collections, cultural, athletic and other facilities, special equipment and features for medicine—must come from and through the efforts of alumni, friends, corporations and philanthropic organizations."

In my opinion, this is a confusing situation, as a great many of the funds come to the university come from grants from the federal government, National Science Foundation and other organizations which have nothing to do with the organizations that the foundation has mentioned. These grant or contract funds are strictly designated, although the university administration takes a cut of about 25 percent or more off many research grants, especially medical ones, and uses that money as it sees fit anywhere in the university—sometimes as seed money to get other entirely unrelated grants or sometimes just as a simple grant to some area of the university that can't get grants on its own.

The endowment already possessed by the University of Nevada, Reno—nearly all of which is designated for particular projects—has in the past been invested through Nevada banks with some guidance from a regents investment advisory committee that had on it the dean of the College of Business Administration and several non-regents well versed in financial transactions. Returns were so poor in comparison to many other universities during the past few years that the

entire systems endowment—which I believe is somewhat over \$22 million—has recently been moved to the system office of the chancellor and placed with several specialized investment firms.

One of my fears is that if the organization or foundation is to be as strong an organization as studies of its papers suggest, it may in the future to a considerable degree—by its power in distributing funds—have too great an influence on both president and regents and exercise a considerable influence on many aspects of the university indirectly, even though organized entirely separately from it. Many members of the foundation board are persons of power and prestige, and because of this, the foundation could possibly influence the actions of the administration and the Board of Regents. As law school dean Newman said, whoever holds the purse strings can possess some measure of control.

Another fear: over the years the regents have built a fund from unrestricted gifts called the Regents Special Projects Fund, the income from which they could use for special non-funded projects—in other words, a non-legislative appropriated fund. If the foundation keeps the unrestricted funds to invest and transfers them out on its discretion as projects are presented to it by the university, which seems at present to be once a year, what will become of the regents special projects unrestricted funds and also their constitutionally vested power to control expenditures?

I hope that it will vote any money for campus projects only as desired and approved and requested by the Board of Regents and not try, even with the president, to control many projects and expenditures on its own. Direct expenditures for its own operating funds (10 percent off the top of all non-allocated donations at the present time) would seem

to me not to need the approval of the Board of Regents, but as they have already been approved in general, any projects outside of this 10 percent, I believe, should be voted on by the Board of Regents before presentation to the foundation. However, another percentage is being held out to create an endowment fund for the foundation for investment purposes to gain additional funds for the university. I believe this is an area that needs to be more clearly defined than it is at present.

To provide a specific case for this determination, I moved at an October 1983 meeting that the foundation authorize an expenditure of \$8,000 to help send the university choir to the World's Fair in New Orleans in 1984. It was passed without dissent and with no objection and without reference to the Board of Regents, except given to the regents for approval at their next meeting, I assume. I had reservations about the appropriateness of the motion and contacted Don Klasic, the university systems attorney, for an opinion. His reply was as follows:

Dear Dr. Anderson:

You requested that I give you my views concerning the procedure which UNR Foundation should follow in making gifts to the University of Nevada, Reno, or to any of its schools, colleges, departments, units or programs.

Although the UNR Foundation is very closely tied into the University of Nevada, by reason of the fact that some of UNR's employees are also officers or employees of the foundation and because UNR may also help service the administration of the foundation, the fact remains that the UNR Foundation is a private non-profit corporation and, consequently,

is legally a separate and independent entity from the University of Nevada, Reno, and the University of Nevada System. As such it would be my opinion that the transfer of gifts from the UNR Foundation to the University of Nevada, Reno, should be accomplished in exactly the same manner as any other gift coming to the University of Nevada, Reno, or to any of its constituent parts.

The procedure for the giving of gifts to UNR is, as you know, to make the gift to the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada System first. The Board of Regents must accept the gift before the gift can be legally distributed to UNR or to any of its constituent parts.

In addition to the general legal principle involved here, you should also be aware that the UNR Foundation has adopted a statement of operational policies which was presented to the Board of Regents on February 26, 1982 and approved by the board at that time. These policies require that all transfers of money from the UNR Foundation to the University of Nevada, Reno will take place only through the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada. (See statement of operational policies, page 35.) Therefore, the procedures for such money transfers are clearly set both in law and in the internal policies of the UNR Foundation.

Klasic believes, as I read it, that the foundation does not have power to appropriate funds directly without request from the Board of Regents in this manner. The foundation could make a recommendation

for expenditure to the Board of Regents, who would then either approve or reject the recommendation.

I also believe that the administration is attempting to get just about all gifts channeled through the foundation, and this could give a distorted impression of what is actually raised by the foundation.

Since June of 1984 the vice-president of advancement for UNR, Dick Dankworth, has also served as president *ex officio* of the foundation. All of the college deans once a year collaborate to make up a “wish list” of desired but unfunded projects or programs in order of priority—the priorities being determined by all of the deans in joint consultation. The president makes such modifications as he sees fit and then presents it, with his recommendations, to the foundation. The foundation then votes financial support for those programs that it chooses and has funds for, in general trying to follow the president’s recommendations. This is done only once a year, and Dankworth tells me that no funds are voted for projects at any other time during the year. I assume the foundation could make an exception to this in an emergency situation if it wished to do so.

Since the beginning of the foundation, attempts have been made to lessen the gap between it and the university by increased integration of the operation of the foundation with the university, as has already been indicated by making the vice-president of advancement a permanent *ex officio* president of the foundation in June 1984, the director of development of the university also acting as chief director of development of the foundation, and the university comptroller and his staff handling the funds of the foundation—all of these being on hard money employment by the university. There is also close cooperation with the

Alumni Association, especially in the alumni annual drive for funds, where a computer recently obtained by the foundation markedly facilitates the handling of the large number of names and addresses.

Several of the above changes have allayed much of my apprehension at the beginning that there might be a violation of the principle established by the *King v. The Board of Regents* decision. I hope and believe that some of my questions and comments when the board first started out may have brought some of these changes.

Finally, in addition to the possibility of the foundation for worthwhile fund raising, I see 2 other results: for if things go well, it should result in a considerable number of influential people—the trustees—who will be interested in the welfare of the university and be helpful to it, both with the legislators and the public. On the negative side, it makes for some further separation of the presidents from the chancellor’s office, which I believe was another aim of Chancellor Baepler and several of the then Board of Regents, and this tends to weaken the integration of the university system.

RANK AND SALARY

Before the time that Neil Humphrey came to the University of Nevada System, salary, rank and promotions were not based on any formula. Instead, they were rather haphazard and at the whim of the presidents and their advisors. They were based on what sort of recommendations they got from the department chairmen and on what they thought of the individuals themselves, but nothing that you could really tie to. Humphrey attempted to bring order and precision into the process by creating a rank or range pattern related to definite steps that range from 1 to

20, and each carried a specific salary with it. This was a tremendous improvement.

As I recall, there were 4 steps in each rank. One could not get the fifth step without at the same time getting the rank and salary that went with it. There were also 2 types of contracts: "A" contracts, or full-year ones, and "B" contracts, or school-year ones, which of course carried different salaries because of the different number of months worked. A lecturer or instructor was the lowest rank or range, going up through assistant professor, associate professor and professor as the highest. There were 4 steps in each rank. There could also be merit raises for the most deserving, but the budget seldom allowed for many of these.

The community colleges have adopted an almost identical plan—calling them ranges instead of ranks, but using the same steps and the same salary schedule. Above the step 16 shown in these charts* there could be further raises based on cost of living, but no higher rank and no actual raises in salary.

Also, when I was a regent, the retirement age was 65 years. Then the individual could be hired on a year-to-year basis, but without advancement in salary or rank. I presume that this latter is the same under the present system, except now retirement is not mandatory at 65 because the federal government prohibits making it mandatory under the age of 70. I don't believe this affects the step and range pattern, as professor is still the highest rank or range.

When I was on the board, we went by definite unit steps, jumping from one step to another, but I understand now that they may promote only a one-half step or a one-quarter range, which would be perfectly legal to do, but I can't see any great advantage to it. This year the salary range goes from \$14,226—what I believe is the lowest and

would be a lecturer or an instructor—to assistant professor, associate professor and professor, [the latter being paid a top salary of \$42,356].

There are a couple of exceptions to this. One is in the Medical School, where you simply cannot get M.D.'s to work for the amount of money that is allowed under the general law, which is no more than 59 percent of the governor's salary, and I believe in 1984 the governor only gets \$50,000. We got a special law passed, when we began to get our clinical faculty, by which they could be paid above the maximum allowed by law, but the additional money would have to come from some other source than the legislature. It comes chiefly from what they earn themselves through the one day a week or evenings that they can do private practice. Of course, 10 percent of that has to go to the dean to spend for whatever he wants to, and I believe that about at least 25 percent of it or more—perhaps 40 percent—has to go into a pool from which money can be paid to those M.D.'s who are doing the kind of practice where they may not be making enough of a supplement above their appropriated salaries. I believe an M.D. can earn and keep 50 percent above his salary from the school.

Did that change the salary structure or affect the salaries of any other departments?

The Desert Research Institute could not attract any of its top men for the 59 percent of the governor's salary, and as nearly all their money during many of the years came from soft money, they could not be guaranteed any sort of tenure beyond what their grants lasted for. So in order to induce them to come here, they could be paid higher salaries, and many of them were paid higher salaries than were provided for in the rank and step pattern.

But this additional money came from their research or contract grants.

SPORTS

In sports, as in other things, Las Vegas expected its teams to do big things in a hurry. In 1958 [Michael] “Chub” Drakulich, a UNR alumnus, was made director of athletics and started basketball in Las Vegas, and in 1962 a high came when their team defeated the University of Nevada, Reno, twice in one season. In 1966 the regents authorized football in Las Vegas and obtained a grant of \$15,000 from the legislature for it. Bill Ireland, a coach from the UNR campus, was sent down to coach football.

Athletic squads have made rapid progress in Las Vegas, where the citizens want them to go first-class and the Rebel Boosters Club provides the finances to do that. I n 1973 they gained national attention when they hired Jerry Tarkanian, whose Long Beach State College basketball team had been second in the nation the previous year. It was rumored that the boosters had arranged a very attractive and rewarding situation. Allegedly he was well paid for a broadcast column once a week, and they had arranged for him to have an expensive home at a modest price, an automobile and other financial inducements in addition to the university salary. The amounts are really unspecified; they are only rumor to me, and the truth known only to Tarkanian and the boosters and supporters themselves. I repeat only what I have seen in the papers and read in the university history by Hulse and what I have heard.

Be that as it may, basketball has flourished at Las Vegas, being turned around in just about one year. In each of the last several years they have gone to the national elimination tournament. Last year in the semi-finals they

lost to North Carolina by one point, missing a winning basket in the last few seconds of play. North Carolina went on to beat Texas in the final game.

Tarkanian’s triumphs have not been without troubles. About 2 years ago he suffered some sort of a heart attack— what was rumored to be probably a moderate coronary thrombosis. But he was seen back chewing a towel again, waving on his warriors within a very few weeks. For last year, he had his picture on the cover of Time magazine as coach of the year. There have been other difficulties also—mainly with the NCAA [National Collegiate Athletic Association] while I was still on the Board of Regents—which kept the president and director of athletics traveling back and forth to NCAA meetings frequently. I do not remember the details of these, and in fact it was difficult to determine them at the time. The NCAA always has seemed to me to operate in a somewhat arbitrary manner, making charges as a rule without giving the institution concerned a clear-cut picture that they might have a reasonable chance to answer and acting in a highhanded manner. It must be said in their favor, however, that without them intercollegiate athletics would not be kept as clean from unethical practices and violations of both rules and the law as it is.

At the University of Nevada, Reno, under Chris Ault football has made steady progress. I was not on the Board of Regents when the university went through the days of [Joseph L.] Sheeketski about 1947 to 1951. He was coach with such players as Marion Motley, Stan Heath, Tommy Kalmanir, Pat Brady, Horace Gillom, Scott Beasley and Dick Trachok. Together these brought national attention to Nevada with nearly every one of these going on into pro football.

I was at the last football game in 1948, which was against Santa Clara in their stadium when the wind was nearly strong enough to blow one out of the sports field and to completely ruin Heath's passing game. He was allegedly the top passer in the nation that year. Passing had been their strongest winning factor, but in this windstorm they lost to a supposedly inferior Santa Clara team by a score of 14 to 0.

The regents had let the Board of Athletic Control get considerably indebted to support the high-powered teams with full rides for some of the players, supposedly to be regained by an enthusiastic booster club. But giving was not on hand for a non-bowl team in such generous amounts as had been anticipated prior to the Santa Clara game, and Nevada lost out on any sizable bowl bid. In 1951, before my time on the board, the regents suspended intercollegiate football and in 1953 obtained \$15,000 from the legislature to buy off the remainder of Sheeketski's contract, the Board of Athletic Control having acquired a debt of \$45,000. I don't know how all this debt was resolved, although I believe the alumni and the boosters did take care of most of it over a period of time.

Although football suffered a decline in the latter 1940s, Glenn "Jake" Lawlor—a former star athlete in football and basketball at UNR and for whom the Lawlor Events Center in Reno is now named—coached basketball teams to some degree of national prominence. In 1950 the team received a bid to a regional tournament in Kansas City. They did not have the money to travel, and the boosters went to work. A Las Vegas gambler gave a check for \$1,000 to John Cahlan, a Las Vegas newspaperman and regent. This caused so much publicity that it came to the notice of the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball, and the invitation was withdrawn

on the ground that the team was supported by gambler's money.

In a similar vein this reminds me of the second home we bought in Reno. A Mrs. Hazel Garvey had come from the East. I believe her husband was a Pittsburgh steel magnate. She got a divorce and then got remarried in Nevada, allegedly to a so-called cowboy, although I do not really know what he did. This marriage was very brief, and he threatened her with bodily harm, so she had a home designed by the famous architect, Paul Williams of Los Angeles, at the corner of Nixon and California Avenue with steel bars on the windows and a direct line to the police station. The house was built as a duplex so that her attorney, ex-Judge Lunsford and his family, could live in the other half in close proximity.

A new Episcopal church had just been started and had a basement and one floor completed when its coffers were emptied. Mrs. Garvey is said to have offered to put up the money for completion, but it was refused by the bishop and aldermen because she had been twice divorced in Reno. The story has it that when this refusal came to her she then funded the building of a Christian Science church that stands not far from the Episcopal church on the opposite side of the river.

Mrs. Garvey was not molested in the new home in Reno.

We later purchased Judge Lunsford's half of the duplex in about 1950 and lived there for 5 years, then moved to 30 Irving Circle because of heavy traffic on California Avenue killing our pet poodle and endangering our children, who were then quite small. I think there are few enterprises that would refuse legal gambling money today for sports or money from a divorced person for completion of a church.

To get back to the sports—for many years while I was on the Board of Regents

UNR was in the Far Western Conference and later changed to the West Coast Athletic Conference. Then, because they did not have anywhere near as complete an assortment of sports in some of the member colleges, we changed again to the Big Sky Conference in which all of the universities have similar athletic programs. It should be especially noted that football was excluded by several of the members of the previous conference who concentrated almost entirely on basketball, therefore beating us most of the time.

Limited numbers of tuition waivers—altogether 3 percent of the previous year's enrollment—were established while I was on the board: some to athletics, some to music, some to foreign students and some, at the insistence of Regent Seeliger and me, to Nevada Indians. The athletes had apparently the largest number of tuition-free scholarships at that time, both for in-state and out-of-state, although it is my understanding now that quite a few of the tuition-free scholarships have migrated to the music department.

It is my understanding that the number of fee waivers—which is 3 percent of the previous year's registration, as it was when I was on the Board of Regents—is still in effect and is put in the final budget. However, I am told by the Department of Athletics that it gets none of these when the legislature reduces the budget, as in 1983, and while its students still get the fee waivers allowed, that money must be obtained by them from other sources such as the booster clubs. The fee waivers to an out-of-state student would be to waive the out-of-state tuition, so he would pay the same tuition as an in-state student...I believe he gets \$10 for each credit taken and passed, so if he took 12 credits—that's the minimum amount they can take and still get a tuition fee waiver—he would get his in-state tuition fee cut by that much. They have a rather small number for

the foreign students; I think only 15. We had only about 75 foreign students when I was first chairman of the Foreign Students Committee on the campus. They now have about 600, so to spread the subsidy further they give half of a tuition waiver in order to double the number of students helped.

The athletic programs at UNR were singularly free from problems with the NCAA while I was on the board. There'd been only one incident to my knowledge, and that was in 1976 with a basketball player, Edgar Jones, over admission grades from the eastern high school from which he came. Failing grades were omitted from the transcripts and just the final passing grades were sent on; thus it then showed a passing grade and can let the student go on to transfer to athletics in universities where a passing grade would allow them to come in. University of Nevada did not do anything wrong voluntarily in this case. The school he came from, without our knowing it, left the failing grades out and sent the passing grades on. Somehow word of this got to the NCAA, who took exception to it and put the University of Nevada on probation for one year. The problem was taken to court here, as the university felt it had been dealt with unjustly. An injunction was obtained in court that allowed Edgar Jones—who is now in pro basketball—to play, but the NCAA would not reverse its action even though it could never prove that the University of Nevada had done or intended to do anything wrong.

Lawlor gradually rebuilt football, but the position of football coach in 1968 was taken over from him by Richard Trachok, who had been on one of Sheeketski's teams. He remained on the job of football coach for 10 years, producing good but not sensational teams. He was then made director of athletics, and Chris Ault—who had been successively at Manogue, Reno and Las Vegas high schools—

came to Reno as head football coach. His teams have performed creditably, almost always being within one or 2 places of or at the top of the conference championship. In 1983-1984 the team was conference champion and won its first playoff game in the postseason tournament.

Basketball has done well under Sonny Allen, who came here in 1980 from Southern Methodist University. The sport had a somewhat spotty number of years before that under a variety of coaches. Allen has staged a considerable comeback during his time, leading the conference in 1984 and 1985 and also winning the Big Sky tournaments. I think the spotty years partly can be ascribed to the fact that during the 1960s and early 1970s there was a good deal more student interest in activism than in athletics.

An exception had been track here, where under Coach Dick Dankworth—now one of the vice-presidents of the university—during the 1960s the team won 8 Far Western Conference championships in 11 years, and Nevada produced several world-ranked competitors and broke 36 Far Western Conference records in less than 10 years. They have continued to do well, although a little less spectacular, under track coach Jack Cook, who took over from Dankworth, especially in distance running.

Jimmy Olivas, a former boxer at the University of Nevada and old-time alumnus, has maintained a boxing team through all the years on a very small amount of pay and has won several national championships but received no particular credit and minimal financial support because most universities in the country have dropped boxing. He has, however, been admitted—as have Lawlor, Trachok and others—to the University of Nevada Hall of Fame and has quite a devoted

fan club. He coached boxing largely as a labor of love, I would say.

I have consistently been an athletics fan and supporter and attender, even though college sports are fraught with many problems. I believe sports teaches teamwork and discipline. It also allows many young people to get some college education even though many college athletes don't finish and get a degree. Many of these wouldn't get any college otherwise.

EVENTS CENTERS

Having failed in 3 successive sessions of the Nevada State Legislature—1971, 1973 and 1975—to obtain the authorization and funding for new sports arenas in the 2 University of Nevada campuses, supporters of the effort turned to the United States Congress. U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt had confided to a close friend at UNLV that he was going to become a member of the powerful Finance Committee of the U.S. Senate at the start of the 1977 session. Realizing that the federal government was already rebating 80 percent of the \$250 annual federal tax per slot machine licenses in Nevada, with the federal government keeping 20 percent—it was felt by some in Las Vegas that we might gain the remainder for buildings on the campuses. The UNLV supporters of the project—including the Rebel Boosters and many prominent citizens who were led by Wildcat Morris, a former university regent and University of Nevada, Reno, football player—approached the Board of Regents, who reacted favorably.

The 80 percent that had already been obtained had been about \$5 million a year for university capital construction, from which most of the buildings on the community college campuses were constructed. The

remainder went to the distributive fund for primary and secondary schools throughout the state. The advocates of gaining more of this money reasoned that Senator Laxalt's membership on the Senate Finance Committee represented a golden opportunity to obtain the remainder of the annual federal tax for the university. They were joined now by the university regents and boosters and other supporters of athletics from northern Nevada. With both groups supporting the project, they persuaded the 1977 state legislature to authorize the construction and funding of the 2 campus events centers on the condition that the United States Congress pass legislation rebating 15 percent of the remaining 20 percent federal slot machine tax to Nevada. The southern Nevada boosters and regents started out with only a project for the south in mind, but a motion was made by me that if the south got an events center in such a manner, the university in Reno should also get one, and this passed the Board of Regents without opposition.

After quietly persuading the United States Senate Finance Committee members and obtaining a commitment of support by Chairman Russell Long of Louisiana, Senator Laxalt obtained approval of the legislation in the summer of 1978. The bill received the support of the U.S. Treasury Department, which took the position that it had no objection to the federal government rebating the remainder of the slot machine tax to Nevada, providing that the government refunded all of the tax rather than 15 percent of the remaining 20 percent, their reason being that 5 percent of the tax wasn't worth the federal government's effort and expense to administer it. I believe that Senator Laxalt played a large part in gaining the 100 percent. As a rider to the administration's omnibus

tax bill it won congressional approval in the fall of 1978.

Subsequently, the 1979 session of the Nevada State Legislature reaffirmed its commitment made in 1977 and passed legislation imposing a state tax on slot machines in lieu of the just repealed federal tax and authorizing the funding and construction of the 2 campus facilities with the proceeds. The southern one was projected to cost \$30 million and the northern \$24 million. The north also got a \$1.5 million grant from the Gund Foundation and a \$150,000 gift for landscaping by Dorothy Benson—retired owner of the Arlington Nursery in Reno, who had already contributed an arboretum just north of the Atmospherium-Planetarium. In addition, the Harvey Gross family gave approximately \$180,000, and the First Interstate Bank funded a computerized scoreboard and an outside visible signboard in return for the right to display their logo on each. There have undoubtedly been such gifts to the one in the southern end of the state of which I am unaware at this time as I have not been able to get the information.

Dorothy Phillips Benson is a 1936 graduate of the University of Nevada. In 1936, with her father, she began operation of the Arlington Gardens Nursery off Arlington Street and since 1946 has, with her father, donated freely of plantings and landscaping over many parts of the university campus. In 1946 she donated the Benson gardens around the Atmospherium-Planetarium in memory of her just deceased husband, John. Since the inception of this present events center, she has extended her gifts and has provided for the extension of the landscaping and arboretum around Lawlor Events Center, and there is now a bronze plaque outside the events center which reads, "Benson Gardens: named in

honor of Dorothy Phillips Benson, who made it all possible.”

The university Board of Regents quickly authorized the sale of the bonds to raise the money necessary to construct the 2 facilities, and the State Public Works Board granted contracts to construct the 2 arenas in the summer of 1981. Construction began on both buildings in November, 1981. The first cornerstone laying was done at the Lawlor Events Center in Reno in November, 1981, with the laying of the stone by the Masonic Lodge, an open house to the public and a private reception for some of Jake Lawlor’s old friends. I was indeed pleased to see Jake memorialized with this fine structure. Jake, with his brother Mike, were 2 years in back of me in college and were both fine athletes, Jake being outstanding in football and basketball. He played professional baseball for 4 years, then was a coach at Virginia City. He then took time off and obtained a master’s degree in history and physical education from USC, and after an interval of several years teaching, returned to Nevada to coach football, basketball, baseball, golf, track and field. In other words, he was handling the works. He became athletic director in 1962 and served in that capacity for 10 years. He has been named to the University of Nevada Athletic Hall of Fame and the Hall of Fame of the National Association of Collegiate Athletic Directors. He died in 1980, and he was represented by his wife, Irma, who gave a response to the dedication remarks at the cornerstone laying and the reception. The arena on the UNR campus was named after Lawlor.

The UNLV facility was named the Thomas and Mack Center in tribute to E. Parry Thomas and Jerry Mack, founders of the Valley Bank of Nevada, for their various contributions to the University of Nevada, Las

Vegas, particularly in forming the Southern Nevada Land Foundation. Their efforts resulted in the university acquiring, by means of this foundation, significant amounts of land in the late 1960s at a reasonable cost, permitting future expansion.

There has been much criticism in both north and south Nevada about the high cost of these events centers while the university was hurting in academic programs, but it must be realized that neither the legislature nor the regents could spend the funds on any other projects, and getting these events centers would seem to be a real step forward. In 10 years the Reno-Sparks area and the Clark County area will grow in population to need facilities of this size and probably will at that time have full usage and will have usage fees that will make up all or most of the maintenance and operation costs, although the next few years may be tough.

I’m most pleased at their size for, in terms of buildings, the legislature usually only looks 4 to 5 years ahead, and the regents and administration not much more. They are, in what they can construct, constrained by what the legislature will appropriate. I want to emphasize again that the conditions of obtaining the funds made it impossible to use the money for any other university projects; it had to be used for these 2 events centers.

SOME UNLV BUILDINGS

The proximity of the atomic energy testing range brought a natural to the Las Vegas campus when the Atomic Energy Commission induced the regents and legislature to construct several buildings on the campus for lease to the Atomic Energy Commission. The buildings were leased to them for their testing in connection with the nuclear test site, but eventually are to revert

to the university when the testing programs there are no longer carried on.

The construction of these buildings and the proximity of the test site and the presence on the campus of people working with and well versed in radiation resulted in a 2-year program to educate technicians in the detecting and counteracting of dangers of nuclear and atomic testing. Both 2-year and 4-year programs in radiation technology also came into being that would prepare students for hospital or research work.

In our planning for the University of Nevada in Las Vegas, what was to become the Judy Bayley Theater was—when constructed and with the other buildings that were envisaged with it—to become the centerpiece for a performing arts and music center for southern Nevada. A commitment of some \$47 million went into the trio of buildings—first the theater, then the Artemus W. Ham Concert Hall. Artemus Ham, Sr., was a casino owner, an attorney and businessman in Las Vegas. His son, Artemus Ham, Jr.—also a casino owner and attorney—gave significantly towards the construction of the Artemus Ham Building. The initial gifts toward construction of the theater that was to become known as the Judy Bayley Theater were made by Judy Bayley, who was operator of one of the Las Vegas resorts.

Artemus Ham, Jr., later contributed a good-sized portion of land to be sold, the profits going towards the third component named after his mother—the Alta Ham Fine Arts Building, completed in 1982. This latter contains art, music, sculpture, dance and theater studios, practice rooms, a gallery and offices. The ultra-modern and versatile theater, however, is the real showpiece and is a natural in Las Vegas, where there is continuously a stream of top-level show people performing in the various showrooms

of the casinos, a considerable number of whom actually, sooner or later, come to live in Las Vegas. These people—individuals who are top-notch musicians or actors or performers of other sorts—seem for the most part happy to cooperate with the university. Not only do they at times participate in programs at the Judy Bayley Theater, but in fact will at times interact with the students in the performances—both appearing at the same time in the theater or in musical groups.

The College of Hotel Administration and the College of Business and Economics are in a building named for the parents of the major donor, Thomas T. Beam. Uniquely, for a university, this building features food service facilities, a demonstration kitchen and a casino laboratory complete with gambling tables, in addition to classrooms and offices. A major wing of this building also houses the business and economics college.

The whole complex surrounds a 15,000-square-foot canopied courtyard, shaded to make it a comfortable meeting place the year round, with overhead protection from the sun and a completely surrounded compound protecting it from the wind and the sand which is just off the edge of the campus. What I do want to emphasize is that this has been developed not only to be the cultural center of the university but as a cultural center for the entire community, and I think it serves this purpose well.

No more than one dormitory was built at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, as the university has always tended to be a commuting university. The Reno one has been, to a considerable extent, a live-on campus except for the fraternities and sororities and the Reno-Sparks residents, and their influence and comparative number of membership is gradually becoming less. Sororities and fraternities were at a time

started at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas campus, but have never flourished there or really caught on. There are probably still some with very small memberships, but it is not—as was once the case in Reno—a strong political force among the students.

THE LAW SCHOOL QUESTION

There has been a good deal of controversy through the years over the starting up of a law school in Nevada, particularly in Las Vegas, and we've spent about as many hours discussing law school and had just as many studies as we've had regarding the Medical School. But this all seems to end up with the fact that one is not particularly needed, because law students do not have such a hard time getting into law school. It is not as expensive a school; lawyers are not in short supply in Nevada. They have too many now. And the lawyers themselves, as the State Bar Association, have not been favor of it.

What has happened is that some faculty from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, some students from there, and usually one or 2 members of the state supreme or other courts—who kind of wanted to be affiliated with the law school and perhaps be the founding father—and a few lawyers have tried to push it. Studies have shown it to be not needed, and when they did get sufficient numbers of these other people packed into the meeting room in Las Vegas to intimidate the Board of Regents into voting favorably toward it, the legislature had sense enough to vote it down.

If there were a law school, this end of the state would be the ideal place for it because of the College of the Judiciary and the College of Juvenile Court Judges and all the para-judicial personnel that come here and are given courses here. Many of the judges could

be used as guest lecturers in a regular law school. Also, it is close to Carson City, where the majority of legislation is discussed and passed. This does not imply that a law school should be initiated anywhere in the state.

I gather from what you've been telling me that Las Vegas interests are determined to have any law school that's formed in this state located in Las Vegas.

Yes, and aside from the fact that Reno is the logical place for it, it is not really needed. They do have a school of architecture down there, and they want very much to have any other professional schools that are begun—such as the school of dentistry or school of pharmacy—but the logical place for either of those would be in conjunction with the Medical School, in my opinion. Someday there should be a group of these related colleges formed into an independent division of the university under a president of their own, such as there is in many states. You have this in San Francisco; you have it in Portland; you have it in many other places.

The professional schools separated from the arts and sciences?

The professional schools and usually the nursing school also with them. Now, there would be, of course, some hassle here concerning the nursing school, because it has existed under the College of Arts and Sciences, and they certainly wouldn't want to lose it. I don't know what the wishes of the College of Nursing would be. But it would be the logical place for it to go.

The law school problem has recently been solved, at least temporarily, by the starting of a private institution in Reno called Old College that is mainly for a law school, but it

is now in some financial difficulties and not accredited.

THE NATIONAL JUDICIAL COLLEGE

In 1964, as chairman of the Board of Regents, I was called by President Armstrong to meet with him, Justice Thomas C. Clark of the U.S. Supreme Court, District Court Judge Thomas Craven and Julius Bergen, then chairman of the Fleischmann Foundation trustees, for a drive to Glenbrook for lunch. It developed that the National Judicial College—which had been started with a grant from the Kellogg Foundation at Boulder, Colorado in 1963—was looking for a home with more permanent funding. They had their eye on Nevada and the Fleischmann Foundation. Justice Clark had been the leader in initiating the college, and Judge Craven was a friend of his.

The Fleischmann Foundation was interested, and in 1965 the college changed its home to Nevada, becoming one of the crown jewels in the university for a long period of time, and still remaining in Reno. At first it was housed in the library, but the foundation soon donated \$1 million for a new building to house the college. The building was constructed on the campus in 1968 and given to the University of Nevada, Reno. Over the next few years the foundation also contributed law books and journals so that the college now possesses over 55,000 volumes, the finest law library in Nevada. Operating funds were also provided so that I would estimate the contribution from the foundation to the Judicial College to be in excess of \$8 million.

The National College of the Judiciary is the leading judicial educational and training institution for judges in the country and the only one of its kind. It has received grants

from many other foundations. In addition to its dean there is a full-time staff of 34 persons, but its teaching is done mainly by visiting volunteer judges, who, in 1982, numbered 142. Their donated time was considered to be worth over \$600,000. Judges from all over the country attend learning and participating sessions and also conduct seminars at times in various parts of the country, arranged by the Judicial College. Judges from many foreign countries also attend.

Programs to improve the knowledge and skills of judges in their understanding of the judicial function are too numerous to mention here, but Chief Justice Berger has said that the National Judicial College is one of the 2 most significant developments affecting the administration of justice in this century. He stated that no single institution has had as great an impact on so many people as the National Judicial College. More recently, former U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell has said in a presentation that the National Judicial College in Reno, Nevada has done more to improve the administration of justice in our state courts than any other institution in the country.

Over 15,000 state judges have completed the course or courses and received completion certificates issued by the school for these courses and seminars given on campus. Over 20,000 more have completed extension and other courses given in many parts of the country.

The Judicial College remained under the Board of Regents for several years, but the American Bar Association apparently thought it too prestigious to remain under a mere board of regents, and it is now under the supervision of a board of directors selected by the American Bar Association. My main association with it since that time has been to welcome a few classes of judges to Nevada

and to the college, and to continue giving it support through my friendship with the Fleischmann Foundation trustees.

The National College of Juvenile Court Justice, the educational arm of the National Council of Juvenile and Family Court Judges, came to the campus in 1969, and it represents a unique development of post-graduate, legal and behavioral education in the field of juvenile justice. Funding for this program has come mainly from the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention of the U.S. Department of Justice, supplemented by grants from the Fleischmann and multiple other grant foundations and the state judicial programs and numerous foundations. Instruction focuses on the legal and procedural concerns related to juvenile and family issues and behavioral science considerations applicable to the courts and in the best interests of the child. Such training programs are carried out as adjudication, decision-making, management, child-support enforcement, restitution, serious offenders, child abuse and neglect, detention, permanency planning, alcohol and drug abuse, probation issues and family law issues.

The judges' schools have in no way been creations of the regents, except through friendship with the Fleischmann Foundation, but have provided centers of extreme excellency on the campus that one would hardly expect on a fairly small campus and a still sparsely populated state. Again, thank the Fleischmann Foundation. Now with the termination of the Fleischmann Foundation, the Nevada State Legislature gives some support.

THE UNR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The University of Nevada, Reno Alumni Association was first organized in 1895 with Frank Norcross, who later became a judge,

as its first president. The preamble to its first constitution read: "To sustain the fair name of our alma mater and work as a unit for its advancement; to encourage and support the interest of the students; to encourage and assist the college paper and such other laudable enterprises that may arise from time to time; and also that old times may not be forgot."

For many years the Alumni Association survived after a fashion—sometimes with dues, sometimes without dues. They ran mainly on a very small membership and a prayer. But it owed its survival mainly to a remarkable woman named Louise Lewers, who I believe taught art at the university, and who year after year tried to keep the addresses of all the alumni so that she could on irregular occasions send out news of the university to as many of its graduates as possible. I became an alumnus in 1928 while she was still doing this—I feel now something like a cat with 3 lives, for during the interval since then, I have purchased 3 lifetime memberships.

When I first came on the Board of Regents in 1956 the association was in a rather sorry condition, without manager, secretary or funds except for a few sporadically-sent-in dues. I did, through the Board of Regents, manage to get \$15,000 per year for 3 years into the legislative budget, and a manager—a former athlete named Max Dodge—was hired. The association gradually recuperated and enlarged, soon flourishing and raising its own supporting funds. Over the past 25 years it has gradually become a strong supportive group for the university, with many beneficial actions and projects. Its main occasion is Homecoming Day; that often brings alumni now living in many other states—some clear across the nation—with particular attention being paid each year to the returning 50-year graduate class.

Awards for service are given out at the alumni breakfast on Homecoming, and persons selected for the Athletic Hall of Fame are also announced and honored at this breakfast. Other awards are given out at that time in the form of citations with plaques for service to the Alumni Association and the university over the years. There was a parade, of which I was Grand Marshal about 9 years ago on Homecoming Day. There's a homecoming dance and cocktail party, and, of course, the main day is always on a Saturday when there is a football game.

Going back to the beginning of the university in Reno, bids for the construction of Morrill Hall—the first building of the university—were received in 1884. It was to be constructed on the 10 acres which had been purchased on a hill north of Reno. The legislature appropriated \$12,700 for this to be built as the beginning of a Reno campus.

The building, when this money had been spent in the spring of 1886, had only the basement and first floor finished inside, although there was a roof and walls, of course. The upper 2 floors were unfinished. The porch that was to have been facing north, on what was later to be the main quadrangle of the university, was absent, as all the money had been spent. Over the years the 2 top floors were completed by the university, enough to be used for teaching and some other purposes, then gradually deteriorated to rubble over the next half century.

Prior to 1965 there had been much talk but no action by the Board of Regents on the restoration and completion of Morrill Hall. The legislators had also discussed this, but both groups thought that it would be rather expensive to restore it and complete it. It was thought better to use the money elsewhere, and it never reached the top of the list of priorities. Then in 1965 the Alumni Association, as its

crowning project, determined to undertake the restoration and modernization of Morrill Hall, and Virginia Phillips was named chairwoman of a committee for this. They soon submitted their initial plan and hopes in this direction to President Miller and the Board of Regents, who were in hearty approval of it. I was, incidentally, on the committee that was named for restoration by the Alumni Association, and I was also on the executive committee of the Alumni Association for a great many years.

As one of the first money-raising ventures the Alumni Association conceived the idea of having silver medallions cast and selling them for \$100 apiece, mainly to alumni whose names would then be placed on a plaque in the building. It may now be seen, I believe, inside the south door on the wall. As my mother, my sister, myself and my 2 children had all attended the University of Nevada, I have somewhere in my possession 5 of these medallions.

Virginia Phillips was the chairwoman of the restoration committee until 1970. It has since been under the chairmanship of Doug Byington, principal of O'Brien Middle School. With the help of Senator Bible, Morrill Hall was declared a historic landmark around 1975, which has opened the way for some federal funds. Ed Parsons was employed as architect for the planning of the project.

The funds needed were put together from a great many sources. As a member of the Board of Regents, I was able to go between the 2 groups and get a sizable sum appropriated from the Regents Special Projects Fund with the condition that this might, at some future date, be repaid if the Alumni Association became flush enough to do so—which will probably never occur. The legislature appropriated \$100,000 in, I believe, the 1979 session. An attorney friend,

with whom I had once shared an apartment when he first came to Reno— named Ralph Wittenberg—who was in the last stages of illness from emphysema, left the project \$37,500 in his will.

Prints of Morrill Hall by Tom Sumners were sold publicly and helped add to the fund. Several fund-raising drives by the Alumni Association also helped, as did some money left to the university by Walter Van Tilburg Clark—the author who was an alumnus of the university and whose father had been president. This sum was, for some reason, placed with the English department, but the Alumni Association wished to complete a room named in Walter Clark's honor, so this money was turned over to them to help renovate and furnish this room in Clark's memory. There were a great many other gifts and contributions, too numerous to mention here. This has been a huge job, well done by the Alumni Association. As a committee member, it seems to me as though there have been nearly as many committee meetings since 1965 as there have been dollars spent on the restoration project.

Today the alumni comprise over 22,000, with 14,000 known addresses, and they have been supportive of the university in many other ways than with Morrill Hall.

The office of the president of the university remained on the first floor of Morrill Hall for many years—in fact, until the new Getchell Library was completed in 1962 or shortly before that. As editor of the university newspaper, the Sagebrush, I can well remember my every Tuesday interview with President Clark when he always placed me across from his desk with the sun directly in my eyes. In about 1927 William A. Clark—a mining speculator and son and namesake of former widely-known Senator Clark, who had married a lady from Virginia City

named Alice McManus—donated funds for a building to be used as the main university library, and this was used as such until the much larger Getchell Library was completed about 5 years after I came on the Board of Regents.

Under the largely new Board of Regents and President Armstrong, the numbers of persons attending meetings increased. The meetings, previously held in the president's office, and the office itself were shifted to the Clark Library building, which was now renamed the Clark Administration Building, as the library had been removed to the new Noble Getchell Building.

Beginning in 1960 with about 6 members, the University of Nevada, Las Vegas Alumni Association has grown to a duespaying membership of over 1,000. Jim Bilbray, a former regent of the university and now a member of the legislature was the first president. There are about 10,000 graduates at the present time.

The association sponsors scholarships and is involved in homecoming of UNLV, in what is called a Careers Day, and is now studying the feasibility of an alumni building on the University of Las Vegas campus.

THE NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

One of my hopes—after the Fleischmann gift of the Atmospherium-Planetarium—was to make the northern area of the Reno campus the cultural center of the community of Reno. The Church Fine Arts Building for art, sculpture and drama was to the south across the parking lot, and it is now scheduled and funded for a very modern enlargement to be started soon, which will extend northwards. In addition to this, several efforts were made by me to persuade the Nevada Art Museum, isolated halfway across town to the west on

Ralston Street, to combine with the University Art Museum—being adjacent, but each retaining its own identity with a separate building and with the museum still retaining its own directors—on a long-term lease such as we have with the Nevada Historical Society. I believe the directors of the Nevada Art Museum were afraid of being submerged, however, and would never agree, so it seems to me that little use is made of that organization's real potential for the public, and certainly not for the students.

I had somewhat better luck with the Nevada Historical Society Building. That organization started in 1904 after the coming of a history teacher, Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, to the campus in 1899. She almost single-handedly founded the Nevada Historical Society. Through her personal efforts many of Nevada's earlier historical records and objects were preserved. For many years the society was located in a building called the State Building in a small park near the Truckee River in downtown Reno where the Pioneer Theatre Auditorium now stands.

After the death of Miss Wier the program relapsed considerably, but was revitalized in the 1960s when Professors Russell Elliott and Wilbur Shepperson—both in the history department—came on campus. They did not attempt to control it but had strong influence in its coming into active operation again. When I first came back from the service, and after I was on the Board of Regents, the state historical society was under the operational management of a group of ladies headed by Clara Beatty, Myrtle Myles and Velma Truett, all in middle or considerably past middle age. Velma Truett, the younger of the group, eventually died of cancer, leaving it then in the hands of quite elderly ladies who were very dedicated, doing their best to keep track of the huge accumulation of not adequately

classified documents and objects. However, these were in an inadequate space; none of the ladies were particularly trained for this type of work; and the space was entirely unsuitable and the budget always too small.

The city eventually decided to tear down the old State Building to make way for a medium-sized theater and convention building in what is known as Pioneer Park, the small park across from the old post office right near the center of town. So new quarters for the Nevada Historical Society had to be found. For some unfathomable reason, the ladies settled on a totally inadequate area—less than an acre in extent, with almost no parking space, and sandwiched between the SAE fraternity house and the main freeway through Reno. They were firm in their resolve that it should be there.

Seeing the total inadequacy of this location, it came to my mind that an ideal location would be on the north end of the campus, where the Fleischmann Atmospherium-Planetarium, the Botanical Garden and the Church Fine Arts Building—with its painting, sculpture and small theater—were already beginning to form a cultural group. I approached the ladies about this and was rebuffed strongly. I approached the board of directors of the society with a little better luck, and, with the aid of a few legislators, persuaded them. In fact, I had to have myself appointed to the board of directors of the Nevada Historical Society in order to conduct these activities from the inside, rather than being an outside intruder.

How did you accomplish that?

By speaking to one or 2 [on] the board of directors and the governor. Then I approached the Board of Regents and was able to convince them to grant a 49-year lease at \$1 a year, with

renewable options. Space for the building was voted by the regents, and contracts drawn up very advantageous to the Nevada Historical Society. The university actually keeps up the grounds, and the parking space that is used for the Atmospherium-Planetarium—and what used to be the Water Resources Research Center, but is now the University Computing Center Building—can be used for parking for the state historical society. When busloads of students are brought there—which is fairly frequent—there's plenty of parking and plenty of room, and they can see more than one thing at the same time.

Is there any formal association between the university and the historical society?

There is no formal association at all. We kept it that way purposely so that the board of directors, and in particular these ladies who were still working for the historical society, would not feel that they were being overshadowed or submerged or that any of their authority was being taken away from them.

Meanwhile the Fleischmann Foundation had given the Nevada Historical Society a grant of \$250,000 toward a new building, with the offer of another \$250,000 if they would find funds to match it. I had tried in vain to spur interest in a fund drive, but the allotted time slipped by, and the money slipped out of our hands. The same ennui seemed to pervade the new director or curator that they obtained soon after that when the ladies retired. Recently, before its dissolution, I believe the Fleischmann Foundation gave a new grant for an addition to the building, so that has worked out. There is also a new director with much more know-how and drive.

During the centennial year and after the first increment of the new building had been constructed, I provided it with a medical display of a museum nature—part of which my son and I gathered from around the state and part of which I obtained from the Army Medical Museum in Washington, D.C. The Army Medical Museum was very cooperative in sending us a list of about everything they had and loaning us almost anything we wanted for the displays because of its being our centennial year. The display was taken down at the state museum and returned to me within a few weeks after the centennial year was over, but the state historical society said they wanted to maintain theirs on display for some time longer. I agreed to this with the proviso that it would be returned to me as soon as the first building of the Medical School was completed and had suitable space for it, but after about 2 years and without speaking to me at all about it, they tore it down and stored it with the other material which had been brought up from the State Building and which, I believe, is stored in a large building out at Stead air base. I made a point of going to the Nevada Historical Society every 6 months and quizzing them as to when they would have their inventory done so I could get my material back, because I divided up, fairly evenly, such things as the artifacts that we had obtained from the first pharmacy to exist in the state and sets of old instruments—many things like that. Thank goodness we did not place Army Medical Museum material there.

They completed their inventory, and the new director was able to take me to some of the materials which I had placed there. I say some because most he can't find. We were unable to locate the bottles, which I very much wanted to find at that time—the

various colored bottles from Nevada's first pharmacy that the medicines came in and which we had half at the Medical School and half at the Nevada Historical Society. However, recently they seem much more cooperative and interested in finding the things than they ever were before, but the bottles and many more irreplaceable items can't be found.

I have a strong, continuing interest in the history of this state and in the museum itself—in fact, I fairly frequently go up there. In the old State Building over 20 years ago when the elderly ladies were still in charge, I put with them about 6 amulets—allegedly from King Tut's tomb—given to me by Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cutbill, friends of a member of the Lord Carnarvon excavations. They have also disappeared. I found this out 7 years ago when I was going to go to Los Angeles with my boy to see the display on Egyptology and the relics from the King Tut tomb that toured the United States 7 years ago. I still have a letter, which I obtained from them in writing, that I had put it on loan. I have that in my book on King Tut awaiting their discovery.

In another area, the Medical School, the same thing can happen. I took a number of objects up for display 3 years ago—the cabinets were not ready for it—and I left for display a beautifully done red and gold scroll of the Oath of Hippocrates and a marble slab on which had been engraved the Oath of Maimonides, another one of the famous old doctors, this one Jewish and more recent. Both, when we had obtained cabinets, had disappeared, and we have not found them as yet. The lesson I have learned from these is that if you give or loan to any public body, there should be insistence that they be kept in locked display cases with the key available

to one or as few persons as possible. Recently, someone tore the locks out of the medical display cases in the hallway and stole over \$11,000 worth of mostly irreplaceable items.

Having accomplished the signing of the appropriate contracts for the building of the historical society at the space at the university, I did not seek any reappointment to the Board of Directors. I have not been on it since that time.

THE REGENTS AND THEIR CRITICS: 1956-1978

A REPRESENTATIVE BODY

The major task of the regents and the administration has always been to operate the university and sell or explain its programs and policies to the governor and legislators and public, and to try to create trust and confidence—an aim not always accomplished. Over most of its 100 operating years this has been done with a sparse population and a meager budget. Growing pains have been frequent and ever-changing. As the south of the state grew in population and demands, there was created a polarity that has been present in fluctuating degree, both in regents and legislature. These changes, noted in the McHenry Report, have occurred particularly during my 22 years on the Board of Regents. As Congress and the state legislature carried out the readjustments in legislative and regent reapportionment according to population, there gradually has transferred absolute majority of numbers of legislators and regents to the south, particularly at a loss to the sparsely settled

cow counties, but to a lesser degree also to the north portion of the state.

To go hat in hand to the legislature that almost always has some highly vocal and often misinformed members is often frustrating and embarrassing to regents and administration. Fortunately, the majority of the legislators and regents from all over the state have tried to bear in mind most of the time that they were to avoid such polarity. Now both the legislature and the regents have to rely on a southern sense of fairness—not always manifest—plus a little legislative maneuvering for appropriate progress, and, occasionally, almost even for survival.

The 1947 legislature created an advisory board of regents of the Nevada state university, “consisting of not more than 7 residents of the state of Nevada who have distinguished themselves in the business profession and cultural life of the state or the nation, and whose counsel may be sought by the elected regents of the University of Nevada.” Regents were to submit nominations and the governor to make the appointments. A citizen, Ralph

King, in a taxpayer's suit, contested this action by the legislature. In November 1948, by majority vote, the supreme court held the legislative action to be unconstitutional, stating the supreme authority had been vested by the constitution in the elected Board of Regents. "We are of the opinion," wrote the court, "that it was the intention of the framers of the constitution to vest exclusive administrative control of the university in a Board of Regents to be elected by the people. The act creating the advisory board would change, alter or modify its constitutional powers and functions, and cannot find its justification in the power of the legislature to define the duties of the elected board."

PROFILES OF REGENTS

It has been said by some people that for more than 20 years before his decision not to run again, the development of the University of Nevada "had been a reflection of the long, thin shadow of Silas Ross." He had gone to the university, been an athlete while attending, very much interested in it afterwards, and then on the Board of Regents for more than 20 years—a large portion of that time serving as the chairman of the board. The other regents who served under him, although having some interest in the university, were largely guided by his opinion until he went off the board. In 1956, as noted, he did not file again; I filed, and then this left the Board of Regents made up of Archie Grant, Bruce Thompson, Louis Lombardi, Roy Hardy and me, with the proStout forces still one man in the majority.

The strength of an organization such as the Board of Regents derives almost entirely from the character and personality of those who serve on it. I am interested in your assessment

of the regents who mattered most during your 22 years on the board.

I got along with nearly all of the regents fine and enjoyed serving until the last 2 terms, when we had those 2 difficult ones from Las Vegas. Mr. Archie Grant from Las Vegas was on the board when I came on, and had been on for a number of years. He was very much a gentleman. He was fair-minded and I liked him. I can understand that at that time, with the southern branch just beginning, he had to have some bias for it, and he had to try to get things for it.

Louis Lombardi was a good regent. He had been inclined to follow along with Silas Ross because Silas Ross had known him and been on the board so long. Louis is a doctor also. He has taken a tremendous interest in athletics and a tremendous interest in holding onto land, but he has not taken quite such tremendous interest in the academic affairs, although not neglecting them entirely. He is a very personable man; his patients thought he was wonderful. Why he wanted to run last time, I don't know. He'd been on for I think 25 years then. Many people advised Louis not to run because of the length of time, but he did anyway.

The lady that beat Dr. Lombardi, Frankie Sue Del Papa, had been a student body president, had been back in either Senator Cannon's or Senator Bible's office—I forget which—had returned to Reno and was practicing law. She is quite attractive, campaigned hard and beat Lombardi. She is thought by most people to be ambitious politically. Her votes and remarks on the Board of Regents seem to bear this out. As an example, she voted for a duplicate Engineering School in Las Vegas. The cost projected will allow it to outstrip the one in

Reno, but the south is where the votes are in majority for the future.

Roy Hardy was a good man, but he knew a lot more about mining than he did about education. He was the brother-in-law of George Wingfield; they had married sisters. He also just followed along, voted whatever way Ross would suggest to him. He was from the north, so he was not as adamant for the south as Archie Grant.

Bruce Thompson, an attorney and later United States District Court judge, ran for regent because of the Stout situation. He was a fine person and regent, but was badly outnumbered and outvoted by the pro-Stout faction. Then I ran in 1955 and joined the board, and with the 2 of us there and Ross now off, a new code with a great deal of faculty participation in governance was soon adopted, and the Stout philosophy of dictatorship and repression, backed by the regents, was abandoned.

The composition of the board was soon changed again because the revised statutes at the time of the Stout affair (396.030 and 396.040 of the Nevada Revised Statutes) increased the number of the Board of Regents from 5 to 9 members, and divided the state into districts for their election. It tells how they shall be elected and how long they shall hold their terms of office. At that time the terms were 4 years, and they remained 4 years up until about 10 years ago when they were changed to 6 years.

The 4 people who were appointed as new regents were Cyril Bastian, who was from Caliente and was in the legislature later. He was an excellent regent for the whole state and a fine gentleman. Bill Elwell owned a hotel in Las Vegas and was well liked and fair-minded. N. E. (Nevin Edward) Broadbent from Ely owned a pharmacy there and was also a fine

regent and gentleman. Grant Sawyer had been district attorney in Elko, had been involved in Democratic politics and had been chairman of the state Democratic Party and proved to be another fine regent.

Now, Bastian and Elwell were from the southern part of the state, but neither of them went overboard. They were both regents for the entire state. Broadbent was from the eastern part of the state, Ely; he was a regent for the whole state; and Grant Sawyer was a regent for the whole state. Of course, I was on there, and I think that although you may hear comments to the contrary, I was a regent for the whole state. I believe the only thing that has ever come up that has made people feel I was sectional was the Medical School, although after the south had a majority of regents I, at times, had to fight for fair treatment for the north.

Now I want to say a word about the Medical School. Here was a chance for a 2-year medical school. The last 2 or 3 studies that had been done by the government and by university groups had shown a shortage of doctors, particularly family doctors. The government was making huge appropriations for 2 and 4-year schools to help in capital construction and to help 2-year schools get started, and foundations were giving them money for operation and equipment and construction, so that we had enough money to start a 2-year school. Four years later, the government was giving no money to build buildings, and the capitation money of \$2,500 per year per student was starting to drop each year, so now it no longer exists. The assistance from foundations, particularly for building, within 2 years time had dropped a great deal, and soon dropped to almost nothing.

If we had not voted the Medical School then, we would probably have waited 15 years

for one, as we would have had to wait until the population was large enough, not only to build the school, but to operate it. If begun in Las Vegas, they would not be able to get accreditation probably for over 10 years at the minimum, and they would not then have the help from the government and the help from the foundations and the other help that we had. This is the reason that I was so strong for getting it started at that time. These gifts, grants and other help would not have been given to UNLV. This was stated by the federal people And the foundations, as UNLV was not sufficiently developed then.

In 1958 William Tyson was elected to the Board of Regents. He was the son-in-law of Perle Mesta. They came out here with a good deal of money and were trying to launch him into a political career, but Bill Tyson just didn't quite have what it takes to make it in higher politics here in Nevada. He was from back east and although he was a large man, he lacked charisma. Although friendly, Nevadans regarded him as a carpetbagger. He and his family were gouged moneywise by some unscrupulous Nevadans because Nevadans knew the family was rich and politically ambitious. After they had been here a couple of years and he was a regent, I took care of his wife for cancer of the breast, but it was a rapid growing one, and she died within less than 2 years. Tyson moved back to Washington, D.C. and became a real estate broker and remarried. He had not had much experience in educational matters but tried to be a good regent.

Weld Arnold had a sort of indefinite connection with the university and with Nevada politics. There was some money in the family that had been inherited. He was a fair regent, but he was not an educator and not a politician. He was just a nice guy who was trying to do the right thing.

Newton Crumley grew up in the state out in Elko, and had served in the legislature and knew his way around. He was generally well liked. He was the one who started the Holiday Hotel in Reno after starting and running the Ranch Inn in Elko. Newt Crumley and I were on the board at the same time. He was very strong in his opinions and very quick to anger if anyone disagreed with him, so he and I came into conflict a number of times. He was a big, husky guy and could probably have decked me with one punch, but we got along. He was a pilot and was killed in a crash of his airplane in a snowstorm near Tonopah.

Ray Germain was a graduate of UNR, but he lived and worked in Las Vegas. He was pro the south all the way, but a good man, an intelligent and well-liked man. He died recently.

Molly Magee came out of the middle of the state, the Grass Valley Ranch near Austin. At this time, regents were elected from districts, and Molly Magee was from District 3, so had a ready-made campaign slogan: Molly Magee from District 3. She had been educated abroad in London and in this country. She was a highly educated, highly cultured, very affable and friendly woman who knew a good deal about education, about ranching, and about a lot of other things too. Molly makes friends wherever she goes and is widely known, although she lives on an isolated ranch and at times has managed the ranch herself. Somehow or other she failed to get re-elected after several terms, I think because of the districting. She was an excellent regent in all respects and should have been chairwoman. She is now remarried, and her name is Knudtsen.

Regent Magee had a great degree of interest in anthropology and archaeology. My family and I visited several diggings in the state together with her. She and I became so interested that we joined together in

attempting to develop a competent staff at Desert Research Institute in anthropology. Don and Katherine Fowler were retained there, and Warren d'Azevedo was obtained for a position at the University of Nevada itself. These were all encouraged to work together and to point toward working on joint archaeological projects between the university and the Nevada State Museum. Several of these were accomplished which were quite successful, including several prehistoric caves in northern Nevada.

Harold Jacobsen, who was elected in 1962, had served a term in the legislature. He was a very friendly but blunt individual—who had been brought up on a ranch like myself—said what he thought, but usually thought things out before he said them, although occasionally he would put his foot in his mouth. He has served as mayor of Carson City about ever since he went off the Board of Regents. I would classify him as a very good regent because he voted honestly, voted his opinion, usually considered his opinions and did his homework. He was disliked by some of the faculty because he opposed tenure.

Dr. Juanita White was from Boulder City, a fine woman who had a Ph.D. in chemistry and had taught. She was a very good regent for the entire state, although having at times to favor the south a little bit. Juanita lost out in one election, I believe, because she voted for the Medical School. She thought things were right for it, the timing was right and the funds to build and start it were available, and she had the courage of her convictions.

Procter Hug, Jr. was appointed to fill the vacancy when Weld Arnold died. He was an intelligent regent, one who did his homework. He was an attorney who has now been appointed to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, a spot only one step below the Supreme Court, as you know. He

was an excellent regent, then retired from being a regent to be attorney to the Board of Regents and served in that capacity until his appointment as a Circuit Court judge. He was excellent in all respects in my opinion.

Grant Davis was an attorney. Grant was a likable regent and I think fair for all the state, although he lived in the north. He had a good deal of experience in education below the university level, but learned fast about higher education on the board and was a very satisfactory regent.

Dick Ronzone was a graduate of UNR, ran a large department store in Las Vegas, was strongly pro south and made no bones about it. He was a good man, a fairly good regent. He also had to learn about education while on the board as did most of us regents, including myself. As with Lombardi, absenteeism from some important meetings was at times a problem.

Al Seeliger had been principal of the Carson City High School, knew quite a bit about education, was very honest and a good man. He always voted his opinion and did his homework and was an excellent regent during the time he was on there.

James Bilbray graduated with the first 4-year class in Las Vegas, came up here, definitely opposed to the north and opposed to the Medical School, with his mind made up on all the questions. He was a very difficult regent at first, and one with whom I had many clashes, as I was chairman when he first came on. But Bilbray gradually came to realize that there was something in the world besides Las Vegas and the south, and improved a great deal. He ran for Congress but lost out and is now a state senator. I sent him a contribution and helped him where I could.

We got several regents appointed when the board was expanded to 11 members. Tom Bell, an attorney from Las Vegas, was one of

the principal Nevada attorneys for Howard Hughes and was one of those appointed and a good, steady, intelligent regent. So was Art Smith, who was the president of what they now call First Interstate Bank; it used to be Bank of America, the main Nevada bank here in Reno. He was president of that and was a very good regent, although he was only on for a short while. He was one I found who agreed with me strongly when I tried to impress on the regents and on the faculty senate members, for that matter, the importance of computers in the university's future. Most of the regents and administration except for Neil Humphrey wouldn't buy it at first. Art Smith helped me impress it on them.

Paul McDermott was appointed from Las Vegas to replace Art Smith when Smith was transferred from Las Vegas to his Reno bank's presidency. He was a insurance salesman in Las Vegas, a very fine individual, and was a regent for the whole state as was Art Smith. Paul McDermott died of cancer within not too long a time after he was appointed. We all regretted his death very much. He was a fine man and a fine regent.

When McDermott resigned because of the illness, he was replaced by Bilbray, and Bilbray, of course, was all south to start with, against everything north, [but] gradually came around quite a bit and turned out to be a fairly good regent—not in the class with Procter Hug and McDermott but a fairly good regent.

Bill Morris graduated up here, then moved to Las Vegas as an attorney. He was a partner with Tom Bell until Bell got the job with the Hughes group. Bill Morris was absolutely full of energy; that's the reason they called him "Wildcat" as a football player. He was on the football team up here. He saw the problems of the whole state, but was a little prone to the south, and became leader of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas boosters club

and has remained very active in it since. He's done well down there in business, become rich, is a nice guy and was a good regent, although a little too much for the south. But that could be understood, as that's where he lived and practiced.

Mel Steninger was a newspaper owner and editor from Elko. I think Mel tried to be a good regent, but most of the regents were not strongly impressed with him and considered him opinionated. But I don't mean to run him down, as he was intelligent and well informed.

Helen Thompson came on from Las Vegas, knew little about education and never learned very much more. She made a gift to Nevada Southern down there as one of the things to help get her votes to get elected. She would form opinions on things and rarely change her mind, regardless of the facts. She was not, in my opinion, an outstanding regent.

Clark Guild, Jr. came on when Procter Hug resigned. Clark Guild, Jr. was an excellent regent but only served until December, at which time the seat was abolished again by reapportionment, when the board was reduced from 11 back to 9 again.

At this time, in 1972, James L. "Bucky" Buchanan II was elected from Las Vegas. I put it mildly when I say he was a disaster. He was not a good regent, nor did he know much about education, nor did he do anything except fight for everything in favor of the south, I believe probably so he would get elected again. His ambition was to be the chairman of the board, and he got it 2 years later, maneuvering and offering committee chairmanships to get votes to win against Molly Knudtsen.

Flora Dungan, who had served in the legislature, came on. We had read a lot in the papers about her being on this blue ribbon committee or that blue ribbon committee, flying down to Las Vegas to committee

meetings, and I thought she would probably be a poor regent when she came on, but she turned out to be an excellent regent, one of our better ones. The only trouble was that she became ill and died in October 1973. But she was an excellent regent while she was on.

Nedra Joyce was appointed when Paul McDermott retired, according to this paper I have, and there may be a slight discrepancy. Nedra Joyce herself, I think, was ill. She was a newspaper reporter. Now, I thought at first that she was a poor regent, but I think perhaps the reason was that she was ill and didn't attend a lot of the meetings because of this. So I think the difficulty was with her illness, not with her.

When Flora Dungan died in 1973, she was replaced by Joseph Cohn, who was a member of the Jewish group in Las Vegas and a Jewish church official. He didn't, before he came on, know much about education, but was very interested in it, did his homework and was a satisfactory regent. He didn't run again because of financial reasons.

There was another Buchanan elected, John Buchanan, in 1974. Whether he was elected on his own right or on the other man's name, I don't know. At first Las Vegas had thought it wonderful that they had this great champion in James "Bucky" Buchanan II, but they were beginning to find out a few flaws in his character by then. Well, I think John Buchanan got elected on the other man's name at this time. John Buchanan had a major in business administration, and this was really about the only thing in education that he could discuss very thoroughly. Whenever that subject came up he would occupy the floor at length. In other things he tried to do right, I believe, but he followed the lead of the other Buchanan a little too strongly.

Lilly Fong is a likable and friendly Chinese lady who is married to Bew Fong, who had

been over in this country a considerable period of time and started out with a restaurant, then is reputed to have made a fortune in real estate. As Senator Bible used to say, they had more cousins than anybody in China, because every time they'd want to import somebody to work here, they would say that he was a cousin and would be employed to help him get immigration papers. So they've got Las Vegas practically filled with Chinese cousins. Lilly was elected to the board through working hard for election with plenty of time and money for campaigning. She was elected over "Wildcat" Morris, and immediately was angry with Senator Bible because he'd been a longtime friend of Morris and was backing him for it.

Lilly Fang has to have her say in everything that's going on within the university—many matters that properly belong to the administration. She spent a great deal of her time going around talking to the professors, interviewing this department, that department, then bringing it all up at regents meetings and accusing the presidents of failing to do this and doing that. In general, she was not particularly popular among the regents and presidents because of this. I would say she tried to be a good regent but meddled too much in things that should be below regents level. She lost out at the last election.

The next lady that came on was Brenda Mason, a Negro girl who was elected from North Las Vegas who tried to do a good job. This was a tough job for Brenda, stepping into a university regent job. She had not been an educator before; I believe she'd been in the entertainment business, though I may be wrong. Then she went on from this to law school at McGeorge Law School, but for reasons I don't know Brenda dropped out of it. I don't know whether they dropped her or whether she dropped them. She did not go back on the board or run for a second

term. She was trying to attend up here at the meetings at the same time as going to law school, found it too much to do and stopped going to regents meetings. I guess she probably resigned.

John Tom Ross was elected from Carson City. He was the son of a former United States District Court judge, Jack Ross. John Tom sort of went in league with the Buchanans, and they, soon joined by Chris Karamanos, could usually muster a majority on the board. Later Ross separated from them somewhat on their extremist positions. Particularly when Helen Thompson was still there, they would usually get their own way, and it would usually be for the south. This left only Molly Knudtsen and Lombardi and me who would be statewide regents. Helen Thompson resigned, and Chris Karamanos was appointed in her place by Governor Mike O'Callaghan. So this left the 2 Buchanans, Lilly Fong, at times Chris Karamanos, and John Tom Ross usually voting together, and this continued through my stay on the board, a most frustrating situation.

By this time I think I had been on 22 years, and I thought that was too long already. So I didn't run again, and Bob Cashell ran and was elected to my place. I could have been re-elected, because all of those who did run for it—including Cashell and Paul Havas and Clark Guild, Jr. and Rusty McDonough—all said to me, "If you're going to run this time we won't file, but if you're not running we'll file." They all filed. They each spent a fair amount of money on it. I spend \$450 in my 22 years, but Bob Cashell spent a large amount of money on it, reputedly \$150,000. Reputedly, Bucky Buchanan in Las Vegas and Karamanos in Las Vegas spent similar amounts to get re-elected. In the meantime, Buchanan had run for district attorney also and lost by a tremendous vote, as by this time the people in Las Vegas had found out pretty

much about him, although he still remained on the Board of Regents a little longer. Bob Cashell was elected and made chairman, but has resigned and been elected lieutenant governor. Dorothy Gallagher was soon elected. This made 5 from Clark County, 2 from the Washoe County district and 2 from all the rest of the state.

I've commented on Jack McBride from Las Vegas some. McBride had 2 sons who went through the Medical School here, and so he has been for the Medical School. He wanted to be chairman of the Board of Regents and so did Cashell. Cashell was elected chairman his first term on there and gave strong leadership. He stayed on from 1979 through 1981 and then became lieutenant governor.

Dorothy Gallagher, who is the wife of a dentist in Elko, was elected in 1981. She is a very good regent with no apparent political ambitions. She does her homework and she votes fairly for the entire state.

I've already made some remarks about Chris Karamanos. He was a pal of James L. Buchanan II, called Bucky Buchanan, who formed his cliques on the board and didn't know the north existed except to vote against. Karamanos was the same way. I would say Bucky Buchanan and Karamanos were poor regents and at times even careless with the facts at meetings.

More recently in 1983, Dan Klaich, who is a young attorney practicing in Reno, who graduated from the University of Nevada, was appointed to fill Cashell's place and is now running this year for a full term. He is by all reports an excellent regent.

COMMUNICATING WITH THE FACULTY

I have been told by some faculty members that there was an adversarial relationship between the regents and the faculty for many years.

There was a severe adversarial relationship going on when I first went on the Board of Regents, and that was the reason that I ran for it; otherwise, I probably never would have done so. I did everything I could in the direction of doing things for the faculty—getting them a new code in which they participated, getting them put on selection committees for new presidents (and I believe at that time for deans also) and getting them some part in university governance.

When the faculty was relatively small, once or twice a year we used to give a dinner in which the faculty members all would come and all the regents would come, and spend the evening together getting acquainted and talking things over. Before I went on the board, no faculty members, no senate chairmen, no student body officers came to board meetings unless invited. After Bruce Thompson and I were on there, we began pushing toward inviting them, and after the board was increased again by the governor and we had the majority vote, then we definitely did. We insisted on moving meetings out of the president's office into a larger room in the student union building, and then when it got too large for that, into the larger room in the Center for Religion and Life across the street.

We continued trying to involve the students as well as the faculty in decision-making, and did more all the time; but the more we did (and in spite of our efforts), if we would consult them on 8 matters and agree, and differ with them on one, it would get so we would immediately get letters from the chairman of the faculty senate saying that we didn't communicate with them. Memories of times past are short. Perhaps I exaggerate some, but not all that much. We attempted to answer them as best we could, and did include them and continued including them, but this

is what happens: if they get what they ask for, then you included them and listened to their opinion; if you ever voted against what they asked for, then you were not listening to them. Somewhat of an adversary relationship with a minority of faculty seems unavoidable.

Under President Charles Armstrong, faculty reorganization and recognition occurred. The chairman of the faculty senate and the president of each student body, together with such chief administrative officers as the university attorney would attend meetings of the Board of Regents.

(A deputy of the state attorney general at that time served as university attorney. The attorney would change as political fortunes waxed and waned because he'd be a deputy, and when his boss lost out in the elections, a new one would be appointed. That's the reason it was so unsatisfactory to us that we finally determined to hire our own attorney fulltime as a university attorney.)

The faculty were given an increasing role in all appropriate areas of policy formation, although the regents did reserve the role of final decision-making. I soon learned one thing—if you did as they wished, you were right. If you didn't, there was usually a loud commotion and an accusation that there was lack of communication between faculty and Board of Regents, no matter how many explanations or how much prior discussion had taken place.

Lines of communication were always open to the faculty representatives with every president that followed Stout, but there seemed to be blinders on some eyes that were looking for those communications. The faculty is not supposed to have a lot of direct communication with the Board of Regents, because this would really be denigrating the president and his position if they go around him. We used to talk about things quite

freely with faculty, but if it was anything of importance to do with the university, I would usually tell the president that I had talked to so-and-so about it and what the conversation had been.

I used to feel bitter about this at times when I received these letters, until I came to the following conclusion: each year, every new chairman of the faculty senate, every new president of AAUP or other campus organization, every new student body president feels he or she must find axes to grind or issues to be debated or something new to be accomplished, so that he or she would appear a leader and a crusader—in other words, each had to find some way in which he or she could express their individual leadership and ego. Once I had realized this, I could listen to the fiery debates and accusations with a fair degree of equanimity. Some of the regents couldn't, and would either be bulldozed or get a little more stubborn in what was under consideration.

When we were on the matter of improved channels of communication, the legislature thought much the same thing as the faculty senate did, and asked the board to try and work out something. We wrote up Assembly Concurrent Resolution No. 16 in 1967. It was introduced at our request, because we had every intention of communicating with the legislators about everything of any importance in the university. In brief, its title is "Endorsing and Advocating the Creation of a Nevada Advisory Committee for Higher Education Planning." This was in line with an act that had been passed by Congress, and on the basis of what was called "The Federal Higher Education Facilities Act of 1973." This act was passed creating the Nevada Advisory Committee for Higher Education Planning, which was funded, at least for several years, by the federal government. It was to set master

plans for higher education and to give the regents guidance and counsel on how they should manage the university. I was on it at first, but it seemed to be going nowhere...to create plans which no one paid any attention to when they were made, so I resigned from it after a few meetings. I think it died a quiet death after the federal funds had dried up in 2 or 3 years.

There are in the Anderson Papers a copy of the bill and a letter from Governor Laxalt advising me of the first meeting, and then a letter from a real estate man who had been made chairman of the committee responding to my resignation from the committee. I was attending so many committee meetings of one thing or another that I had no time to take care of my patients. I had to get off some things. I would say that in general, nothing really came of this of any note.

DEBATE OVER ROTC

Compulsory ROTC was an issue in 1967, and arguments over this and student senate and faculty senate debates occurred at intervals for fully 2 years and perhaps more...I think more nearly 4 years. ROTC had existed on campus since before I ever entered the university as a student in 1924, and had been taken pretty much for granted. All of a sudden, in the unrest on campuses across the country in the 1960s and with the Vietnam unrest, compulsory ROTC suddenly became dirty words to many of the students—male and female alike—and to the activists amongst the faculty, although it should not really have been a matter of faculty policy, as they were not involved in either the teaching of it or the program itself in any way.

Most of the male regents—such as Jacobsen, Hug, Seeliger, Lombardi and I—had

served in World War II. I, for one, thought to drop ROTC completely, while our country and many others were in the midst of turmoil, seemed to lack somewhat in patriotism. In particular, we did not see it as an issue that we should be discussing with the American Association of University Professors. I will add that we did not refuse to discuss it with them, though I did not consider it really an appropriate issue.

After a full 2 years of committee studies and many hearings, we finally came to a compromise—ROTC would remain as voluntary for the more military part of it—and the drills and marching and uniforms and the education of junior military officers—but there would be a mandatory 2-day orientation class discussing the United States position in the world with relation to other countries, existing major treaties, the United Nations, the Warsaw and NATO pacts; and there would be some discussion periods, too, between the students who didn't want to take regular ROTC and the members of the ROTC faculty who were assigned to the university. We would also ask faculty from political science and some areas such as that to discuss these matters with the students, because we wanted to give them a grasp of what was going on in the world from a political and military standpoint. Even though we didn't try to make soldiers out of them, we wanted to make them try and understand the position the United States was in relative to other countries.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say that AAUP was a thorn in the side of every regent, as either an action or a threatened action—mainly by the local chapter—on a great many issues. I don't believe we were ever involved with the national AAUP, even though just about every person who did not get the promotion or tenure he wanted

threatened us verbally and parts of our code were often criticized.

I tried to maintain communication with the student body officers and with faculty senates all through these arguments. We had them participate freely with us, and when we finally completed and settled on this compromise in ROTC, everyone seemed reasonably well satisfied. [See editorial entitled "A Proper Rebuke" in the Fred M. Anderson Papers.]

CONTROVERSIAL CAMPUS SPEAKERS

The regents have recognized freedom of speech and the right to hear all sides of questions since shortly after I came on the Board of Regents. It really arose, perhaps, as one of the side issues of the President Stout affair, when they were told to stick to their own little niche and not become "buttinskies" all over the campus. The regents have given the students pretty complete freedom to choose who they wish to come to talk to them on campus. This, of course, is not paid for by the state or the university—it's paid for out of student dues. Omitting gross obscenity—not only by faculty that may come but by speakers as well, whether they be brought by the students, the regents or the faculty—permission is not only granted but some encouragement is given to allow students to see that all sides of the question are discussed by the people who should know most about them. Under this academic freedom code, the students are thus given a chance to hear speakers that probably would not appear in the classroom, and they guard this right rather jealously.

Some difficulties with academic freedom arose in California when they had the colored communist teacher on the faculty, Angela Davis. From there, of course, there

were a rash of communist speakers that invaded various campuses; and we being neighbors to California certainly would not be an exception to that. One named Dorothy Haley, an avowed Communist, came here at about this time, brought by the student body at Las Vegas. Her appearance elicited a storm of protesting letters from Clark County residents, particularly to me and to the president, when she spoke to the student body and the faculty on the campus there. When asked about some rather strong and inflammatory statements by Gus Hall, whom she quoted, castigating the United States and advocating communism (he was the head of it, I believe, in this country at that time), she fell back on an excuse that they were figments of the imagination and of the John Birch Society.

When asked by a student why she didn't go to live in Russia if she didn't like the way things were run in the United States, she stated, "I think like Huey Long used to say. When your government is right, it is to be kept right. When it is not right, it is to be put right, and I'm staying here to put it right." When asked what we would lose under communism in this country, she stated, "We would lose the right of exploitation of others and the right of discrimination."

Robert Welch made his pitch when he appeared on the Reno campus, and again there was a profusion of letters to me and to the president. We attempt to explain our position: that we believed they should hear both sides of every question, make up their own minds; and we thought they would be more inclined to make up their minds intelligently if they heard all sides.

Julian Bond, at the height of his popularity, addressed a crowd at the old gymnasium here—he filled the gymnasium; they were sitting on the floor it was so full. He castigated

the white population with quite a few of the white students actually cheering him on, whether because he was young and dynamic, or whether they believed in what he said, I don't know.

The regents and administration spent many hours regarding policies concerning speakers in highly controversial issues. We recognized that the students have a well-developed curiosity to hear all of the ideologies, except their own; and wherever possible, to hear it straight from the horse's mouth. We believed any attempts to push any of the ideologies under the rug, and thus keep them away from the students, would make them even more curious and make them get information indirectly in a slanted and incomplete manner.

An interesting sidelight is that we brought Chancellor Clark Kerr here about one or 2 years after the University of California demonstrations that resulted in his resignation and while he was heading a commission on university studies for the Carnegie Foundation. And in addition to the regents themselves, he drew a crowd well short of 50 students.

Our students had a chance to hear such distinguished men as William Ruckelshaus and Kerr, and such questionable ones as a so-called Chinese acupuncturist espousing and demonstrating acupuncture. They could do some of these things in the Center for Religion and Life that would perhaps not be permissible in a university building without some logical criticism from the public, but this was not a university-owned building. About the only ones who, it seems to me, were not here were Timothy Leary and Tom Hayden—the one who's married to Jane Fonda. But there were plenty of others advocating such things as pot and pills and civil disobedience, with an occasional moderating influence like

Dr. David Smith of Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic fame and Sidney Cohen, who was in charge of the hallucinatory drug projects for the University of California, Los Angeles; and a Dr. Lee, a Chinese woman who is on the faculty as an M.D. at the University of California at San Francisco.

Dr. Lee has a medical degree, but also practices acupuncture, and so it was, at that time, not considered so terrible to use her. She was brought here, actually, by the Reno Cancer Center to see if we could validate any of the results which acupuncturists claim—that acupuncture relieves the severe pain of cancer and other severely painful conditions. I observed them and personally could see no results, but the lady that was interested in bringing her here looked at it through different eyes, which suggests that it's often in the eye of the beholder and what the person wants to see. Nevertheless, acupuncture took the legislature by storm. Acupuncturists offered services to all corners, and enough stated that they had some relief so that the legislature passed a bill making practice of acupuncture legal and setting up a licensing board for acupuncturists and doctors of Chinese medicine.

(My son and I attended a number of acupuncture sessions; we attended an international one in San Francisco. I watched a doctor all day who combined acupuncture with western medicine in Los Angeles. Some of his patients did claim help, but he gave them intense western medicine treatment along with the acupuncture, and I believed that it was that that helped them, really. My boy and I then, after reading all these papers, tried a little acupuncture on each other without determining any result whatever from it.)

Late in 1970 the students brought a speaker, Dr. Harry Edwards, a black faculty

member from the University of California, Berkeley. He spoke in the Center for Religion and Life in Reno, I think under the auspices of the student body. Edwards bitterly attacked President Miller—who had on many occasions pushed for more tolerance and opportunities for the black minority of less than 100 on the Reno campus, in several instances was a calming influence on the Board of Regents when the blacks would cause trouble, and made every effort to comply with the Civil Rights Act of 1970. Miller was described by Edwards as “a ‘cracker’ sitting up in the president’s office.”

President Miller also put up with a great deal of obscene verbal abuse from him and from several of the black students who were attending the university at that meeting and other meetings...and attending it mainly on athletic scholarships given to them by the university. Without attempting punishment or any type of retribution, he even advised minimal penalty when there was involvement of substantial theft in the dormitories by some black students that was proven, although the regents did vote to turn this over to the Student Judicial Council, who did give them reprimand and, I think, did suspend one for a short while for the balance of that semester from the university. However, punitive action was seldom taken, and the Student Judicial Council, when it did take any, was, in my opinion, quite lenient. In fact, both the regents and the students were so lenient that a good many citizens and legislators were very critical of Miller and the regents for being so permissive and spineless, but probably several violent confrontations and legal incidents were avoided by not reacting too violently.

Another incident that was rather provoking was when a black student athlete [Jesse Sattwhite] attending on a tuition-free

scholarship went to the office of Dr. Robert McQueen—who was in charge of scholarships, but who at that time had had that student in one of his classes. This student threatened to harm McQueen or some of his family if he didn't raise his grades. This was reported by McQueen. The student was brought before the Student Judicial Council and given, at the very least, a strong reprimand, though I don't remember him being expelled or put on probation.

The American Legion wrote a letter very critical of the university for knowingly allowing Communists and people like Robert Welch to speak to the students. I'm not sure they were aware that they were not speaking to them on campus, but it was with the permission of the Board of Regents. And we got quite a lot of letters advising us to fire certain members of the faculty who were too radical—and there were a few radicals.

Many letters were put in "Letters to the Editor" in the newspapers—letters critical of one thing or another in the university were quite frequent in there. The university has been here so long that the public has gotten used to it, and the only time they used to refer to it in those days was when they didn't like something about it. This is true of newspaper stories to a considerable degree at that time but has improved considerably since.

I received many letters, both pro and con. Here is one that comes from one of the faculty members who is a bit of an activist himself. He wrote:

Dear Fred,

Just a note to congratulate you for your excellent public position with regard to the American Legion attack on campus student organizations. This is really very good for the morale of the faculty and the students, and

your personal courage in taking a stand is admirable.

I did attempt to answer the letters in a reasonable and explanatory fashion, but since then I have come to the conclusion that I should have taken the standard answer that I mentioned to you one time, that I am told a congressman used for his critical constituents when they'd write to him. He'd say, "You may be right. Signed, Congressman So-and-so."

You have stated that shortly after you became a member of the Board of Regents, the policy was established that would permit speakers from the entire political spectrum to speak on campus. Had there been any policy in existence prior to that that would have denied such a right?

There had been no stated policy on the part of the Board of Regents prior to that either way. Prior to my becoming a regent, the university was in a little sequestered area of the city up there where nobody paid much attention to it until the Stout incident came along.

There hadn't been speakers of one political persuasion or the other...?

None of consequence that I could even name or that stirred up controversy. That was for the most part before the activist era.

I'm curious as to whether or not either the regents or the university administration would have denied the students the right to invite speakers?

I think the Board of Regents would have denied it, knowing the members of the Board of Regents then. They were a very tight-knit little group, who ruled the faculty almost with an iron hand. There was very little

faculty or student participation in university governance at all. This came on after we had fired Stout and hired Armstrong and had a new Board of Regents, when we began to bring faculty governance into the university. I think perhaps during the years that have intervened, it has become a little overdone.

As a regent, did you make it a habit to attend the various speaking engagements?

I attended quite a few of them. I wanted to hear what these people had to say, too, and what the students were hearing.

Were you recognized when you were in attendance? I take it you were not harassed by the audience or by the speaker?

Only by Edwards, to a small degree, but he was harassing everybody. I also went to... the students every year used to hold a discussion session—I don't think you could call it a think session—up at Lake Tahoe. As many of the student body would go up there with their leaders as cared to. They would discuss any problems in connection with the university, and there they would tear into any of the policies or any of the regents (and we were invited) that attended. I got torn into there to a considerable degree by a black student. It just so happened that Regent Hug was there, and he let it be known to the students that, as chairman of the Board of Regents, he thought I had done more toward the minorities than any member of the Board of Regents since he'd been on it.

What is it the black student was upbraiding you for?

Upbraiding me for the fact that he didn't think the black students got fair treatment on

campus, that there were prejudices against them, and that the Board of Regents didn't give them the things that they wanted; and that they didn't give the student body in general the things they wanted, and there was going to be trouble mighty soon unless the regents changed their ways. I then made the statement that the regents were doing the best they could and didn't intend to be blackmailed by any of the students. Regent Hug afterwards told me that he thought that the individual who tore into me thought when I said "blackmail," I was referring in some way to black male students. After the session was over and we went to lunch, they were all very friendly—even that one came up and apologized to me.

During the 1960s and 1970s it was determined that a certain number of blacks or Hispanics ought to be in attendance at any campus; but it often occurred that they did not—on paper, at least—meet entrance standards....

The regents, as a whole, did not at any time discuss to any degree the establishment of any quota systems on this campus. At times they would come into confrontation with minority groups. Sometimes, to make special demands, all of the people that could in any manner be called Hispanics were brought together into a group, and they would say, "There are this many Hispanics going to the university..." and it didn't matter that it included Cubans or Mexicans or South Americans or any ones that weren't black or pure white. We would ask them just what was represented amongst the Hispanics. Then they would have to tell us there were so many of these kinds and so many of that kind. What they wanted was to teach all these various languages and cultures at the university, which we had no money from the

legislature to do, and we had no inclination to do it.

If these students wanted to come here from a foreign country for an education, we were glad to give it to them. If they wanted to come here to live, we thought they should become Americans, the same as other nationalities become Americans—learn to speak English, not try to form enclaves of Mexican-speaking people or such things. We had no objections to their retaining what they call their cultural customs, whether they were Negro tribal ones or Mexicans or others clinging to their customs in the same manner. We in this country have not shown any great prejudice against the Indians trying to maintain their own tribal customs within the confines of their reservations, and even sometimes outside the reservation. Some of us on the board resented the Hispanics wanting us to foot the bills for their demands for special Hispanic culture courses and other special considerations and privileges with public funds, while they were denied to others.

PRESS RELATIONS

For a while the regents committee meetings, except executive ones, were not closed to press or public, but were not given announcement in the paper as the regular regents meetings were. Because of this the papers made a tremendous fuss, saying that we were violating the Sunshine Law because we didn't notify them of the committee meetings. I had a response that these meetings were not closed to them; that they could come any time they wanted, if they could keep track of them. We couldn't possibly send them everything that was going on at the university, and if they wanted to keep track of the regents committee meetings, they would know that

we were having committee meetings the day before the regular full meetings.

You should never get into an argument with the press, because they always will have the last word, regardless. But the committee meetings were not given general announcement ahead of time, and this greatly increased the ire of the newspapers, who produced a series of bitter stories and editorials about being excluded from meetings, despite the open meeting law. Nothing could be decided at committee meetings, which were just for discussion. They weren't excluded. None of them ever came up to any meeting not a personnel meeting and was turned away, but they rarely came.

We finally did away with most committee meetings just because the papers continued fussing with their stories and their complaints. At one meeting we had even been sent a tentative budget by the governor and asked not to reveal its contents, as it was not finalized and it would come out differently when molded into his proposed budget. We did discuss it in the closed meeting, at his request, along with other personnel matters. Afterwards, we refused to reveal its contents—as had been requested of us by the governor—to the reporters, and they made great hay out of that. Reporters coaxed and threatened, and when we would not divulge details, there was another storm of newspaper complaints resulting in a reply by several of the regents, and then a further story in the paper extolling the virtue of reporters and the illegal conduct of regents.

I soon learned, as chairman of the board that you can't win when talking with most reporters. They can say what they please, distort or emphasize to suit their purposes; sometimes it is because of their lack of understanding of what you have said. If

you refute any story they have put in, the newspaper almost never admits anything wrong that it has reported. I soon learned just to keep my mouth as shut as possible when there were any controversial or sensitive matters, either in executive committee meetings or before the board itself, because you would frequently get misquoted or you might get quoted out of context.

It was about this time that the news media had the governor arrested under the open meeting law for having a conference with some of his officials and not inviting them. It was more of a charade than anything else, and he was turned loose in a couple of hours and the matter dropped. We had some troubles with black students, especially athletes, about this time, and then the Vietnam student activity and the Adamian affair came along, and there was plenty of sensational news for them.

During about a 12-year period the press actually seemed either indifferent or antagonistic toward the university in Reno, then seemed to reverse and has been supportive since the end of the Vietnam debacle; perhaps partly they saw how the UNLV regents and the legislature were trying to dominate in favor of the south. Since then they have been good supporters, both newswise and financially with several making sizable gifts to the university. Prominent has been Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones—former Reno newspapers business manager—with renovation of the old Chemistry and Journalism building into a visitors center, gifts to Electrical Engineering, Journalism and other projects. Former editorial executives Paul Leonard and Joe Jackson made gifts to Journalism, and former editor and president Rollan Melton to Journalism and several other projects. All of our prior struggles and violence (although mild in comparison to

most universities during Vietnam days) did make the public and press aware that we had a university and that it needed help.

During the growth of UNLV the Las Vegas newspapers and public have been almost uniformly supportive as has the community. They viewed it as an institution struggling first to get adequate support and growth, and recently to try and surpass the much older Reno campus. The casinos there have also been much more supportive with gifts and other help, and although a segment of the public would criticize the university for taking “tainted” money I think our response would be that gambling and its profits in Nevada are legal and that “the only way we would view the word ‘tainted’ is that it ‘tain’t enough,’” as had been said by a university president in the East.

THE EROSION OF STANDARDS

The slowly progressive but significant deterioration and permissiveness in many of our public schools, as well as many of our universities, has seemed not only to allow but to encourage students to stay away from the more difficult courses, such as math, physics, chemistry and geology in favor of social programs—political science, philosophy, psychology and other liberal arts courses. I think we are likely to have a plethora of social scientists and political scientists and lawyers and many persons not really prepared for any career. We do have a growing deficiency in the more difficult, but more badly needed, real sciences which will be necessary if we are to be future leaders in engineering in all its aspects—such as computers, robots, electrical and mechanical engineering—and to continue in investigation into chemistry and physics of life itself through molecular biology and genetic engineering. We may

not even have enough trained scientists for our explorations and utilization of both outer space and deep sea technology.

Quite awhile back I sent Senator Laxalt a letter reminding him of the determination of our regents, soon after I came to the Board of Regents, deploring this. President Stout had during his tenure changed things, so one had only to graduate from high school to be admitted to the university. The Board of Regents corrected this after he left. I've long felt that we need higher standards, not lower ones, and this has been borne out strongly by my 22 years experience as a member of the Board of Regents. We have continuously had to have courses offered in what we call bonehead English before students could read and write and spell properly. We should firmly have demanded better preparation by the lower schools. This has been the case also in some other subjects; the students cannot even succeed in some subjects because of their lack of ability to write properly. This failing in grammar schools and high schools is very slow in improving, and the university itself is, in my opinion, culpable for considerable neglect of the sciences.

We hear demands for higher salaries and more personnel every time higher standards and better discipline are mentioned, but it would be sad indeed if our teachers and professors—even though only a minority of them express this—only intended to try to be more effective or less effective in their jobs in relation to what they are paid. Now there are some encouraging signs, even though they did have to begin with national study commissions and also by our own legislature. It should be noted, however, that the legislatures, since the inception of the university, have almost uniformly kept the university budgets low enough that the university system has always ranked below

the median of comparable universities in the western states per capita of income, and at times perilously close to the bottom of the list.

STEPPING DOWN FROM THE BOARD

In 1978 I chose not to file again for the Board of Regents to be seated in January 1979, and I announced that. There was a story in the newspaper about it. The Medical School and regents saw fit to celebrate this announcement with a roasting reception at the school on 12 January. I believe this was when a large photograph of me to hang next to the medical display in the archives was completed, and there it still hangs. Many laudatory remarks were forthcoming in the newspapers which can be found in the Anderson Papers. I'll only give one quote of mine, paraphrased from President Truman, when I announced I was not filing again for the Board of Regents: "I'm not getting out of the kitchen because I can't take the heat. I'm not running because I think it's time for younger blood to be on the Board of Regents."

In December 1978, my family and I were asked to reserve the evening of 12 January 1979 for a reception at the School of Medical Sciences for the public, to be followed by a private dinner at the Ed Pine Room at the student union building. Upon arrival at the student union, we found a greeting committee, a packed Ed Pine Room, and composite pictures made up from the *Artemisia* of 1928—my year of graduation from the University of Nevada—and another composite of the various stages from groundbreaking to completion of the first phase building of the School of Medical Sciences, which the Board of Regents had shortly before named the Anderson Health Sciences Building.

It looked like a large evening ahead, and it was. I was roasted to a crisp during the sumptuous banquet, and in front of my wife and daughter and whole roomful of friends. My son was unable to be there as he was in medical school in Boston.

A lot of nice things were also said and telegrams read. In fact, there were so many complimentary remarks that it reminded me of a remark by a friend after a very mellifluous introduction: "My wife probably was pleased, but only my mother could have believed them!" There was also a book of letters and telegrams which I have since accidentally misplaced, except a letter from the first dean of the Medical School, George Smith, which arrived late and so was not in the book.

After being presented with a Harvard gown and a hood, a mortarboard and a beautiful plaque, plus these pictures, I was told by Judge Procter Hug as master of ceremonies that I should approach the witness stand and reply. I'll give you my feeble attempt. Regent Hug was now a judge in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals and was toastmaster at this occasion, so I addressed him:

Your Honor, friends and fellow regents:

Most of the things said were untrue or at least exaggerations, but I guess I'm on the way out and so I owe you an explanation as to why. It all began with a wage dispute.

President Crowley and I have always been good friends. In fact, we even use the same hairdresser (we are both bald). He has been popular in part because he has been accessible and he has been reasonable, so I thought he might listen to reason with me. Recently I've been a little dubious about my salary as a regent—in fact,

for 22 years with no raise. So I finally approached President Crowley about a reasonable raise.

He allowed as how the request was so unusual I would have to go to Chancellor Baepler, who promptly denied it and said my only avenue of appeal would be to the Board of Regents. After contemplating the shades of Humphrey, Milam and Donnelly and a few more summary dismissals, you can guess how far I thought my appeal would go with that body, so I passed it up and didn't run again rather than take my chances with the board. So here I am now, a has-been retired regent. However, I intend that my visibility will be somewhat greater than complete obscurity. I plan to maintain an active interest in the university and make myself useful in any way that I can, even without the pay raise or the job.

I've had an idea for some time that quite a few people around the university would be happy to see me leave, but I had no idea that there were so many as the crowd assembled here tonight would indicate. It's a big celebration just to get rid of me, but one should be able to wear out quite a lot of welcome in 22 years. But Bonnie (the regents secretary) tried to cheer me up when she told me you might not be celebrating getting rid of me; that you might just be celebrating. She said maybe it wasn't my departure, that maybe some of you even have liked me reasonably well and thought I had done a tolerable job as regent, at least part of the time. If it was really so, then I would like to quote one of my favorite philosophers, the ample

Jackie Gleason, "How sweet it is!" I would say that you people are to me what a different group is to the FBI—that is, the most wanted ones. Bonnie let me see the guest list, and I couldn't see one that I wanted to scratch off.

In my 22 years, there have been quite a few frustrations that didn't turn out to be opportunities, but many more times of satisfaction of success, enjoyment and achievement. I came on the board at a time of turmoil, as my first ally on the board, Judge Bruce Thompson, can testify. You note he is one of the roasters. At that time, Walter Van Tilburg Clark had resigned in protest of the administration and another distinguished author, Bob Laxalt, was about to give up in despair along with many of the faculty. But we persevered, with people coming on the board like Grant Davis, Procter Hug, Molly Knudtsen, Juanita White, Tom Bell, Arthur Smith, Harold Jacobsen, Wildcat Morris and others too numerous to name here. My associations with these fine people leave many treasured memories.

In particular, I've always enjoyed Harold Jacobsen's (now mayor of Carson City) stories of being brought up on a ranch as a shepherd, and I sometimes countered in regents meetings with my having been brought up on a ranch as a cowboy. I always felt I was one up on him, whenever I said, "Who has ever heard of any world-famous, champion Dallas Shepherders?"

I asked Bonnie if I should say anything very much tonight, and if so, for how long. She said, "Well, you might say thank you." Well, I do

thank you. It has been a privilege and a pleasure to serve with you and for the university, and I thank you all also for the thoughtful and lovely gifts.

With letters from President Crowley and Regent Chairman Bob Cashell, I appreciated receiving a beautiful plaque and a certificate conferring on me the title of Honorary Doctor of Medical Sciences, the only one ever having been given by this Medical School.

I enjoyed my first 18 years on the Board of Regents immensely, although I will say that it took a great deal away from my work and my opportunity to attend medical conventions and do other medical studying. I think I would have been perhaps a better doctor and a better father had I not gone into it and WICHE. However, my last several years on the Board of Regents, with regents like Bucky Buchanan and Karamanos and some others who knew little about education but would be influenced to vote wrong by Buchanan and Karamanos, I began to lose my pleasure in it and was not too unhappy when I decided not to run again.

By that time, I also felt that the Medical School was well on its way, would not be voted out, and I was no longer needed to help see that things went satisfactorily for its development. I did not intend to lose interest in it or the university altogether and have maintained a close connection with the Medical School, teaching in it ever since its inception until my retirement last spring.

I felt also that a person should not stay on the Board of Regents 22 years; that they probably should not stay more than 12 or 16 years and that then there should be new blood and new thinking on the board. My only reason for staying that long was the Medical School.

ORIGINS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA MEDICAL SCHOOL: 1963-1969

WICHE AND THE FAULKNER REPORT

[The Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education (WICHE) was established in 1951 to administer the Western Regional Education Compact which had been adopted by the legislatures of all the 13 western states. WICHE serves as a clearing house of information about higher education, and it acts as a catalyst in developing programs of mutual advantage to member states. Perhaps its most important role has been that of administrative and fiscal agent for an interstate professional student exchange program. WICHE arranged for member states with schools of medicine, dentistry or veterinary medicine to accept students from member states lacking such programs. States without the programs (“have-not” states) partially subsidized with public funding their students’ attendance at universities that had them.

As a “have-not” member of WICHE, Nevada participated in the exchange program, commencing in 1953. By 1963 it was evident that the 4 WICHE states that lacked medical

schools (Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana) were finding the arrangement to be less than satisfactory. With a grant from the Commonwealth Fund a study was launched to determine whether the lack of a medical school adversely affected a state’s supply of doctors—and the opportunity for its citizens to study medicine—and, if so, what practical steps might be taken to improve the situation. James M. Faulkner, M.D., directed the study from WICHE headquarters in Boulder, Colorado.]

Dr. Faulkner had many able consultants—doctors from Nevada and other states and from the American Medical Association as well as non-doctors from the 4 states involved—on his study committee, first to study the distribution and adequacy of numbers of doctors in the 4 “have-not” states and then to study whether or not 2 or more states could form a medical school. I was the representative from Nevada on the 4-state committee. After many meetings with members of the legislatures, educators and citizens of the 4 states, it was finally

determined that for legislative and financial reasons it was not feasible to form a regional medical school.

At the same time the member states which we shall call “have” states had begun to resent subsidizing the “have-not” states. They began to raise the subsidy fees to amounts that disturbed several legislators, but the other states went along with it. They did not seem to be as disturbed as Nevada even when the subsidy went up to around \$18,000 for a medical student, which, with capitation and grants, supplied full cost for a year. And it was \$16,000 for a veterinary student and about \$14,000 for a dental student. The other schools are less because the admission fees are less. These fees were geared so that they would really pay the full cost of maintaining that student in that school, and there would be very little cost to the receiving state.

Any student that got in from outside the WICHE states would get in at a much lesser rate—just at the out-of-state tuition. WICHE did us a favor admitting the “have-not” students first, although there were only 5 states without medical schools. There was only one other state besides California that had a school of veterinary medicine in WICHE; that was Colorado. There were others that didn’t have law schools and others that didn’t have dental schools, and as WICHE included more programs there were a considerable number of other “have-not” programs besides just those 3, which were considered as most crucial. [See pamphlet on organization and functions of WICHE by Don Driggs in the Fred Anderson Papers.]

When Mike O’Callaghan became governor of Nevada in 1971 he sent one of his aides to study WICHE. The aide, a rather negative person, came back with a rather negative report, and this kind of turned the governor off a little bit. He himself then

visited a WICHE meeting and talked to commissioners a good deal.

I was still a commissioner. Although I was a good friend of Governor O’Callaghan’s, I wanted to get off the commission. I said I’d like to resign, but I’d like to see him appoint Neil Humphrey, who was chancellor of the university, in my place. He said, “Well, I don’t want to appoint Neil Humphrey.

I said, “Then, I won’t resign from it.” And this occurred on 3 occasions. Then I asked not to be reappointed, and he appointed a legislator named [John M.] Vergiels, a rather negative individual.

Why didn’t he want to appoint Neil Humphrey?

I never found out. Perhaps he wanted to appoint a state legislator, as WICHE was encouraging that there be one from each state. Neil was one of the most exceptional men we’ve ever had at the university and was a natural for the position.

But O’Callaghan still was sour on the concept and program of WICHE by then, and while all the other 12 states supported the full subsidization fees, Nevada passed a complicated law in which they paid 75 percent of the subsidization fee, and the legislature set up a fund from which the student could borrow to pay the other 25 percent.

When we first joined WICHE, Nevada, Arizona and one other state had also in the subsidization plan a payback clause that if a student didn’t come back to work in the field in which he was subsidized for an equal number of years that he’d been subsidized for, he’d be required to pay back the subsidization money to the state.

So all the 13 states except Nevada paid the full subsidy. Nevada set up this other fund from which a student could borrow and repay it at a later date, and they also at the

same time reintroduced an indenture clause that the student must return to the state to a rural community or work for the state or pay back the money. This was to try and help the situation in the cow counties. This later was abolished when the 2-year school started, but it was voted into being again in 1977 and was no longer applicable when Nevada later became a 4-year school. Now, you understand, I was talking in all this about medical students, not about students in other fields such as law or dentistry or veterinary; it still remains in effect for them.

Most states, as I said, believe that an indenture clause is unconstitutional, but it has not been tried in court. This has been very upsetting to the students from Nevada who claim, correctly, that Nevada does not require a payback for students in any of the expensive graduate courses that it gives within the state. It doesn't require a Ph.D. in physics or a Ph.D. in English literature or a Ph.D. in chemistry or any of those people to pay back anything, and it costs the school more than for undergraduates to operate those schools. But it was requiring the medical students and others that had to leave the state to get the subjects they wanted to pay it back, and it seemed somewhat unfair to the medical students, and, in fact, to all the other disciplines.

Nevada has remained in WICHE mainly because of the many other programs. These also include osteopathy, podiatry, pharmacy, architecture, physical therapy and several others I have not covered in addition to those previously named.

* * * * *

With passage by Congress of the Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke amendment in 1965, the 4 "have-not" states without medical schools decided to explore forming

a mountain states regional medical program, correlated by WICHE, and requested a grant to develop their own programs. In other states almost every medical school requested a federal grant to develop its own programs, but because we had no medical school we could not go after any grant except by getting together to make the request, which we successfully did. Utah included the southern portion of Idaho and the western portion of Nevada, but did very little for Nevada. We think they only did it to enlarge the area they covered, and thus increase the amount of their grant. The University of California at Davis took over the eastern portion of Nevada to help us out. We think they did it out of the kindness of their hearts, more than likely, and they were more helpful. They've always been helpful to us.

So the 4 from "have-not" states—one person from each state, who was on the committee to organize this—went back and visited with Senator Mike Mansfield, who was one of the chief men in developing this program of Lyndon Johnson's. And we obtained a grant of our own. I went representing Nevada.

The law was passed in 1965. We went to Washington in 1966, I believe, to get our grant, which was coordinated through WICHE along with the other 3 states, but each state operating its own program independently. Medical and citizens groups were formed in each state, with a 4-state coordinating council. We proceeded to try and bring the latest developments in knowledge and treatment of heart disease, cancer and stroke to these 4 states, such as cardiac intensive care units and such as the latest in cancer treatment and the latest in stroke treatment. With funds partially coming from this, we formed improved programs for treating heart disease, cancer and stroke with units in most of the hospitals

that were supplied with doctors who were capable of handling them adequately, and we set up programs with speakers to go out into the rural areas to give talks on various related subjects.

We set up telephone consultation lines, where doctors from rural areas could phone in and read off an electrocardiogram and be given advice from specialists in electrocardiography here, or other doctors could phone in and be put in contact with a local specialist in cancer or something else who would give them advice. We also helped with development of something that had already been started a number of years before by the Reno Cancer Center, which was a cancer registry. We helped some with that, and we helped by means of these citizens groups to get an ambulance for each of the small communities so they could get to more adequate medical attention sooner.

I was also on the central committee at the University of California at Davis, which region overlapped here. They did make a couple of trips up here, and I did go down there half a dozen times, but there was very little done by them for our state because we had our own grant and didn't need much help. And there was very little done by the Utah program. They sent representatives here, and they did help us in setting up what I guess was the first cardiac intensive care center in the state, at Washoe Medical Center. And they took Dr. Barnett, a Nevada doctor, to Salt Lake City, to the University of Utah to study cardiac intensive care there.

Were there any reservations about using federal money for this sort of thing?

There were no reservations, as there never seemed to be anywhere near enough money to reach our goals.

Nevada has a reputation for being very conservative and for being opposed, in general, to federal programs. Was there any political discussion based on those grounds?

There was a good deal of political discussion, but there was no opposition.

One of the early conferences we had was the governor's conference on heart disease, cancer and stroke, partially put on by the state medical association—of which I was chairman at the time—partly put on by the governor and some of his people. The governor attended and spoke. This was one of the earlier things, perhaps, in educating Nevada people to the fact that they were going to have a medical school some day. After several years, the funds for the heart disease, cancer and stroke programs petered out, and some of the programs themselves petered out, but the intensive cardiac care units and the rural ambulance service and the consultation telephone calls remained as beneficial results.

The programs had moderate impact, but they didn't bring in many doctors. They didn't provide a place for our kids to go to medical school. These are the 2 things we needed. The other things we could have done for ourselves at relatively small expense.

At this time, which would have been about 1967, and with the state's population going up rather rapidly—but still not being anywhere near the 800,000 to a million that I felt we should have before we had a medical school—we did not seem to be getting much nearer to solving our medical problems than we had been before. The main problems were getting our own students into medical school and getting the rural counties supplied with doctors and making up the doctor shortage—particularly in Las Vegas, which was growing so fast. Doctors were coming in proportionately at a slower rate than the

population was increasing. Nevadans—the students and their parents—still pressed for admission to medical school, and the rural counties were still pressing us hard for obtaining doctors for them. And the subsidies for sending students out of state kept rising to where the “have I schools wanted full support for any students coming to them in any field.

Here is a letter from the mayor of the city of Wells, written 28 December 1968:

Dear Frederick Anderson:

For the past year, since Dr. Stevens left, Wells has been trying to find a qualified doctor who would be interested in coming to Wells to practice. We have a well-furnished medical center, but no doctor. It has occurred to me that perhaps you, with your wide range of contacts, may be able to help us solve our problem, either by advising us as to what steps we might take that would put us in touch with doctors that might be interested, or by possibly giving us the name of doctors you think might consider coming here to practice. We feel that this is a good location for a doctor, because it is so far from medical help. The people in Wells must travel 188 miles to Salt Lake or 120 miles to Twin Falls or 50 miles to Elko to receive the care of a doctor. Anything at all you can do to help us find a doctor for Wells will be gratefully appreciated.

John DiGrazia, Mayor
City of Wells

This is just an example of the many letters being received during previous years and at the time before the Medical School was

approved, asking the state medical association and various doctors in it for help. This is the same town, incidentally, that had previously tried to get a man licensed who didn't even have a medical education. This is one of the individuals involved, but he seems to have conveniently forgotten that incident here.

A letter from Kevin Bunell, who was assistant director of the Western Interstate Commission on Higher Education [WICHE], informed me that he had had a phone call from Art Palmer of the Nevada Legislative Council asking questions concerning the success of Nevada students in gaining admission to medical school. Art Palmer undoubtedly was calling at the behest of Senators Lamb and Brown, who were opposed to the school, to see if he could get testimony against the school. However, Bunell was favorable toward it. He conveyed that information with a statement that a medical school in the state surely would make a substantial difference in numbers of entering medical students and ratio of doctors to population, and would, in his opinion, be a desirable thing. He offered to come down here as a witness, but he was not called. The reason Bunell wrote to me to tell me of this is because I was one of the WICHE commissioners at the time. Problems between people in Nevada, officials or otherwise, and the Western Interstate Commission were supposed to go through the 3 commissioners so that they could give their input into it, but it often did not happen that way.

EARLY MEDICAL RESEARCH PROJECTS

Meanwhile, here in Nevada we had developed several good research programs. The Desert Research Institute (DRI) had been formed as a branch of the university some years earlier, and in that we had an outstanding—really world-famous—botanist and a student

of plant transpiration and a man who had done a great deal of experimental work. We also had a doctor, George Smith, who was a graduate of the University of Maryland. He had been a resident in pathology at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, which is its main teaching hospital. Then he had been given a lifetime appointment as a fellow in cardiovascular pathology by the National Institutes of Health (as long as he stayed at Harvard). That's a stipulation all of those fellowships carry with them. He came here for a divorce and remarried soon after he got the divorce. After this he decided he wanted to remain here in Nevada and pursue his research here.

We also had a Dr. Donald Pickering, who had been doing research for a number of years. He was a bright individual, but a very difficult individual to get along with. He had not got along with the dean of the medical school in Oregon to the point where they had let him go about 3 years earlier, and he had gone down to the University of California and done some of his research work there. He worked with a colony of golden macacus rhesus monkeys—pure strain. He did work there of effects after total ablation of the thyroid. Then he went on to Tulane for teaching and research for a year, again had personnel difficulties, and then came here...not to get a divorce. He wanted to pursue his research here, started practice here and then wanted a university position. Some of the doctors in town—who thought he was a very good pediatrician and researcher—put pressure on us to give him a job at the university. So we gave him a job at \$25,000 a year with the university, so he could pursue his research.

DRI was part of the university at that time. It wasn't till later that it was separated off. Dr. Pickering went to work with his colony of

macacus rhesus monkeys, which he brought here and kept over in the old electrical engineering building and the one next to it, which had been more or less condemned some years before for teaching. They had rehabilitated them somewhat so that he was able to work there. His main project was to externalize the fetus of a monkey still in the amniotic sac, so it would stay alive and the placenta would not separate. And studies on the fetus, then, could be done by direct visualization outside the mother, but still attached to the mother for its life's supply through the umbilical cord. After some time, he did succeed in this and kept the fetus alive for a considerable number of hours; then it died. This research project terminated from lack of funding. Dr. Pickering stayed in Reno but left the university because we couldn't continue to pay him \$25,000 when he wasn't doing any further productive research or teaching. Meanwhile, his first wife had died of a brain tumor. I took her down to the University of California in an ambulance in the middle of the night, and she died shortly after that.

Meanwhile, Dr. George Smith wanted to do research here. With his excellent credentials we approached the Fleischmann Foundation with him and presented his contemplated research problems on the heart—some concerned with pacemakers and some concerned with other problems of cardiovascular pathology—which he intended to do on sheep. It appeared to be a program that might produce beneficial results. The Fleischmann Foundation gave us a considerable grant of \$350,000 as a fund for this to be done with. He then got a technician and a veterinarian and X-ray equipment for doing cardiac catheterizations, and 2 Quonset huts near Washoe Medical Center, which also

was interested in his research. The hospital helped equip the huts, provided facilities, and he did his research down there. Thus we were getting a small nucleus of scientific researchers here that were fairly closely related to human medicine.

This is still in advance of even the idea of a medical school being clearly formed?

Still in advance of it being clearly formed, yes, but with the need to take care of our students that wanted to go into medicine and our shortage of doctors still evident and with costs of sending them out of state rising all the time. In addition, WICHE was not accepting as many medical students as we had hoped and believed that they would.

In the meantime we had acquired about 200 acres of land at the deactivated Stead air base, and, along with this, much dental equipment. And the regents decided to start out with a dental technician program here at Nevada.

The University of Nevada, Las Vegas, which we now called it (it had been called Nevada Southern before), had a similar secret plan—ours was not secret—and at the next regents meeting in Las Vegas we found the board room packed with dentists, students and faculty, all loaded to high-pressure us into an immediate vote for such a program to be placed there and to intimidate the regents into voting it there at that meeting without prior discussion or preparation.

Did they have any facilities for it there?

No, they had no facilities for it. Some of us regents were so shocked by the high-pressure tactics that we obtained a postponement in voting on it. Some of the northern cow-county

regents were considerably angered, and those in Reno at least equally so.

CONVINCING THE LEGISLATURE

Representatives from the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare and foundation members—such as Kellogg and Commonwealth and Carnegie and other foundations—had been going through here and were impressed with our research programs and the many supporting programs in our 100-year-old university, especially our premedical, psychology, engineering, nursing and other areas. These were the years when the United States, in general, was thought to be short of doctors—particularly family doctors—by the Public Health Service, by the American Medical Association and by everyone concerned who did studies. There was much sentiment in Congress and money and encouragement by the accreditation officials for starting even 2-year medical schools where states were unable to start 4-year ones. Mr. Lorentzen of HEW came through here and told us of the money available in Washington for starting schools and that they would give us all the help they could. Three-for-one in building a library, two-for-one in buildings to be used for teaching, and one-for-one in those to be used for research. He said we could get help for any of those buildings if we wanted to start up a 2-year school.

What would be the purpose behind a 2-year school rather than a full 4-year medical school?

Because a 4-year one would cost a great deal more and because at that time there were, amongst the medical schools throughout the country, anywhere from 5 to 10 or more

percent dropping out during the first 2 years, making 1,000 or more vacant places available in the third year of these schools. So at that time you could transfer students quite readily from a 2-year school. That's the reason that the manpower people in Washington were favorable toward the establishment of 2-year schools.

Jim Faulkner, who had headed up the Faulkner Report of the 4 states, gave us encouragement and stated on the basis of his studies that Reno, as a 100-year-old school with more facilities and with more research already going on, was probably the place to start it. [See letters from Dr. James Faulkner in the Anderson Papers.]

Also, Washoe Medical Center was undergoing a \$14 million addition and wished to participate and design it as a teaching hospital. They offered us \$300,000 toward a building and 3 acres of free ground adjacent to the hospital for our first building. They were very anxious to become a teaching hospital with a medical school. I later found that the reason was that with a 4-year, full-fledged medical school they could get several millions of dollars in grants in building and equipment and grants afterwards. While they were anxious to have us at that time, we and they didn't know that a 2-year school could not get all these advantages.

Our Board of Regents had meetings with the board of trustees of the hospital on several occasions, in which we went over these things and how it would be run. Dr. Ernest Mack was the chairman of the board of trustees for the hospital at that time. We all came to a tentative sort of an agreement on the first building.

Meanwhile, Dr. Mack, Dr. William O'Brien (who was secretary/treasurer of the state medical association), Dr. George Smith, Colonel Nelson Neff (who was administrative secretary for the state medical association)

and myself made several trips back east to Washington, D.C., to New York and to Chicago to evaluate the prospective foundation grants, the attitude of the accreditation committee and the other committees in the American Medical Association and the attitude of HEW in general. We found that HEW was offering matching money—as we had been told by Mr. Lorentzen—for buildings, and things began to look possible at this time. After several meetings with the board of trustees of the Washoe Medical Center, we decided to take the plunge without first seeking legislative approval, as the south by now carried the majority of the votes on the one-man, one-vote legislative reapportionment which had been done during the preceding few years. We felt that they would kill anything that came before them from UNR that wasn't in some part, at least, *ex post facto*, and on which some action had already been taken.

The cow-county regents and the regents up here and even one or 2 of the southern regents were pretty much annoyed at the tactics that had been used at the previous meeting in Las Vegas. I thought that this was probably the time to get things under way. I was still chairman of the Board of Regents at that time, and on 11 February 1967 I stepped down from the president's chair and made the following motion:

I move that both medium and long-range planning be instituted to provide for the development of a health sciences center associated with the University of Nevada in Reno, and in conjunction with Washoe Medical Center and other health facilities in the area. The planning and development is to include staff and facilities for what will initially be an animal research building and a 2-year

school of basic medical sciences. Planning and development of these shall proceed as soon as is financially and otherwise feasible with the goal of admission of the first class to Medical School in approximately the fall of 1971 or 1972. The administration is hereby instructed to proceed with the development of staff and facilities as soon as it is feasible.

There is hereby reconfirmed the formal commitment of a sum up to \$300,000 of non-appropriated funds from the Board of Regents to match a like amount committed by the trustees of Washoe Medical Center, the total to be used together with the federal matching funds for the development of a new teaching research facility for environmental pathophysiology—including animal research, as set forth by the College of Agriculture of the university—in the new construction presently contemplated by Washoe Medical Center. The board designates this sum to be drawn from proceeds of the sale of certain portions of the Agriculture Experiment Station farm on Valley Road, now being used for research and presently being sought by the state highway department for construction of Interstate Highway number 80.

The board also directs the university administration to seek appropriate action in the 1967 Nevada state legislature, indicating legislative concurrence with such long-range planning, even though no state appropriation for a medical facility is being requested at this time, but rather because an expression of legislative intent to support such a

facility in the future is necessary to secure presently available financial support for new, medically related teaching and research facilities from private foundations and federal sources.

This motion was seconded by Regent Hug and passed by the board by a vote of 6 yes, 2 abstentions and one absent.

So, that's it? That marks the beginning?

That marks the beginning, yes.

How long was it before the legislature found out that you had done this?

We went over immediately after the meeting, a group of us, to see Governor Laxalt. But he was away, so instead we saw his chief executive officer for planning and explained it to him. He was very friendly about it, but said he was sure we'd hear some repercussions from the legislature, which we did. The group of us had almost immediately—the next day—to go back east to Washington, New York and Chicago to visit foundations and the American Medical Association again, so we didn't get to talk to the legislature immediately.

On our trip back east we found enthusiasm and funds in Washington as the news media and public were clamoring for schools that would produce an abundance of the old familytype doctors—with house calls, little black bag, the understanding, unhurried word and a sympathetic touch of the hand—little knowing that modern medicine had practically made these things of the past. After very satisfactory visits there, we returned to Reno and found a hornet's nest, 14 senators having introduced a bill (Senate Concurrent

Resolution No. 14) censuring this action by the Board of Regents of the university, with instructions to send copies of this bill forthwith to the president of the University of Nevada and to the chairman and each member of the Board of Regents and to the secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Needless to say, on our return we felt somewhat chagrined and disappointed and unhappy, but not totally without hope. And Bill O'Brien and Secretary Nelson Neff, George Smith and myself spent until 2:00 a.m. the night we returned phoning the various legislators, particularly those in the assembly whom we might be able to convince of its feasibility if we explained it properly. We did find a fair amount of.. .at least not antagonistic response.

Had you sought any support from the public at large, outside the legislature?

No, we had not. We had not gone to the state medical association.

Why not?

Because a majority of its members were from the south. The southern end of the state, because of reapportionment, could outvote us at any meeting. Fourteen of the senators had introduced this Senate Concurrent Resolution No. 14 opposing the action by the Board of Regents at the university in relation to the establishment of facilities for animal research and basic medical sciences as the opening wedge for a medical school.

Meanwhile, as a result of this, our small group took to the telephones and to personal talks with legislators, and then—together with the chancellor, president and several deans—had a hearing before a joint legislative session. After this, the censuring senate resolution was not concurred in by the assembly, and the

assembly did pass ACR 15, which encouraged the Board of Regents of the university to continue study of the feasibility of establishing medical school facilities in northern Nevada, with the advantages of some portions of the school going to the rest of the state as well, it being a statewide university concept. [See the Anderson Papers for testimony.]

Meanwhile, I received a letter from Dr. James Faulkner, who had been head of the Faulkner Study. A former dean of Boston University Medical School, he was a highly respected medical educator who had also been head of the American Medical Association Scholarship Fund. Attached to the letter, which was written in 1967, is an information statement regarding the opportunity for medical education in Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Wyoming.*

We had already mentioned the senate concurrent resolution which opposed the action by the Board of Regents of the university in relation to establishment of facilities for animal research and basic medical sciences. The first hearing on that was held 10 February 1967. I did a gallbladder operation over in Carson City that morning and felt a little weak toward the end of it—dizzy. When I got through with it I lay down a few minutes, then went over to the legislature where they had the hearings. As chairman of the university group, mine was the last one, and when I got up to speak my mouth was drier than a piece of cotton. One of the pages brought me a glass of water, and I finished my speech, got in my car, drove back home, went into the Washoe General Hospital and got 3 transfusions for a bleeding ulcer, which was my annoying companion for several years. [See the Anderson Papers for a transcript of the address to the legislature.]

At a later date I went down to the University of California, had myself gastroscoped by

their head of gastroenterology, who told me he thought I had cancer of the stomach. I called up home and scheduled myself for an operation, then went on a 2-week visit down to the M. D. Anderson and other hospitals in Houston, Texas. With a little relaxation it got better—I had X rays repeated down there. They couldn't find what they thought was a cancer, only a shallow ulcer, and I returned here and cancelled the operation.

I am including in the Anderson Papers testimony on the part of the Nevada State Medical Association that such a bill should not be passed by the legislature because it might very well be so restrictive that it would practically prevent further actions by the Board of Regents on other matters, as well as having its effect on this particular bill. And also—if it were transmitted to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare as instructed in the bill—it might well endanger future assistance from federal agencies by calling to their attention the areas of disagreement in the state of Nevada in the field of education, and it might hinder any future action.

The Washoe County Medical Society then presented a resolution in which it expressed all the various benefits which might accrue to the state from taking advantage of the existing available federal help, local help, foundation help and other help which then existed and might never occur again. This resolution pointed out the value of the program proposed by the Board of Regents, not only as a school of medical sciences but as an influence in upgrading many courses within the university in other colleges, in addition to cooperative work done between the Medical School and the College of Agriculture in the area of diseases affecting humans and animals.

There was also a statement by Dr. Wesley Hall, who was then chairman of the American

Medical Association. He had had considerable contact with medical education during the 9 years that he had been on the board of trustees of the American Medical Association and later president of the American Medical Association. He was on or had close contacts on many occasions with the committees that would have to approve any new medical school, the Liaison Committee on Medical Education [LCME] in particular. In this statement he discussed the fact that this was a 100-year-old university, had had a well-developed premedical course for over 40 years, had advanced degree courses in chemistry and physics and many of the other subjects which would be beneficial to the Medical School, and had faculty in those areas who, according to their deans, had agreed to participate in teaching. He also commented on the fact that there was a 4-year nursing school in Reno, which there was not in Las Vegas at that time. He gave it as his opinion that it would probably require 15 to 25 years of gradual development of these departments in Las Vegas before they might be in a position to qualify for a medical school, and he did not feel that Nevada should wait such a length of time.

Dr. Hall pointed out that there were medical schools in small cities—for example, in Morgantown, West Virginia, a city of 28,000 people. Because a state university had been established there many years before and because it had welldeveloped programs and because it was the largest university in the state—even though it was in a city of only 28,000 people—the medical school had been placed there. He pointed out that it didn't depend so much on the immediate size of the city, because there would be referral of patients and because in many instances they could use hospitals that were located in other communities for clinical teaching. In view of

these things, he called on the legislature to not vote favorably on the resolution against the school.

There was a letter from the Greater Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce decrying the hasty action taken on this matter, suggesting that it be referred for comprehensive study and that the regents should devote their efforts to attaining excellence in existing programs, particularly in the undergraduate area, before embarking on new, expensive programs. The letter went on to say that money should be spent on developing Nevada Southern University, which was a new school at that time, instead of on the Medical School up here, even though the university in the south was expanding rapidly and buildings were being designated for it every session of the legislature.

President Charles Armstrong, president of the University of Nevada, Reno, spoke in favor of the Medical School, giving the reasons why it should be developed there and soon. The reasons were as follows: Washoe Medical Center had been supported by the \$14 million bond issue. It was just under planning, and if decided now they could design that to be a teaching type of facility. If it were put off till it was done as a regular hospital, it would lose certain advantages. The Desert Research Institute—which had been funded from the Fleischmann Foundation, with several programs going on that were medical research in nature—could be relocated into it. Federal matching funds were available—three to one for a library, two to one for teaching buildings, one to one for research buildings—and they would only be available for about 4 years. The College of Agriculture was planning an animal research facility to be funded by the sale of land, and the large animal research building could be built in such a way that it would accommodate both the Medical School and the College of Agriculture.

Testimony was then given by Chancellor Miller, who was chief executive officer of the University of Nevada. President Armstrong at this time would have been over him as head of both universities. The establishment of the health science center had been projected for a 2-year medical school. It could take advantage of 15 to 20 teaching stations already established at the university during the first year, and in the second year the school could fulfill some portions of its requirements by using another 20. So Chancellor Miller said that we were already, in considerable measure, staffed for the teaching of basic sciences, which is really what a 2-year medical school consists of. In addition, UNR offered credits and advanced courses in chemistry, physics and psychology, and degrees in animal science, biochemistry, biology, mathematics, physical education, sociology and zoology. All of these could, in some measure, be used.

We had the already-established research projects previously mentioned; we had a cancer research program already under way; we had a child development laboratory, and we had a strong psychological services department. We had equipment which had been given to us by the Fleischmann Foundation, including 2 electron microscopes worth \$1,235,000, which would be available. Our Life-Sciences Library—which was located so it could be used jointly by the School of Nursing, the College of Agriculture and the Medical School—had 30,000 volumes in it relating to medical education. There were also 25,000 volumes in the Washoe Medical Center Library and in the Veterans Administration Hospital Library, enough to begin a basic program.

Chancellor Miller's estimate was that the things he had mentioned would actually almost give us a start, but adding other things

to them—a faculty of 10, technical staff of 10, classified and clerical help, equipment, operations and library expenses—would result in a need for \$366,000 to start it off with. To partially defray that, of course, we had \$200,000 per year coming in from Howard Hughes [see pp. 457-460, 480-483], and we had numerous grants which had been promised us from foundations, plus the federal capitation fee of \$2,500 per student annually. There was no intent to cost the state any more than minimal money for buildings or operations for the first several years. We had enough money without it, and we thought this would prove a very telling point with the legislature.

Dean Dale Bohmont of the College of Agriculture spoke about the money that they were able to put into it, providing they got some sharing of offices. He also mentioned the already-approved bonding of \$250,000 that could be used in constructing an animal and human health research project.

Dr. Ernest Mack, chairman of the board of trustees of the Washoe Medical Center then spoke regarding the hospital development program.

Fred Settlemeyer—a rancher from Douglas County who either was or had been a member of the legislature, and who was chairman of the Citizen's Advisory Committee to the College of Agriculture—spoke on the \$300,000 that was to be used by the College of Agriculture. In particular he pointed out that this had been a restricted gift when the Valley Road farm, which was the research station for the College of Agriculture lying just east of the main university, had been given to the university by the donors, the Evans family. He believed that the \$300,000 in question had to be used, under the terms of the will, for some benefit accruing to the College of Agriculture. This statement was made because

any funds derived from the Evans family gift of this Valley Road farm should go for use by the College of Agriculture. This problem was solved, allowing 3 offices and research laboratories in the first Medical School building—the Anderson Building—for use by the College of Agriculture. To this day their biochemistry is taught in the laboratories of the Medical School.

There was further testimony against the Medical School by Dr. Follmer, who presented himself as representing the Clark County Medical Society. He gave a long and rambling dissertation on the reasons against forming a medical school, among which were the fact that he, himself, had devised a plan which would intertie all the communities in the state in a teaching network that would do many things. He claimed it would promote not only medical, but regular education as well. That had been presented to me previously in detail. It was about a 50-page document, which I reviewed and which I had others review. It was ridiculous to hope that it could ever be established. I had written him a letter as to the lack of feasibility of the university going in with such a thing as that.

The Clark County Medical Society had gone on record against the Medical School and defined what a medical school was. It said that this was not one, would not be one; that the expenditures would be unconscionably high; that the money should be spent developing programs in the undergraduate level, particularly at Nevada Southern (later called the University of Nevada, Las Vegas), and presented pamphlets regarding costs of establishing medical education. These objections generally all referred to 4-year schools; starting from scratch with university hospitals, which of course are tremendous in amount. You would have to go to \$25 million or more to establish one.

The assembly did not support the senate bill of censure, but instead introduced a bill, requesting the regents to study the possibility of a regional school of health sciences. And according to my recollection, this was passed. This, in effect, would kill the senate concurrent resolution condemning the study.

The physicians in Las Vegas, for the greater part, were opposed to any medical school. There were individual exceptions to that.

Was it because they hoped to have a medical school located in Las Vegas instead?

That is what we believed. This would not be their statement; their statement would be that they were opposed to the Medical School in general because of the cost of it, not because they wanted, at a later date, to have it in Las Vegas. But reading between the lines and talking with them, one fully understood that they wanted to wait until their school was strong enough to get it down there. That's the reason that Dr. Wesley Hall gave the testimony as he gave it—that he thought it would be 15 to 25 years before that could be accomplished.

Dr. Follmer claimed that no studies had been done, either as to the need for a medical school or as to what was available for one or what one would cost, whereas in addition to the Faulkner studies and report our own studies had been going on for many months. His arguments were full of fallacies and emphasis on many points which were non-existent. [See the Anderson Papers for the complete text of Dr. Follmer's statement.]

Within the legislature, was the opposition based on party lines? Was it geographically divided? What was the general...?

This whole episode—all the way through from start to finish, excluding the initial

censuring, which was bipartisan—was more or less based on the north against the south. Senator Floyd Lamb, who was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Senator Mahlon Brown, who actually was by years of service the senior senator in the legislature, were both from the south. Together they took the lead in fighting against the Medical School. They were 2 strong opponents.

Senator Lamb called the meeting to order on ACR 15. It had already been heard and passed by the assembly, because it was an assembly resolution. Senator Lamb introduced me, stressing the point that this hearing did not involve a question of where the school should be located, but a question of whether we could afford it. He said that this was not a north-south fight, but an argument of money—which was stretching the point a bit. Then he introduced me as chairman of the Board of Regents as the first speaker. [See the Anderson Papers for the text of this and other testimony, both for and against the bill.]

What should we know about those 1967 hearings on ACR 15 that doesn't appear in the documents?

What was really going on, in my opinion, was that a few of the people in the legislature sincerely believed that we could not afford a medical school and still keep up our other responsibilities. The majority of these were from the south. The majority of the people from the north were in support of the bill. My belief, and the belief of most people at the time, was that the south was attempting to stall the establishment of this until such time that their school was strong enough to make a claim for it.

I am including an interesting paper in the Anderson Papers on the percentage growth of the population between 1950 and 1960.

It was predicted that before the turn of the century Nevada would have between 1.5 and 2 million people, and by the time the first medical students were out it would, in practice, have close to 800,000 people. That's one of the reasons the northerners felt that such a project was feasible, particularly in view of the fact that the legislature wouldn't have to take over the major part of the expenses for several years. This was borne out by recent census projections in which fairly conservative predictions had the population of this state by the year 2000 at close to 2 million people.

At the time that the plans to develop the Medical School became public, was there any comment from the UNR faculty?

Yes, UNR faculty in general had mixed feelings. Some felt that this would take away some from their opportunities for advances in salary and other things such as that, and others were in favor of it because they thought it would upgrade the caliber of the school and would be sort of a star in the constellation of the University of Nevada. You will note that the deans who were concerned in giving testimony testified favorably toward it and toward the feasibility study.

I also note that the dean of Arts and Sciences was not among them. How did Arts and Sciences feel about this?

I can't honestly tell you. He never openly opposed it at any time. I think he may have been out of state when the hearings were held.

Was there any organized opposition on campus that you were aware of?

No. The student body itself was favorable toward it.

And the other members of the Board of Regents?

The other members of the Board of Regents, as it went along, became more and more favorable to it. After the first positive vote almost every vote subsequently of the Board of Regents was either unanimous or in one or 2 cases unanimous except for one person, all the way down the line.

Many times in testimony opponents said that the [state] didn't have the tax structure to support a medical school and at the same time support growing populations in the other 2 universities. We also had under consideration while this was being considered the establishment of a community college system. So these 2 forces were tugging at one another for a limited amount of money.

There was, I believe, a letter from Ernest Newton, who was chairman of the Nevada Taxpayers Association, to the effect that he did not believe that additional tax-costing things should be introduced into the state at this time...but this would be expected of the Taxpayers Association.

I don't think that they believe that additional taxes should ever be imposed; it's not a question of felicitous time.

No, except when they had a very capable and honest man at the head of the association, who was Neil Humphrey.

In your discussions with other regents and with the legislature, was there ever any attention given to the economic development impact of having a hospital here in Reno?

This school was always considered by us to be a statewide school. We didn't intend to have a university hospital here on the grounds next to the Medical School. We intended it to

use the community hospitals in the state—here in Reno, Saint Mary's, Washoe Medical Center, the Veterans Hospital, State Mental Institution; and in Las Vegas, the Southern Nevada Memorial, the Sunrise Hospital, Women's Hospital, St. Rose de Lima and others; in Carson City, the hospital there; in Elko, the Humboldt General Hospital—any place that had a hospital large enough to have patients and doctors capable enough to give the students some training. We call this, I suppose, a medical school without walls—designated to be a state medical school, not located on the same ground as the administration, giving the medical students mandatory exposure to country medicine under a country doctor in the country, every one of them, so that they would have the exposure to it and know what it was like and know whether they'd want to come back to practice in the small towns. We just took away the tremendous expense that a university-owned hospital imposes.

It was not intended, then, to develop a teaching hospital here in Reno?

Teaching, yes, but we had no intention of developing any medical school-owned hospital here in Reno. The basic sciences staff, of course, have their offices in the basic sciences buildings—as does the administration in the teaching buildings—at no cost to them.

At that time we had \$2,500 capitation money per year from the federal government for each student in the school. We had \$750,000 promised from one of the foundations, money from several more; we had buildings on the campus we could renovate without asking the legislature for money to renovate them, using instead our capital construction fund. With the additional \$200,000 from Hughes annually [see pp. 457-460, 480-483], the

school would not require money through the legislature in any substantial amount for several years. And, of course, 2-year programs at that time were not nearly as expensive as they are now.

I should note that from the beginning the concept had been presented as a medical school without walls—in other words, a state medical school that would serve the entire state. It would not just serve it from Reno, but would have a branch in Las Vegas and use the hospitals that could be used for teaching in Reno, Las Vegas, Carson City, Ely and Elko.. .any place that had a hospital large enough to teach and doctors that were capable of teaching. We would have probably a staff of 200 part-time private physicians here in Reno also helping with students and acting as student advisors; we would probably have 75 or so in Las Vegas; and we would probably have 40 to 50 around the rest of the state.

That idea was well received both by the profession and the public, because it meant that by far the majority of these instructors wouldn't receive compensation. This would reduce the cost of faculty and would probably upgrade the doctors who were teaching. Those who would teach beyond a certain amount would receive a letter of appointment and perhaps an eighth or a quarter salary compensation. The year and a half that I taught as a full professor on the university faculty, I taught quarter time and received a quarter of a full professor's remuneration. The rest of the 10 years I was teaching I put in nearly a quarter of time and got nothing. Of course, most doctors put in a good deal less time than I did, but many doctors taught courses and are continuing to teach them for nothing. This is true not only in Nevada but in most medical schools where the facilities of the community are used to help in the preparation and teaching of medical students.

A study of schools throughout the United States showed us that between 25 and 30 percent of the medical schools were separated from the main university. Seven of them didn't even have nominal university affiliation, and in others just an association that was very minimal. This showed that a medical school could actually be run without university affiliation, although we felt we wanted a strong one here with the University of Nevada.

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At about the same time as the hearings regarding the censuring bill were taking place, H. Ed Manville, Jr., who had been a citizen of Reno for some years (a son of the Manville who started the Manville Roofing Company and other companies), proved to be of tremendous help. Not only did he throw his energy and persuasion into the project, but he also arranged for a bequest of \$1 million from his estate at a later date. As a well-known and highly respected previous public benefactor, his active influence was considerable. Manville's papers were drawn up with the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company.

Manville had been of tremendous help to us in advising on the development of the school. The dean appointed him chairman of the Medical School Advisory Board. He not only presided, but several times when we were short of funds helped with some fairly significant sums of money. H. Ed Manville, Jr., recently died of cardiac complications associated with asbestosis acquired when he started at the bottom of the ladder in their plant as a young man.

* * * * *

Perhaps the thing that affected the legislature more than anything we did was

that Howard Hughes—who had not long before that moved to Las Vegas, bought the Desert Inn and occupied the entire top floor—communicated with our governor, Paul Laxalt, by letter, offering us a sum of \$6 million.

He had been made aware of the state's needs?

I am sure he had seen the stories in the newspapers, and I'm sure he had been made aware of it through one of his attorneys or his man in charge of Nevada operations, Robert Maheu. I believe that Governor Laxalt, who was a great friend of Robert Maheu, had a great deal to do with it.

Mr. Hughes, in my opinion—through the purchase of the Desert Inn and several other casinos in Las Vegas that were coming close to being on the rocks, perhaps from too heavy skimming or mismanagement—brought more respectability into Nevada and the gambling scene, especially in Las Vegas, than any other thing that ever occurred.

Paul Laxalt, our governor, and Bob Maheu, who was director of Hughes operations in Nevada, between them conceived the idea that Hughes would make these gifts—one of \$250,000 toward the study for the community colleges and some support for the Elko college; the other, \$6 million for the Medical School. As to his exact motives in doing that, I don't know whether this was really public relations or whether he had a deep interest in medicine. The fact that he had had some previous interest in medicine is shown by the fact that he had many years earlier established the Hughes Medical Foundation, with its headquarters in Florida. Although I was never able to get exact details on that, it was my understanding that most of the earnings of Hughes Aircraft Company were to go toward that. And a professor of medicine at

Harvard Medical School was the doctor in charge of that program. This was primarily a research organization, although it was little known to the public, and it was difficult to find out details regarding it or how much money actually went into it. But Hughes had expressed previous interest in medicine in this way.

Through another agent, I believe a Mr. Meyer, Hughes also bought up a great number of old mining properties, probably mostly worthless. Most Nevadans believe he was hoodwinked in this by Meyer. Subsequent actions seem to indicate that they have never been worked, partly because of his eccentric behavior and probably because most of them were no good to begin with.

Hughes's interest in the Medical School continued, and he was a major factor in its realization. His offer was for between \$200,000 and \$300,000 per year after the school was built and the first students accepted, each year for a period of 20 years, carrying over into his own personal will and not in Summa Corporation, the main business venture, which was bound to be involved in legal disputes if there should be death or other disaster. No matter what happened, we were fairly certain of getting our money as being given to us from his own personal will if he died before the gift terminated.

I went to Las Vegas, met his representative, Bob Maheu, and later signed the contract as chairman of the Board of Regents, with Mr. Hughes as the other signatory, although I did not meet him personally. There were some ambiguities in the first draft of the contract, including the word construction instead of renovation, and some question as to whether he had referred to a 4-year rather than a 2-year school and the money to make up an annual deficit. The university could not legally go into a \$300,000 deficit—were

not supposed to into any deficits—so in 1972 all these facts were belabored forcibly by the opponents of the school, both in the legislature and otherwise.

A supplemental agreement was entered into between Howard Hughes and the Board of Regents to clarify terminology in the initial document, which had used the words “building school constructed and students admitted by May 21, 1968.” There were 2 things wrong with that. We were renovating or refurbishing and making alterations in 2 buildings, rather than doing new construction, and this made an ambiguous point. In addition, we couldn't possibly get the studies accomplished and buildings equipped in time to admit students within 3 years, which was the timetable he had set for the duration of his contract at first—it would not be valid after that. So, both the word “constructed” and the timetable were deleted, and this was signed by his representative, Richard Gray.

The contract was rewritten to clear up all the discrepancies, but the gift changed to \$200,000 per year definitely, with no strings attached, for 20 years, the other stipulations being omitted.

At the same time the final contract was drawn up for Howard Hughes by his attorney, concurred in by our attorney and signed. A thing that I regret is that his signature was not notarized, as there were so many lawsuits over his signature in other papers at later dates, but there was nothing I could do about getting it notarized. I signed it as chairman of the Board of Regents, and then I think it was countersigned by our attorney general to make it fully legal and operative.

Was there any debate within the regents as to whether or not they should accept the money from Howard Hughes?

None whatever, and no debate amongst the legislators. The legislature, in fact, voted to thank Howard Hughes for both his gift of \$250,000 to study the community college system and for his generous offer for a medical school, without, however, committing themselves to the school in the letter.

* * * * *

At the time Governor Laxalt preferred not to come out and give his public endorsement to the Medical School. He felt he would do better to promote it quietly as much as he could over there with the legislators; he felt he could do us more good that way than by coming out publicly. [See letter to this effect in the Anderson Papers.]

Was he afraid that his public support of it might...?

Wouldn't do as much good as if he did it quietly to the legislators themselves.

Was he that unpopular?

He was not unpopular with either the public or the legislature—he was popular with both. He could probably have been elected governor a second time if he had run, but he chose not to run. After 4 years of it, he said he'd had enough of politics. He later got back into it again.

I knew Senator Laxalt very well, ever since he was a small boy. I knew his family and had taken care of several of his family—including his mother and father—and operated on his daughter. I had taken care of him and taken care of his brother Robert Laxalt, who was head of our University Press here, and his family all the years that I was in practice. In fact, I've taken care of all of the governors

except 2 since 1936. The 2 that I missed were Governor Mike O'Callaghan, who usually went to the Veterans Administration Hospital, and Governor Robert List, who had lived in the Carson City area before and went to Carson City doctors. I've taken care of all the others—Richard Kirman, E. P. Carville, Vail Pittman, Charles Russell and so on down the list...Grant Sawyer, Paul Laxalt. I took care of Richard Bryan a few times when he was going to the University of Nevada, although I've not had the occasion to since. So I've had ready access to most governors of the state.

I had ready access to Governor O'Callaghan as a personal friend. I was one of the first ones to suggest to him that he should run for governor at the time he did. The governors have always been in support of the Medical School—Governor Laxalt at first quietly but effectively, and the others openly in their message on the state of the state, and at any meetings with important people that we had here, such as accreditation committees. We could count on nearly all of them to attend our hooding ceremonies or our graduation ceremonies.

* * * * *

A bill (ACR 5) was introduced into the legislature 9 February 1968, requesting a feasibility study for a 2-year medical school to be located in Nevada. This passed both houses, and on return to the Board of Regents, of course, continuation of the feasibility of the study was accepted. It was allowed on the ground that no money would be appropriated for it. The university provided \$25,000 from nonappropriated funds, and a thorough study was done, with many distinguished educators on the study committee. The study—a 1 1/2-inch thick, 2-volume, 300-page study—was turned in to the Board of Regents and

approved by them, with a recommendation that this be passed on to the legislature. [See the Anderson Papers for a copy of the feasibility study.]

At this point Neil Humphrey, chancellor of the university system, gave testimony before the Board of Regents that the feasibility study had been completed. The board approved it. After approval Humphrey presented to the regents a letter* giving budgetary items that would provide funding for the remodeling and renovation of the buildings and for the first 2 years of operation of the Medical School. He requested very minor appropriations for operation—I think \$58,500 the first year and \$14,900 the second year. These sums were not for legislative appropriation, but were for authorization to spend student capital construction funds which the university already possessed. There were to be larger appropriations from several foundations. The foundation grants, of course, would not come into our hands until the approval by the legislature. The regents sent that budget with a letter to Russell McDonald—who was bill drafter for the legislature—asking him to draw up a bill. Russ McDonald did this, and in 1969 the bill was introduced which authorized the development of the health science program and authorized operating funds for renovation and remodeling of the Mackay Science Hall and the Mechanical Arts Building, which were the 2 buildings that the Medical School started in. The Mackay Science Hall had previously been used for chemistry and physics. The other building had been, in essence, condemned and was scheduled to be torn down, but it was renovated instead for this purpose. For the first couple of years, until the first Medical School building was built, classes were to be conducted in these and in a

portion of the nursing school and also, to some degree, in the hospitals.

Prior to the introduction of the bill approving the feasibility study and funds there were, of course, a good many arguments going back and forth between the ends of the state; but with the introduction of Assembly Bill No. 130, a real series of donnybrooks started. Now, it has to be realized that the south had an absolute majority, both in the senate and on the Board of Regents at this time. Assembly Bill No. 130 provided for expenditure of the monies for the first 2 years of operation and for renovation of the buildings. It appropriated a very small amount of money.

We have a policy on the Board of Regents that when the board has passed something, that matter is done with. The rest of the members of the board do not go out and then campaign against that or write things against it. But Regent Bilbray said he didn't care; he was going to violate the rule, even though it was pointed out to him plainly at the meeting that this rule existed. The vote in favor of the recommendations being sent to the legislature for preparation of this bill was 6 to 3—Bilbray and Grant and Ronzone voting against it. When Bilbray made his statement, the other 2 said they would have no part of it; that they would adhere to the usual regent policy. It was passed, and they would not discuss it, would not go out and campaign against it publicly or to the legislature. But Bilbray wrote up a minority report on his own and submitted it to the regents and legislature. [See the Anderson Papers for a copy of Bilbray's minority report and comments by Dr. Anderson and others.]

After hearings had gone on regarding the approval of the feasibility study and of the money, votes were taken in the senate. When the roll was called, it was 11 for and 6 against, so the motion passed. The motion was to defeat the bill, as already noted. One

of the northern regents, Coe Swobe, voted for the bill, and we were somewhat aghast until we learned his reason. His reason was so that he could bring it up for reconsideration the next day. Meantime, before the next day he talked with Senator John R. Fransway, one of the senators from a small town. One of Fransway's family, or a close friend of the family, had had a severe illness and being in a rural area couldn't get the medical attention needed. By talking to Senator Fransway and reminding him that there might be a doctor available for such emergencies if a medical school existed, Senator Swobe was able to persuade Fransway to change his vote and help kill the motion. On the second vote, he voted no himself, and one of the southern legislators was absent at the time, so that when it came up for reconsideration the new vote was 10 against and 7 for, which meant that the bill to kill the Medical School had failed. We were essentially on our way. The only discussion on the bill had been a reminder that a "y" vote would support the permissive Medical School bill.

At the time of the passage of the bill authorizing the establishment of the Medical School and approving expenditure of the money for it, some of the legislators who were opponents of the Medical School attempted to see that the regents went no farther in establishing anything else in it—for example, a physical therapy program or occupational therapy program or something like that. They required that George Smith (the dean), the president of the university and the chancellor sign a letter stating—at the request of Senator Lamb and others—that no new programs would be introduced into the Medical School without first being approved and reviewed by the president of the University of Nevada, the chancellor of the University of Nevada System, the university Board of

Regents and the Nevada State Legislature, effectively blocking the Medical School from doing anything at all beyond what they had authorized.

It's rather of interest that Senator Lamb—who had been one of the 2 floor leaders along with Senator Brown in fighting the medical center all the way through—came to a banquet which was given for the medical students of the first 2 years with their parents at Harrah's. A number of legislators were invited. Senator Lamb came and got up and made a brief statement in which he said that in his political career he had been forced to eat crow many times, but that this was the best crow he had ever tasted.

CHOOSING A SITE

Along with our arguments in favor of the school, we had a package put together probably in excess of \$8 or \$10 million. In addition, the Washoe Medical Center had, shortly before, received a vote for a bond for \$14 million for renovation, and it had offered us \$300,000 in space. But I'm sorry to say that shortly after that, Washoe Medical Center found that whereas it had had 40 acres when the hospital started, it had given a piece of it to the Pickett Park, had then given another piece to the United States Department of Agriculture for their forestry building, another piece to the state penal system for detention of juvenile delinquents and another piece to the county for a county administrative building, which they were not willing to give up to us. They didn't have 3 acres to give us. Therefore, the Washoe Medical Center rescinded its \$300,000.

In addition, the \$300,000 that we had obtained from the sale of a right-of-way through the Valley Road farm put us in somewhat of a bind. That Valley Road farm

had been given to the College of Agriculture for use solely by the College of Agriculture, and any beneficial use that was to come out of it in the future, including money from its sale, was to accrue to the College of Agriculture. So in return for this \$300,000, we promised the College of Agriculture 3 spaces for biochemistry in our new building, which they occupy till this date. They came off the winner in that by far, now that the Medical School has developed. As a matter of fact an individual employed primarily by the College of Agriculture is chairman of the biochemistry department at the present time. Biochemistry for the College of Agriculture is done in the Medical School building, and that for the rest of the university as well. We house all the biochemistry for the university.

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The acting director of the department of undergraduate medical education of the American Medical Association and Dr. Cheves Smythe of the Association of the American Medical Colleges were coming to Reno to spend 2 days on a site inspection of the university and the hospitals to gather information for the licensing committee for medical schools. We were then developing a schedule of meetings with the appropriate persons for them to interview. In addition to the interviews there would be a somewhat larger luncheon meeting and dinner meeting at which questions could be asked in front of the full visiting group. It was hoped that as many of the Board of Regents could be there to hear those things as possible. I sent out a special message to them to the effect that we hoped they would attend at least the dinner, to meet these people and to hear what they had to say about the preliminary inspection and interview. The majority attended.

At the time of passage of ACR 15 the regents appointed Dr. George Smith chairman of the committee for the study. Before appointing him, I—as chairman of the Board of Regents—wrote to the state attorney general to determine whether we would have authority to appoint a dean at this time. A letter to the affirmative was returned and is included with the Anderson Papers. So George Smith was appointed dean. He was a very energetic person and soon had a group of about 100 official consultants, nearly 20 of them being deans or past deans or top officers in medical schools—both 2 and 4 year—in various parts of the country.

There was a stream of other visitors—from the American Medical Association, the Association of the American Medical Colleges, the Liaison Committee on Medical Education and HEW officials and granting officers from foundations—passing through here during this year to observe conditions and make their own minds up as to whether the school was needed and feasible.

The president of the University of Arizona wrote a letter in which he indicated that he didn't think a 4-year school was feasible or desirable. A number of opponents latched onto that as testimony against it, but then he wrote another letter explaining that his first letter had not been meant to be negative or discouraging about a 2-year school.

As a result of these consultants and their opinions, a decision was made. The majority of the consultants were of the opinion that this, being a 2-year medical school, would be better off close to the university on university grounds than adjacent to a hospital. And this was fortunate because the hospital had found that it didn't have room down there. So the consultant committee, in essence, voted that the school should be adjacent to the main university when sites were considered.

As a result of us choosing the site at the university, Washoe Medical Center withdrew its \$300,000 offer. I very soon after that found out that one of the reasons they'd been so generous was that a 4-year school with a building program of \$14 million—which was going on at the hospital—could be in line to receive several million dollars from HEW to make it a teaching hospital. However, nothing would be given for a 2-year school, which the hospital didn't know at the time they made their offer.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IN OPERATION: 1970-1983

ATTRACTING STUDENTS AND FACULTY

Did the school in its early stages give priority to in-state students?

Yes, indeed. This school had as a policy, and stated such before the legislature, that it would be primarily for Nevada students, but we would perhaps allow a very few students from out of state, mostly from the states without medical schools—Montana, Idaho, Alaska, Wyoming. Occasionally, in a rare instance, a student might be admitted who was a resident of California on this side of the Sierra Nevadas, who had attended premedical school here in Nevada, and whose family's interests were largely centered in Nevada, even though their home might be across the state line. There have been maybe 3 students in the history of the school admitted that way.

Admissions requirements were essentially the same as those for other medical schools. A beginning medical school has to be very careful both in the students it admits and the requirements it demands of them. A

2-year school must see that they get through and pass the first part of the national boards examination to be acceptable for transfer into the third year of other medical schools, and are successful there, or it will not get other students through. So, careful attention is paid to admission. One thing that Nevada has done, which no other state does for its residents, is to give a personal interview by some members of the committee to every Nevada student who applies—whether he looks like he can be admitted or not; no matter what his grades are—just so every Nevada student will have had a crack at it. That doesn't mean he'll be admitted—they have to keep the admission standards up to those in other medical schools.

Incidentally, several doctors from Las Vegas were opposed to creating the Medical School. In one case, Dr. Zucker, an opponent, later found that this was the only medical school his son could get into 4 or 5 years later. This has happened with a considerable number of doctors in Nevada—their children went to this school after it was established,

when they couldn't get in anywhere else, even though the fathers had fought the establishment of the school in the developing stages.

Of course, this same thing is true of many of the other students who attend here. You see, we would have an average of perhaps 8 or sometimes 10 students accepted throughout the country before the Medical School was started. As soon as the school was started we went up to its first class of 32 students and then advanced the next year up to 48, and so instead of getting 10 students in, you would get 48 in out of Nevada, which was over 400 percent more than you got in before, plus a very few who got in elsewhere.

That had nothing to do with the admissions requirements?

It had nothing to do with the admissions requirements, except that they had to be acceptable. Admission requirements were essentially the same as in other medical schools. We had more than enough qualified Nevadans applying. Now, it's a known fact that when you have facilities available, the number of people applying for them goes up markedly. This is what was expected and what did happen in Nevada. We had, I think, nearly 500 Nevada students apply for the first year, and we had well over 1,000 out-of-state students apply for an admission total of approximately 36.

Was there any effort to achieve any geographical distribution within Nevada of the students who were being admitted to medical school?

There was not a definite effort to achieve geographical distribution, because students had to be accepted on their ability and their past record; there was not any quota system.

On a number of occasions it was noted that more were accepted from Reno than from Las Vegas. There was some complaint about that, but then it was shown that they did not have a well-developed premedical program in Las Vegas. Quite a few Las Vegas students were transferring up to this university and taking the premedical courses here, and were then put down as entries from the University of Nevada, Reno, so that the percentage is not as disparate as it may have appeared.

How did you attract faculty initially?

Through the dean's personal knowledge of people and other faculties; by the fact that faculty and deans and other people were going through here during those 2 to 3 years before it started up; and by the fact that it became well known that Nevada was establishing a medical school and that there would be openings available. We attracted some good faculty, and I'm sorry to say that we attracted some that was not so good—some that I wish that we had never accepted. But there were many people—in particular, young ones—who looked at this as an innovative type of school (which it was) serving the whole state through community hospitals and without a teaching hospital at the medical school itself, all coordinating in one place as a medical center. This was an innovative program, and quite a few faculty members from elsewhere felt they wanted to step in and start their own program from scratch and see what they could develop out of it.

As I understand it, there was not much money available for faculty salaries at that time.

There was a state law that no state employee could have a salary larger than 95 percent of that of the governor, and the

governor was only getting \$50,000. You could not hire a good M.D. for anything like that sum. So we got passed in the legislature in 1969 a law that allowed the school to pay out of appropriated funds an amount up to 95 percent of what the governor was being paid, and they could pay additional salary out of 2 sources: out of grant monies and other non-legislative funds or out of what the individual himself earned on his one day a week that he was allowed to do private practice.

In most medical schools individuals are allowed one day plus evenings when they can take care of private patients of their own in the hospitals, and we have such a policy here. We have an agreement drawn up amongst the medical faculty, and this allows them to keep a certain percentage of what they earn. A certain percentage goes toward operating their offices—they have to maintain their own offices, pay rent and, in some instances, pay for their own secretaries on what they make. Some of what they earn will go toward the Medical School itself for M.D.'s in jobs without a private practice, and I believe 15 percent will go toward the dean's fund.

The university faculty senate at one time tried to pass a motion that some of the money earned by faculty doctors from their private practice should be turned over to the university for the general faculty. I attended that, along with Dr. [Ernest] Mazzaferri, and made some rather scathing remarks about their wanting to take from the doctors money which the doctors had earned on their day off, which they had never done with any other members of the faculty that earned money on their day off. Some faculty in the political science or psychology departments had acted as consultants to the courts, and physics and engineering faculty had consulted with law enforcement agencies where collisions and other accidents were concerned. Some faculty

had consulted where water studies were done, some in biochemistry when the Sea 'n' Ski factory was here and in various things like that, and they had never required them to turn over a cent. But now they wanted the Medical School to turn over to them money that its people earned. Needless to say, after Dr. Mazzaferri and I got through testifying, it was dropped. That would have been the year this bill was passed, 1969.

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We began to draw up affiliation agreements with the hospitals for the work in them. Some, like the Veterans, were very cooperative. Saint Mary's was not particularly interested, and Washoe was very recalcitrant in dealing with the school—in particular when, at a later date, we had residents, but even while it was a 2-year school. The main difficulty was with a small but significant and vociferous portion of the medical staff, some of whom didn't want the school or residents. But most of the staff liked the students and were glad to have a certificate on their wall stating they were on the faculty in adjunct positions. We progressed, and we made affiliation agreements with a great many hospitals towards the time when we would need them for teaching purposes and later for affiliations with residents that we hoped to have soon. We had also to get the doctors and students involved with patients through what are called preceptorships. In this arrangement every student would be assigned to a practicing doctor in town for the year and go with him on rounds. In the second year the student would go into the operating room with him or other doctors, and would frequently go to his office. They had quite a lot of patient contact.

Nearly 200 doctors in Reno are in clinical positions on the staff. If they gave just a few

lectures they received no compensation for it. If they gave a considerable number they would receive part-time compensation, let's say a quarter time or more, and the amounts varied. Pay was not a crucial factor with most doctors. Students could be taught also by the interdisciplinary teams, where when the subject of peptic ulcer was discussed by a basic science professor, there would also be an internist and a surgeon present from the voluntary clinical faculty for remarks and discussion. We had this down as a definite project to carry through with, but we later found it too difficult after the first 2 years to get these people together consistently, and it was dropped back to the more usual type of instruction of one teacher in each class, although sometimes, particularly in conferences, more than one doctor would be present for discussion of the cases.

We were very strong in teaching behavioral sciences, particularly at first, and that has continued with psychologists and psychiatrists on the clinical staff. We contemplated this in the multitude of curriculum meetings that were held prior to the actual admission of students. The Kellogg Foundation gave us a grant of \$175,000 for the development of the curriculum, and of course many meetings were held by faculty—and including town doctors—to determine what this school should attempt in the way of innovations. It was decided to teach subjects in an interdisciplinary manner whenever possible; to bring behavioral sciences in early; to get the students into contact with the patients as quickly as possible, but to give them as much behavioral sciences as possible before they came into contact with the patients; and to teach such things as anatomy and other subjects in definite blocks rather than intermingle them too much, so the students would have a definite idea just what they were

getting into over certain periods of time and could concentrate on those things.

There was introduced the concept of saving some students a year in getting an M.D. degree by accepting outstanding third-year students to the Medical School. This was made almost impossible by the fact that we would have as applicants double the number of qualified students who were graduates, and many who were Ph.D.'s and who were, in some cases, dentists or members of the chemistry or other science faculties. These so far outnumbered the number we could accept that we rarely were able to get down to any third-year students, so the concept of shortening the time of medical school was largely defeated.

We aimed at admitting a first-year class of 48 students. It was our feeling—expressed to the Liaison Committee of Medical Education and strongly endorsed by them—that we wanted to stay small. We felt that we were, even with 48 students, taking care of about 4 or 5 times as many medical students as before the school began. The classes were small enough so that we could give them much closer counseling and individual attention. The legislature also wished us to keep it small to keep down expenses.

Students were kept terribly on edge most of the time for several reasons. One was that they all had to be transferred to a third-year place in another school, and although we knew there were approximately 1,000 places available by the third year in the other schools in sum total, we didn't know how they would react to accepting the students from a new, just-developing school like this. Fortunately, they were all accepted and they all made good records, so far as I know. They all passed.

At about the end of the second or the beginning of the third year of this we sent out faculty to all the schools to which our students

had transferred—35 of them in all—to make a survey of how our students had done. We found, in fact, that our students going into the third year were preferred to their own students from their own schools, because here we had gone ahead with the concept of interdisciplinary teaching—where an M.D. would join in in the basic science classes in many instances—and had gone in with a team approach to teaching. This brought students into contact with doctors, nurses and psychologists, psychiatrists and other health-team personnel even during their first years. We also brought them into contact with patients through histories and physical examinations that were begun in the second year. So they were much better prepared to start out with a clinical situation than students in nearly all of the other schools. I visited Arizona and New Mexico, and they said that our students actually started out with an advantage over theirs to begin the third year. So it seemed to going well in that respect.

The newspapers, meanwhile, had been good supporters of the Medical School—there was very little opposition in their articles from the start. However, there were some expressions of doubt when bills in legislature hit some criticism or opposition.

One of the Medical School's darker moments would come every 2 years when the legislature met. This was another thing which kept the students on edge. Quite a few of them transferred to other schools even at the end of their first year when they could do it, and that was because in every legislature there'd be some legislators [who would] introduce bills to kill or more often just threaten to try and kill the Medical School or move it. So, the students were under a good deal of tension and needed a good deal of soothing and encouragement. Fortunately, Dean Smith was a past master at dealing with them and

could quiet them down very well. And Tom Scully, who succeeded Dr. Smith as dean, was also very good at this.

THE HOWARD HUGHES WILL

The University of Nevada Board of Regents decided that it did not want to help pay for the lawsuits over the various Howard Hughes wills and fake wills. Nevada did not have an inheritance tax and it did not have a state income tax, therefore it did not have the great interest these other states had in trying to obtain the large part of Hughes's fortune that was left. The money that was left to us was left in Hughes's personal will. It was to come from his personal ownership of property, not from his Summa Corporation, which was one of the main things concerned in the litigation in which California and Arizona and Texas engaged. Nevada did put up \$25,000—the Board of Regents did—in case our attorney felt it necessary at any time to intervene in the lawsuits, but we did not intervene and gradually took that \$25,000 back and used it for other things. We did, however, pay our share of the determinations done by handwriting experts to determine whether or not Howard Hughes's wills were valid as to signature. As it turned out, the studies we paid for decided it was not valid.

In 1971 a letter was received from Mr. James Wadsworth, representing the Hughes interests, in which he remarked on the date the school was to have begun and raised the question of how one would define a medical school—whether a 2-year medical school would satisfy the contract terms and also whether renovated and rehabilitated buildings would serve to comply with the terms when the first buildings were built and the first students admitted. The terms were not entirely straightened out yet, but

apparently Mr. Hughes's heart or Mr. Maheu's heart was in the right place, because Mr. Wadsworth wrote of Mr. Hughes's concern about the immediate financial needs of the university in connection with the 2-year medical sciences program. "Accordingly, to assist the university in their immediate needs in connection with the operation of the new School of Medical Sciences, there is enclosed on behalf of Mr. Hughes a check for \$300,000 with the understanding that the tender and acceptance of the enclosed check is not to be construed as an interpretation of the subscription agreement by Mr. Hughes." Then the parties would review the situation to determine the extent, if any, to which Mr. Hughes was prepared to support the school as presently contemplated. [In the Anderson Papers there is a copy of the \$300,000 check and a copy of the \$200,000 check that followed the next year.]

Meanwhile, negotiations did go forward trying to straighten out the wording. Mr. Hughes expired in the meantime, and his nearest relative, William R. Lummis, was made temporary administrator of his estate. With Lummis, we went ahead with further changing of the wording of the contract. It finally came out that they accepted the building as it was; they accepted the later date at which it started; they accepted the matter that instead of waiting till the end of the year when there was a deficit—which the university was not allowed under state law to have—they would give the money at the beginning of each year. There would be an annual fixed sum of \$200,000, which of course reduced the possible corpus to \$4 million total, but wade it certain we'd have the money and have it on time each year. So the checks went ahead on that basis.

Our attorney kept a close watch on the proceedings in the other states to see if there

was any point at which we should intervene, but we did not find any. On my trip to the Harris County, Texas Probate Court to represent the University of Nevada Board of Regents, I was the only witness. After a short hearing there, the court validated our agreement, said it was correctly drawn and that we should go ahead and get our \$200,000 each year, which we did. The judge apparently accepted Hughes's signature on our first contract as being valid even though it was not witnessed or notarized.

We had, of course, written to Howard Hughes's heirs, describing the opening of the Medical School and the acceptance of the first group of students. We have to do this each year in order to receive the check, so we followed through with that and the students attended the school.

THE ANDERSON HEALTH SCIENCES BUILDING

There was something really unique about the first building at the Medical School, which was put together mainly with two-thirds HEW money and one-third money mostly obtained from the capital construction fees. This was the only building in my 22 years on the Board of Regents that was built for less than the architect's estimate. It was estimated at \$1 million but built for something less than \$900,000. It housed a branch library, individual teaching facilities, an anatomical dissection room, storage rooms and individual—or sometimes more than one individual—offices with research units attached, plus student laboratories. The basic science faculty could go ahead with research at the same time they were doing their teaching.

At the completion of this building I was sent out of the regents meeting one day, and

came back a few minutes later and found that they had voted unanimously to name the first building the Anderson Health Sciences Building after me. This pleased me, but we had a long ways to go yet.

Subsequent to the passage of the motion by the regents to name the first Medical School building after me, there was a ceremony in which the Masonic Lodge did the laying of the cornerstone and at which the building was dedicated. Members of the Board of Regents spoke, giving me somewhat excessive praise.

The day of 8 April 1972 broke cold and windy. Although this was somewhat disappointing because it would limit the crowd, my adrenalin was flowing quite freely. This was the day that the new Fred M. Anderson Health Sciences Building—our first phase of the Medical School building program—was to be dedicated and to have its cornerstone laid by the Masonic Lodge. Incidentally, I am a Blue Lodge Mason myself from Carson City No. One and Kerak Temple in Reno, so that added a little more to the spirit of the occasion. At about 1:00 p.m., a fair-sized crowd gathered on the leeward side of the building to avoid the cold and wind. The meeting was opened with a prayer, and then the Grand Master took over.

William A. O'Brien II, who was president of the state medical association and a Mason, gave the oration. It was a very fine one and certainly over laudatory, albeit that didn't hurt my feelings. His speech was followed by one from Harold Jacobsen, the chairman of the Board of Regents, further extolling my virtues. I felt like a speaker I once heard at the end of such a fine introduction who said, "My wife would be proud of me if she heard this, but only my mother would believe it." I responded to the address made by them with some remarks, and both their talks and mine are in the Anderson Papers.

Dr. Wesley Hall, as president of the American Medical Association, presented the school with a check from the doctors' wives of the state. The Masons went ahead with the level, the square and the oil, completing the ceremony shivering and with almost frostbitten fingers. With this completed, there was almost a stampede to the inside of the building where hot coffee, wine and cheese and other refreshments awaited us.

I had participated in many cornerstone layings, putting my share of the mortar in place, but this, my own, was the biggest thrill I've had out of any of them.

But it was not over with yet. For the Count and Countess Dandini, friends and patients of mine for many years, had expressed a desire to give a reception in honor of the occasion at their rather palatial home near the county golf course in Reno. They had invited just about everyone at the administrative level, plus my other friends in the university and my friends from the community as guests. My wife and I had about an hour to rest up; then we were greeted there by a host of friends. After a few drinks, the party was asked to form a double line, and my wife Anne and I were asked to walk the gauntlet. In this case, the gauntlet was cheers and hand clapping instead of the usual clubs. Emerging at the end of the line, I was presented with a gold plated key to the front door of the first building and also a large plaque with "Father of the Medical School" engraved on it.

A sumptuous spread was laid at the Dandini's behind drawn curtains while this procedure was going on. I was then asked to say grace as the curtains were drawn open, exposing the feast. I was told to walk upstairs to a sort of little platform they have which is almost like a Romeo and Juliet one—it looks down over the rest of the crowd. From there I gave a not very religious grace:

I have been asked to bless the food, and I'll do so briefly, as this busy day and the psychopharmacology of vodka and orange juice have already made me a little too high on life. This day in the sun for me recalls a remark by Max Lerner, one of our commencement speakers, who said, "It's better to have a little taffy in this world than a lot of epitaphy in the next one."

For the delicious dinner I can hardly use my favorite blessing, which is that of Abe Lincoln as a boy. Helping his family to clear the farm in the wilderness, food variety was not abundant. More than a few evenings saw the family sit down to dinner with a platter of boiled potatoes as the only food. On one such occasion, as related by Carl Sandburg, young Lincoln was asked to say grace and responded, "We thank Thee, Lord, for these mighty scanty blessings." Tonight, "scanty" is hardly the word, so let us all be thankful for good food, good friends, good fellowship and time and occasion to enjoy them.

A poster in the Washoe Medical Center lobby states, "Blessed are the young, for they shall inherit the national debt." Thank goodness that we can leave the next generation something other than the national debt, and this new School of Medical Sciences that we celebrate tonight is one of these things.

And now I would say that having seen what was behind that curtain, "scanty" is hardly the word to use. So let me quote something from my favorite philosopher, Flip Wilson, who says, "What you sees is what you gets."

[See the Anderson Papers for additional material relating to the commemoration of the Fred 11. Anderson Building.]

BECOMING A FOUR-YEAR SCHOOL

There were exchanges of letters between Howard Hughes's attorneys and the Medical School leading to the Hughes interests advancing us enough money to help construct the second building. The school had by this time reached its third year.

Was there ever any effort to get anything named after Howard Hughes as a consequence of his gift?

There was little effort in that direction that I can recall. He and his attorneys never seemed interested in that. Even when they gave the money for the community colleges study and to help get the Elko one on its feet, there was no suggestion that they wished that done. It was a little different with the Fleischmann Foundation—buildings were named for the Fleischmanns, even while they were still alive. This continued after their death, but there was a very definite rule on the part of the trustees of the Fleischmann Foundation: that there would be no naming of any buildings after any member of the Fleischmann Foundation trustees, and they stuck to that right to the end.

Since the school's initiation, when we started with one faculty member in each discipline (sometimes more), we had achieved the accreditation committee's requirement for accreditation. We had 4 students per faculty member—3.5 was supposed to be the ideal. Medicine has always felt, perhaps carried a little far, that it should come much closer to one-on-one. As you know, undergraduate sections average 20 or 21

students to one teacher; graduate students vary, but engineering, I think, has 8 to one. In nursing they have a low ratio. Medicine has the lowest of all because a few of the students need more counseling and more of what approaches a one-on-one relationship.

The students required a great deal of counseling during the first several years of this school, particularly until the change to the 4-year school, because they were kept on tenterhooks all the time by the legislature and other medical schools, even though we did manage to transfer them all. Dean Smith—who had a wide acquaintance, fortunately, and a very smooth manner in talking to other medical school people—was on the phone most of the time for days at a time seeing that they all got transferred to decent schools. We transferred to something like 36 schools around the country and made good in all of them.

In 1975 we established a committee for continuing postgraduate medical education throughout the state. In consultation with the state medical association, we coordinated our committee with theirs so that we had a single committee composed of members from the Medical School and the private practitioners, both in Reno and Las Vegas and in other parts of the state. In many places this enabled rural doctors to keep up with changes in medicine to a pretty good degree without ever leaving their practice. We sent lecturers from the school and from larger cities to smaller communities to give clinics there and to consult on patients.

We also helped every small town get an ambulance and a cardiac intensive care unit where there were doctors capable of handling it. There are not a great many of these, but they were installed. We had a telephone hot-line where they could phone in results of electrocardiograms and have consultation

with a cardiologist here in Reno at any time. We were one of only 2 states in the Union to cover the entire state in post-graduate medical education and, in particular, in conjunction with the state medical association.

* * * * *

In March 1977, Assembly Concurrent Resolution No. 73 was introduced memorializing the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada to extend the Medical School of the university to a 4-year school which would award the degree of Doctor of Medicine. This was done for several reasons. The WICHE program had begun some years before to raise its subsidization fees so that they would cover the total cost of education of students transferred under the program, which has gone from an initial \$4,000 to \$18,000. The federal government had stopped its encouragement for development and maintenance of 2-year schools; the money had largely run dry for that, except for the capitation fees, which had started at \$2,500 per student and were at this time being gradually lowered each year. (At the present time, I'm not sure that they get anything.) We were finding that legislatures in other states were forcing their medical schools to, in some cases, take only their students, and in other cases to lessen the number of outside students considerably, so it was becoming more and more difficult to transfer them.

The amount of money going out of the state through WICHE—and by the students living in other states—had increased from relatively small amounts up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. The feeling that developed was that the money should stay in the state. At \$20,000 a student, if you were sending them out, it amounted to a good deal of money, particularly when put together with

the money required in the other disciplines. Mike O'Callaghan did sort of throw a monkey wrench in that when he became governor, requiring that WICHE only pay half, the student pay a quarter, and the legislature put up a fund from which the student could borrow the other quarter, presumably to repay it at a later date.

Governor O'Callaghan was angry at WICHE for some reason for a short while. He sent a man to study the program who really was not capable of understanding it and appreciating it, and who brought back to O'Callaghan—in the opinion of the WICHE commissioners—a rather false idea of the whole thing. On the basis of his report the governor made a number of public statements against continuation of Nevada in WICHE; he was even, at one time, in favor of us withdrawing from it. Then he made a visit to a meeting of WICHE and became much more convinced of its worthwhile value.

Governor O'Callaghan hated to give up his previous conviction against it but went along with a bill that provided loans to assist persons studying toward a degree of Doctor of Medicine. In this, the WICHE students were subsidized for half of the out-of-state fee. They could pay the in-state fee and the one quarter of the total themselves, and they could borrow from a considerable fund established by the legislature to provide them with loans. These would not have to be repaid if they came back to a rural area; but if they came back to other areas of the state, they would have to pay back that loan. The Medical School was very unhappy about this, needless to say. Robert List, while campaigning, promised one of the other commissioners, Don Driggs, and myself that he would rectify this when he became governor; but when he became governor he apparently forgot about it, and it stayed as it was and still stays that way.

A feasibility proposal was given to the legislature to create a 4-year school. The reasons are given in this proposal for the development of a degree-granting medical school, some of them being those which I have listed. We were encouraged to do this by the accreditation committee, and a consultation committee of 4 medical school deans was hired to do the study and write the report, which was sent to the legislature.

Several deans of medical schools visited Reno to evaluate the program. They all favored and agreed with the reasons for a changeover to a 4-year school. They believed that the proposed budget was realistic, that the energy and enthusiasm of the present faculty and administration were on a proper level, that there would be support by members of the Medical School's advisory board and that library development was well in hand. The program was aimed at Nevada needs, and current students who were met by the committee appeared bright and enthusiastic about the school's changing to a 4-year school. The report* gives the various reasons, another one being that the federal government would put forward a \$2.4 million grant for the 2 years that it would take to phase in the 4-year school. This was sent to the legislature, along with the recommendation of the dean and the chancellor and president, that the school prepare to award the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Dr. George Smith, just after passage of the 4-year bill, wrote and said, "I am pleased to tell you that the new University of Nevada Medical School is successfully converting to a 4-year M.D. degree granting institution, as authorized by the Board of Regents and the legislature in 1977. It is beginning to show one of its intended effects, in that students who attended are returning to practice—one in Ely, one in Carson City, several in Las

Vegas and Reno—and there is promise for the coming months of several returning to some of the other smaller towns. In addition, several former students will begin residency training programs lasting 3 years each, in both Reno and Las Vegas, in July, 1979. The university will be granted the first 4-year Doctor of Medicine degree in May of 1980. The school is now accredited to admit 48 students per year, nearly all of whom are Nevadans, and very few of whom would have had a chance to study medicine or practice medicine in Nevada without this newly developed school.

Under the conversion to 4 years there would be at least 100 doctors in Las Vegas interested in teaching in the Medical School, and all doctors in the smaller communities—such as Carson City and Elko and Ely and Winnemucca—were willing to do their part in the teaching. The rural doctors particularly were needed because of our requirement that the students spend at least 6 weeks in a rural community between their second and third year or during their third year.

The Veterans Administration—which offered a 4-year, nationally accredited laboratory technology course of 170 students—was also enthusiastic about it. This had already helped, and would further help them, to increase the number and the quality of their faculty. Many of our faculty were on joint appointments—partly with the Medical School and partly with the Veterans Hospital.

Grants continued to come up—such as a \$1 million grant from the Robert Wood-Johnson Medical Foundation for teams to study conditions and how to improve rural health care. Bud Baldwin, a psychiatrist who'd had some experience in that, was put in charge of it with a couple of assistants. He continued in the capacity of the rural health division of the Medical School until he was transferred,

very recently, to be president of a Quaker college back east.

An equal amount from HEW was given to us for the teaching of the programs for other students on the campus who would be pre-dental, pre-medical, pre-veterinarian, prenursing, pre-paramedical science and those who were just interested in those courses. They came in all to 805 in the year of 1977. It had really become a health sciences program, not just a 2-year medical school with 48 medical students.

Practically all of the 2-year schools in the country were phasing out into 4-year schools. In a very few instances where the state had other 2-year medical schools, some were dropped. We were, toward the last, the only freestanding 2-year medical school in the country before we too became a 4-year school.

The factors influencing the location of practice were taken into consideration. All studies which have been done—and these are somewhat outdated in my opinion—showed that graduates tended to a high degree to stay in the state where they had their residency training, rather than coming back to where they had had 2 years of medical school. This has not necessarily been true in the 2-year school in North Dakota, where many did come back in spite of no residency program, but was true in most other studies.

The legislature passed the bill converting us to a 4-year school almost unanimously and without the big struggle that had occurred before, although we always have the same few detractors—Senator Hernstadt and Assemblyman Vergiels, who is on the faculty at the University of Las Vegas; a Dr. Robinson in the assembly who is an optometrist in Las Vegas, and usually 2 or 3 others. I'm sorry to say that Don Mello, who was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the assembly, got unseated, and the new chairman of the

Ways and Means Committee was somewhat against the Medical School. He was not at the point where he wanted to entirely do away with it, but at the last meeting of the legislature the care of the Medicaid patients, which had been a difficult and losing proposition for the state, was foisted onto the Medical School with the stipulation that they take over care of most of the 3,000 Medicaid patients in the Reno area and most of about 5,000 in the Las Vegas area. Now, there is some payment for these, but it will probably turn out to be insufficient, and it remains to be seen how much of a deficit there may be in this.

There were members of the legislature who were still trying to kill the Medical School in 1977. Senator William Hernstadt, who owns a television station in Las Vegas and had always expressed antipathy towards the school, introduced a senate concurrent resolution requesting the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada to discontinue operation of the Medical School if it was not financially self-sufficient through private contributions by 1 January 1980. This was a condition almost impossible to meet, which the legislature generally recognized as such and did not even bring it out of committee.

But soon after the authorization of the 2-year Medical School by the legislature, Dr. George Smith—who had already been appointed dean—and a Veterans Hospital committee set to work on problems with the Veterans Administration Hospital staff. They formed what they call a Dean's Committee, which works between the Medical School and the Veterans Hospital, and I was placed on this and remained on it for about 6 years, until I tired of the 7:30 a.m. meetings to which I wasn't contributing very much, and I quit the committee. The committee made many valuable suggestions that helped improve the staff and cooperation between

the Veterans Hospital and medical faculty. In fact many of the medical faculty are on joint appointment, with half their salary being paid by the Veterans Hospital. This has been a great help, as it has reduced the salary costs of the Medical School in retaining its professional staff. If our figures are correct I believe the contribution of the Veterans Hospital came, at that time, to about \$3.5 million per year, counting space and other helpful things. In fact, I would say that the school has had help and cooperation from all of the administrators and the staff to a greater degree than from any other hospital.

Every student was placed with a private practitioner for most of his years in school, so that he could learn about private practice. The part-time teachers received letters of appointment, and where a fair amount of time was put in they received a part-time salary. This also permitted inclusion of nearly all of the specialties, some of which could not be included in the budget—for example, eye, ear, nose and throat, neurosurgery, and quite a few other specialties for which the Medical School could not afford to hire full-time persons on the faculty. A number of these positions would eventually be filled, but they could not then include them in the budget they were getting.

The Veterans Hospital also provided lecture, office and teaching space, and work on the wards and in the operating room with the students. In fact, the Veterans Hospital has been the most cooperative hospital in the state in Medical School programs.

There was a small group of doctors at Washoe Medical Center continuously creating or complicating problems. They got themselves elected to the executive committee of the staff—one would nominate the other and give a persuasive introduction. Often there would be reciprocation in

nominating and then a quick motion to close the nominations, and they would have the negative committee that they wanted. The great majority of doctors didn't even know this was going on, and those who did went along with it. Some of the negative ones claimed that Nevada would have too many doctors; some, that it might cost their patients more if we had residents. The surgical staff, at least—although not the general staff—passed a resolution that they did not want anything done in the way of residents which would cost their patients any more money. While it is true that over 85 percent of resident programs in the country are largely paid for by the teaching hospital by adding something to the charges to the patient for his hospital stay, about 85 percent of that goes to third party carriers such as insurance companies. So most of the patients are out comparatively little money, but these doctors used it as an excuse against the hospital paying salaries or stipends for residents. At the same time, the Southern Nevada Hospital in Las Vegas was paying for some residents which it had in common with Tulane and one other university.

The doctors were beginning to find out that Nevada was the only school where their sons and daughters could, and did, gain entrance. Many of the doctors, particularly from Las Vegas, who were originally very opposed to the school, were now in favor of it. So were quite a few of those in Reno and around the state, and I have had letters from some of them. It is surprising that some of those who had this school as the only opportunity for their son or daughter to go to medical school are still lukewarm and unappreciative and not of much help when it comes to encouraging legislative appropriations.

Nevada has been looked at as an easy target by many outsiders and school officers—

as a place where outside students could get admitted because it was a new school, sparsely populated and sort of a swinging state. I have been offered large sums of money both personally and for the school if we would bend the rules and admit some out-of-state, substandard students, who had not been admitted and could not be admitted in their own states. Some of them were going to go to foreign medical schools and some not to medical school at all. I have sympathy for those students, but we can't place them above the students who are qualified. I refused rather huge sums of money to use my influence, and other members of the admissions committee and the dean have refused some. Sometimes sums are offered directly, but other times they say, "I or my friend will give the school \$500,000" (or even on one occasion a \$1 million donation) "toward its development if such-and-such student is admitted." But I never bent the rule and the dean never bent the rule and the admissions committee never broke the rule for admitting the best students.

Do you think that more of that sort of attention has been directed toward Nevada than to other states?

I thought more was directed to Nevada because it was a new school and Nevada was considered by many people to be an "easy" state. But we already had more qualified Nevada students than we could accept. There were over 100 applying every year since its inception, at least half of them students who were well qualified. We had to turn down some who were good students, but we had no choice in this because we were only accredited for 48 students by the LCME and we had promised the legislature we'd remain at that number. We had no flexibility in admission of students above that. We also had pledged that

we would admit 2 or 3 students per year from the “have-not” states of WICHE, but a couple of years we didn’t admit any from out of state. We stuck to our promises to the accreditation committee and kept it at the 48 students.

About the time when we were converting to a 4-year school a law was passed in Congress—I think it was called the Guadalajara Law—which would force all medical schools in the United States to accept a quota of students from their own states who couldn’t have been admitted to their own medical schools, but who had gone to foreign medical schools. These students were to be admitted to the third year of their state medical schools. Pressure had been put on by the parents of these students and by well-meaning people who were influential but had no knowledge of the real meaning of a medical school education. We would have had to enlarge our school by as many Nevadans—some good and many substandard—as went to places like Guadalajara or these fly-by-night schools springing up in the Caribbean islands or even to some good schools abroad but not accredited in this country.

We admit qualified students from Canada as well as the United States, but we hadn’t gone into admitting students from Italy, Germany, England and France, Mexico, the Philippines and other countries like that, because of the difficulty of judging from a distance the quality of the students and judging the schools themselves and because we had more than we could handle as it was. But then it looked like we were going to be compelled to by the Guadalajara Law. There was great frustration, particularly on the part of the larger medical schools such as Stanford, Harvard, the University of Minnesota, Michigan, the University of California and other schools in states with large populations where quite a lot of students were going to

other countries. In fact, so many schools expressed dissatisfaction to Congress that the law was either not enacted or not enforced.

ACQUIRING NEEDED SPACE AND BUILDINGS

The Veterans Hospital provided 10,000 square feet for teaching and research and seminars and offices. The Veterans Administration Hospital, in addition to putting up several Butler buildings for teaching and office space and library, had also voted a \$13 million clinical wing to be put on to that hospital, which was under construction at this time.

Washoe Medical Center provided 2,000 square feet—not very generous; their contribution has been giving us part of an old building which they were no longer using for patients. I can’t say that we’ve had full cooperation from Washoe, and very little from Saint Mary’s. Their administrations have changed over the years. The board of trustees at Washoe Medical Center and the administrators have recently been more in favor of greater cooperation with the Medical School. There have been dissident members on the staffs, who were, in many instances, afraid of the competition of the Medical School graduates. Though others had their own reasons, there were a few who thought the school would overstock the state in doctors in another 10 or 15 years. There were others who thought the 2-year school would not be a success and who had been against it.

Mr. Claude Howard made further gifts to the university for the second medical building. It housed the library administration offices, primarily, and equipped a large teaching room with individual cubicles with individual telephones and earphones for recordings if they used them as a supplement to teaching.

Sol and Ella Savitt had long been benefactors to the high schools of the state, giving scholarships to nearly every high school in the state to send graduates to the university even before there was a medical school. Sol and Ella Savitt were Lithuanians who had come to this country with their parents as children, with apparently nothing in their pockets. Their parents had worked their way in this country, and then Sol and Ella Savitt had, after working some on newspapers back east, come separately to Nevada and California many years ago, later being married. They developed the Sierra News, which was a news distribution center for Reno and the area of Nevada surrounding Reno. They had worked at it from dawn to dusk. Ella told me many times how she was up in the morning before dawn taking newspapers and other things up to Lake Tahoe for distribution. Her husband worked equally hard. They were a wonderful couple who got along with each other well, and these days, in spite of the hard work, were happy days for them. When they achieved the position where they could do it, they said this country had been good to them, and they were in turn going to be good to this country. They started the series of scholarships, and when we were in process of getting money for our second building—which houses the library—they provided either \$200,000 or \$300,000. The building was named in their honor. This helped us with a second building on the northern campus, which had been designated as the site for the Medical School—34 acres in that region. This building was also partly built by money from HEW, some money from other gifts and by money from non-appropriated fees.

Phase 3 was also contemplated at this time. This was built on a gift from Claude Howard. He had already given a million

dollars toward a previous building, and he gave \$2 million towards this third phase building. The Fleischmann Foundation also gave \$2 million. With that plus some other small gifts, a \$6 million building was finally constructed and built and completed in 1982. It is named the Claude Howard Building, and it is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country.

Dr. Tom Kozel went back on a sabbatical leave for a year to the Carnegie Foundation in New York and made a study of such buildings, which were to be used for microbiology and organic chemistry and some other studies. He noted all of the best facilities and the equipment which was put into those, and this was done in our building, which was the last of the basic science facilities buildings. It is really a fine building.

TEACHING AND COMMITTEE WORK

I have taught at the Medical School since the beginning, and I have found the students to be a bright, eager and industrious lot, who would compete well in any school. We have encouraged the team approach in designing programs and caring for the patients. By team approach, I mean the doctor working with the nurse, the physical therapist, the nurse assistants and other people who would be caring for the patient, so that the doctor wouldn't be going off on a tangent without recourse to the nurse. And I think this has certainly worked out satisfactorily to those who are not doctors, and I think it has worked out to help those who are doctors, and to help even the patients themselves.

We have made arrangements, in the small towns, for the students to live with residents of those towns at no cost for room while they are having their rural experience of 6 weeks. My sister in Elko has had a student with her ever

since the beginning of the Medical School. One of the students has actually settled there to practice after finishing his residency—one whose name is the same as mine. I had him as a preceptor student during the first year of medical school, and he passed out when he watched, as his first operation, an operation by me for removal of a parathyroid tumor. He was a good student and has become a good doctor.

I have taught everything from physical diagnosis and the history of medicine to the theory of surgery and practical surgery itself, taking students into the operating room with me to scrub and second assist until I felt that I was getting too old to do surgery. At 74 I turned in to the hospital my resignation from major surgery, with intention to stop minor surgery when I was 75 and only take non-surgical patients into the hospital at that time. From then on I put surgical patients in, but turned them over to other surgeons for operation and just worked as an assistant. I did that up until the time of my retirement in December, 1983.

From the beginning of the school I've been on the Dean's Advisory Committee. That is a committee made up of prominent citizens, most of whom are not doctors, who get to understand the workings of the school and can give reports on it to the public and to the legislature when it's in session. At the inception Chancellor Humphrey said, "I am busy with the rest of the university in my lobbying efforts and other efforts to get our programs across; and while I will work for you people, too, I'm going to turn your dean and those he designates loose to do their own lobbying for the Medical School." This was not allowed through the rest of the university, but he said, "In your instance, I think it's important that all, the legislature should have a good understanding of the school. So,

members of your advisory committee can go, and those that you designate can go." This was done. And that way we were able to try to influence the legislators in a persuasive and positive manner.

I was on that committee from the start—I still remain an honorary advisory member, and the committee has been a great adjunct to the school in acquiring good will and acquiring some grants. One member of it, Dr. Peter Bing—who is on the board of overseers of Stanford University and is head of the Bing Foundation—has contributed over \$400,000; and Claude Howard, who was one of the early benefactors of the school, has been a member of the committee and has now contributed well over \$5 million with the promise of another million to come up soon to construct a building on campus for the general practice family facility that is now conducted in a building rented by the Medical School on Mill Street. The clinical staff rent their own office space for treating patients with their own money.

We hope to gradually work toward a clinical sciences building, which will house the clinical staff and which will have to be a much larger building—the site for it is not selected yet. Ideally, I think it should be located close to the main teaching hospital. It will probably be a \$5 or \$6 million building; but that has not, as yet, been decided, and we don't have more than a few trickles of money toward it. We'd have to buy up land, or buy buildings and destroy them near there. No land can be given to us by the hospital. But land can be bought even though, as Will Rogers said, "God only made a certain amount of land, and it's becoming dearer all the time." It can still be had at a price. The legislature has not voted a cent for capital construction at the Medical School at any time since its inception.

MEDICAL DEANS

George Smith, M.D.—an American Board of Pathology member, with a National Institutes of Health career fellowship in cardiovascular pathology—was the first dean of the Medical School. He had to bear the brunt of antagonism and lack of cooperation manifested against the Medical School by some of the practicing doctors and some of the legislators. Fortunately he had a natural cheerfulness, friendliness and ability to roll with the punches that helped to overcome many of the problems. Among these were difficulties in dealing with a very uncooperative, obstructive and critical executive committee of doctors on the medical staff of Washoe General Hospital.

In spite of the problems Dr. Smith managed slow but steady progress. He put together a very good staff for the basic sciences and a fairly good one for the clinical, although he was limited by this being only a 2-year school. Looking back I believe he was the right man for the time because of his ability to persist cheerfully and tactfully in the face of opposition and discouragement. He learned quickly and profited by experience. His naturally sympathetic awareness and unfailing helpfulness with other persons' problems, especially with the students, was a strong asset. He also had a very considerable capacity for making friends with doctors, foundation executives and people influential in medical matters all over the country that helped greatly in getting all of the students transferred into suitable schools even during the beginning years.

Dr. Smith left to accept a more lucrative position at the University of Alabama. Although a few people thought he left a little prematurely, he departed with the liking, respect and good wishes of all.

Thomas Scully, a board pediatrician, had served as assistant dean under Smith and was chosen by the regents to follow Smith as dean. He had a friendly and pleasant personality and an orderly and analytical mind, and his budget requests to the legislature were concise, clear and well received. In fact one legislator remarked at a committee hearing that it was the best presentation he had heard.

Dr. Scully soon became ill with progressing hypertension that did not respond to treatment and which I am sure was not helped by the still uncooperative and hypercritical staff committee of Washoe Medical Center, whose doctors now transferred this antipathy toward the Medical School from Smith to Scully. As Dr. Scully's health became seriously impaired, he finally changed doctors—going to Dr. Ernest Mazzaferri, who had come here as chairman of the Department of Medicine as this became a 4-year school. Dr. Mazzaferri soon discovered the cause of his illness was due to hyperparathyroidism. The offending glands were removed surgically, and Dr. Scully's health at once improved. He did not, however, want to continue as dean, but he remains with the school in good health teaching as a professor of pediatrics.

A search committee was formed to find a new dean. While the search was going on Dr. Mazzaferri, a nationally recognized endocrinologist, was persuaded to somewhat reluctantly take over the position of acting dean. During this period nearly all of the legislators and most of the doctors in private practice came to accept the school to a degree where most of the antagonism and opposition gradually became less manifest. This has probably been aided by the fact that many sons and daughters of Nevada doctors have attended the school. The search lasted for over a year, and Dr. Mazzaferri functioned well

both as dean and chairman of the Department of Medicine.

Roberty Daugherty, M.D.-Ph.D., a cardiologist, was selected as new dean by the committee and still holds the position. His wife, Sandra, an M.D. -Ph.D. in epidemiology, after some controversy about nepotism, was employed to serve in the Department of Medicine. Dr. Daugherty had not long before headed a feasibility study for starting a medical school in Wyoming, but after the study was completed Wyoming decided not to start a school.

Daugherty has done a good job of selling the Medical School to the public by talks to groups and by presentations on television and by periodically distributing letters or other reports on its progress and activities and accomplishments. He is a graduate of Kansas University and after an internship at Jefferson Davis Hospital in Houston, Texas, did most of his post-graduate training at the University of Oklahoma Medical Center followed by a fellowship at the National Institutes of Health. He has been on the faculties of Oklahoma, Michigan State, and, after the Wyoming study, served as associate dean and director of Continuing Medical Education at the Indiana University School of Medicine. All of his work appears to have been in an academic setting, so he has never been involved in private practice.

Dr. Daugherty and his staff, with the help of the Veterans Administration, have initiated a special geriatrics study program in a separate area of the Veterans Hospital to promote special studies to improve care and understanding of the elderly patients. As the many veterans of the past 45 years of conflicts increase in age, the need for studies in medical gerontology is readily apparent. One facet of this is the increase in Alzheimer's disease that is most prevalent in the elderly, and John

Peacock, M.D.—a board certified neurologist with the Medical School—is researching the program with a 5-year \$750,000 Veterans Administration grant.

Another promising innovation which I have been encouraging at board meetings for 2 years is a cooperative program with participation by staff of the Medical School and the Colleges of Agriculture and Arts and Sciences where biochemists, geneticists and molecular biologists and immunologists will cooperate in research and training technologies in studies of gene manipulation and immunology. A special laboratory for the study of monoclonal antibodies has been established to disseminate hybridomal technology in research...and hopefully for industry in the future.

The group at present lacks a first-class bacterial geneticist. As most genetic manipulation is at present done with single-cell organisms such as bacteria, it is hoped one may be added soon. Individuals trained and experienced in this field are in great demand at present. A considerable number of students who may become researchers in these areas are participating in the program, which was established a year ago. Important discoveries, both for industry and disease, may come out of these studies.

The university regulations regarding patentable inventions and feasible, profitable biological discoveries are completely outdated, both for the entire university and the inventor or researcher involved, and should be thoroughly researched and rewritten. A beginning step might be to determine what other universities have done or are doing, and it would seem that an attorney specially involved in this field should be consulted. I brought this up at a meeting over a year ago, but it still gathers dust, and I have had it placed on the agenda for the next

Medical School Advisory Board meeting and have discussed it with the university system attorney.

HEALTH SCIENCES PROGRAMS

As our motion initially read when presented to the Board of Regents, the term School of Health Sciences was used, rather than just Medical School. The term Health Sciences can and does usually include a number of things related to medicine. In this instance, for example, we have in the university (started even before the Medical School) a Department of Speech Pathology and Audiology. The department was started in 1956 under Bernard Anderson, who retired a number of years ago. Dr. Stephen C. McFarlane, a Ph.D. in speech pathology, became chairman in 1977, the year that the first 2 master's degrees were awarded by the department. This program has served a very fine purpose in the town—it is the only one of its kind in the state and, of course, the only such degree program at either university. Cases would be referred to it by private doctors and by the public school system when they would find defects in the speech or hearing of youngsters. It developed a very fine relationship with the doctors and schools over the years.

The Department of Speech Pathology and Audiology has been run on part hard money—4.5 full-time equivalents—and about 3.5 people on soft money. The soft money was generated originally by a couple of \$175,000 grants from the Federal Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation and the United States Office of Education. Those ran out. A sort of sliding fee scale was then charged to the clients going there or being referred there, so that soft money has been obtained in that way for about 3.5 positions.

There are no physicians actually on the staff, but the local physicians in town in ear, nose, throat and in plastic surgery do some lecturing and do work up there as consulting clinical faculty. They have a cleft palate clinic once a month; all doctors in town in plastic surgery participate, and a number of orthodontists and ear, nose, throat men.

This department started out under the College of Arts and Sciences. In 1974 it was made an independent department in the School of Medicine. There's been a good deal of controversy over that, because they transferred the program, but not the money that ran it. It is under the direction of the Medical School, but its hard funding comes from the general University of Nevada, Reno budget.

This department had courses in phonetics and a survey of speech pathology, communication science, speech and language development, articulation disorders, assessment of communication disorders, methods of clinical management, introduction to audiology, language disorders in children, aural rehabilitation, practicum in speech pathology, prevention of communicative disorders, and an internship in speech pathology and audiology. There is no degree program in audiology. There are audiology classes there to enhance the program, although it does not, as yet, have enough faculty to warrant a degree program. This, of course, is on a student/faculty ratio that is less than the university average of about one faculty to 20 students. This is probably on a basis of one to 10 or something like that.

It has been an immense help to the community and to the doctors. I've sent patients there myself when in practice, and the patients were, without exception, very much impressed by it and very well satisfied with it. Many of its clients have had a deficit

in hearing. Most were sent or referred by doctors, but some come directly. The selection and fitting of hearing aids is done under the direction of this program.

Another program which existed before the Medical School is that of laboratory technology, to educate medical technicians to work in the hospitals. The program for clinical laboratory science technicians in medical technology was begun 25 years ago as a 2-year program at Saint Mary's and about 15 years later also in Las Vegas. This meant that they could practice in Nevada, but not be accredited outside Nevada. In 1975 an integrated 4-year program was developed here in Reno, with most of the teaching taking place at the University of Nevada, Reno for slightly over 3 years, and then with approximately 6 months at one of the affiliated hospitals—Washoe Medical Center, Saint Mary's or Veterans Hospital—to get their practical work. They would then get a college degree. The school is now fully accredited nationally, so they can work anywhere in the country.

Now, if the budget is cut down to where it has to go back to a 2-year program, which is uncertain at present, this would limit our medical technology students to being able to practice only in this state. The program went under the Medical School in 1975, as did speech pathology and audiology, but the funds for both of those have stayed with the main university, which can raise or lower them to suit themselves. This past year [1983] the administration knocked 25 percent off the funding of the medical technology program—considerably more than off other programs—severely threatening its accreditation.

There was no good reason for leaving these programs in the University of Nevada, Reno budget except the unwillingness of the president to transfer them. At first, he thought

he could transfer them and have the Medical School pay for them and just keep that money here. When it developed that he couldn't, then he just got stubborn and kept them here. This has gone through, I think, 2 presidents. This is a program which is important. If we are to try to develop a medical center in northern Nevada, every one of these programs adds another facet to its being a center—the same as speech and audiology does; the same as physical therapy might.

Medical technology and the speech and audiology program are both taught in the old Mackay Science Hall, where the Medical School first started out. It is highly desirable that in the near future both of these programs and the funding for them be transferred to the Medical School, rather than split between the Medical School and the UNR budget. The speech and audiology program was identified as one of the programs that might develop into a center of excellence in the university in the 1983 comprehensive program review, but medical technology was not, because it had had some fall in enrollment during the preceding couple of years. However, in 1981 the enrollment was an average of 50; in 1982 it was an average of 57; and in 1983 it appears to be an average of 62. It appears to be going up, and it would certainly be my hope that it will be given funding with some priority, along with the speech and audiology, to help make this a true medical sciences program rather than just a plain 2-year-only, state-accredited program. Because of its not receiving the high priority, it was cut 25 percent in its budget this year. I hope this will be corrected.

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Senator Lamb and some of the other members of the legislature got Dean Smith and Dean Scully to sign a letter that no new

programs would be started in the Medical School without the prior approval of the Board of Regents and the legislature. The medical technology and speech pathology and audiology programs had already been started, so they do not fall under that, but we cannot attempt to start any other major program now without such authorization.

Meanwhile, the Medical School is going along well. Its budget was not cut, like the rest of the university, 2 years ago, but there was a new and uncertain responsibility along with that—it was asked to take over the care of all the Medicaid patients who were not under the care of private physicians in the state. This would probably amount to several thousand in Reno and at least 5,000 in Las Vegas. It remains to be seen whether this will be a losing proposition. Since the fees on them that are paid by the state are rather low, many doctors won't even take them. So we may be wrestling with a deficit because of those before the biennium is out.

SUMMATION

We have had the opportunity to go over a number of the documents that pertain to the history of the Medical School. I would now like to have you rephrase some of this in your own words, giving me a condensed version of the development of the Medical School at the University of Nevada, Reno. It seems to me that the first problem you had was within the Board of Regents itself—it was necessary to convince the Board of Regents that they should be getting behind the development of the Medical School in Nevada.

The Faulkner Report—which had come out shortly before a motion was made to start a medical school—did not come out strongly for starting it in any one state alone,

but when we did propose it here in Nevada, Faulkner then came forward and said that he felt Nevada really could do it at that time and that certainly the campus in Reno was the right campus because of its long history of a premedical school and well-developed science courses.

I had done some preparatory work toward a School of Medical Sciences, wherever located, by initiating and pushing for a law regulating dissection of human anatomy and a law regarding embalming of human bodies by the morticians so that they might be used in anatomical dissection in advance of this, looking forward to the day when we might want to have a medical school. But I had not envisioned, really, making a motion to start this until Nevada had in the neighborhood of between 700,000 and 800,000 people. We did not have this at this particular time, but factors were changing so quickly with reapportionment in the legislature and reapportionment on the Board of Regents, that if we had not made it at this year, probably we would never have had the school in this location—and Las Vegas would not have been ready for it for at least 10 or more years in the development of its own university and its own premedical school and its own departments of science. So I felt that we had to be a little premature in perhaps building toward the future. (In the same way, I have always felt that you should construct university buildings looking ahead 10 years or 20 years instead of, as the legislature does, looking ahead 4 years, and the Board of Regents usually does look ahead about 6 years.)

This movement toward a medical school was somewhat prematurely brought to a head when the Stead air base closed down. We fell heir to a large amount of dental equipment and dental technician equipment out there at this deactivated air base, and we contemplated

starting a 2-year school of dental technology. Well, we went to the next regents meeting in Las Vegas and found the meeting room packed with dentists and faculty and students and everyone who could possibly put in a plug for a dental technology program to be down there. And it was packed in such a manner and brought on with such a vehemence that some of the regents in this end of the state and in the cow counties were taken a bit aback and were actually a little bit annoyed by it. This, I felt, then, was probably the time, within the next couple of meetings, to make a motion to establish a program of medical sciences at the University of Nevada in Reno. We had developed the program in cardiovascular pathology studies at DRI; we had the colony of macacus rhesus monkeys up here with experimentation being done on them; we had a premedical school going back to beyond the days of Peter “Bugs” Frandsen, 50 years before, when he was able in those days to get every student into medical school. We had developed a good premedical program, some of which could be used toward a medical school. I felt that that year, then, would be the time to make the motion, because in future years it would probably not pass either the Board of Regents or the legislature, and there would not be out-of-state money for development.

Because of reapportionment?

Because of reapportionment of both regents and legislature, they would not vote for it to be located in the north an any subsequent session.

And they would have insisted that any medical school go to Las Vegas?

Go to Las Vegas, as soon as they could get it.

Which would have been, as you say, a decade down the road.

I’d say at least 10 years away, so the students and the rural population would just have to wait, and meanwhile about 500 students who wished to become doctors could not get into a medical school.

Well, that’s very interesting. That is the first reasonable explanation that I have heard for why the Medical School got started earlier than perhaps it ought to have been. There are many people who still today think that the thing was premature.

I myself think it was a little premature. I thought the population should have been larger than it was, but it’s like our new Lawlor Events Center at the university—this is too big for this university now, but it will grow into it in less than 10 years.

Another thing that we talked about earlier on was WICHE and the influence that it may have had, either on the development of the Medical School or perhaps on retarding the development of the Medical School here.

As I told you, we had hoped that becoming a member of WICHE would give us more admissions to medical school and therefore put off the time when we would have to begin a school of our own by perhaps another 8 to 10 years, but WICHE did not pan out that way. It got so that they were accepting very few medical students, because the large universities like those in California just didn’t care about other states—they had more than they could take in of their own. The University of Washington had an obligation to Alaska, and next to that, Idaho. And the relatively few private schools outside of Stanford and the College of Medical Evangelists and USC

took up very little of the slack in increasing admissions. So we did not get the numbers into school that we had hoped for.

Also, WICHE changed its philosophy from when it started by subsidizing medical students at, I believe, \$3,000 a year to where by the time we started our own Medical School, it was up \$17,500 per year per student. It's now at \$20,000 per year per student, as a state subsidy for those going from the "have-not" states to the "have" states. They now want that subsidization fee, plus what they're able to get from the government or other factors, to completely support the students. This meant that a good deal of state money was going out of state to the other schools, not only in medicine but in veterinary medicine and dentistry and law and a good many other areas.

After finally getting the medical school concept approved by the Board of Regents, it was then necessary to deal with politics in the state legislature in order to get the support of the legislature and of the various governors. My understanding from what you have been telling me is that the debate over the establishment of a medical school really was part of the larger struggle between Las Vegas and Reno over control of the state. That seems to be the principal issue here—did it go beyond that?

We had a governor who was friendly to education and who was from Carson City—Paul Laxalt—who is now Nevada's senior senator in Washington. He was involved in the development of the community college system at the same time. He was favorable to the development of the Medical School because he could see its advantages and the disadvantages of sending huge amounts of money out of state by the legislature through WICHE as well as the money that the students themselves spent out of state. So he

was sympathetic toward it, but as noted in a letter to me he felt he should not come out particularly openly, but he would work for us somewhat quietly—you might say behind the scenes. The legislature was largely a matter of polarity which already existed. Those from the north and the majority of those from the cow counties were favorable to it, and those from the south were almost uniformly against it.

During the period when the arguments were going hot and heavy on the Medical School issue and the state was rather polarized between north and south, Senator [James M.] Slattery, who was an old friend and patient of mine and a strong Medical School backer, sustained a nasty gash in his leg. Before I saw it, it became infected. By all rights he should have been hospitalized, but he did not want to be hospitalized, he said, because of the Medical School issue, and I had no reason to doubt his word on it. I told him that if he would not go in the hospital, that I didn't want him traveling around any more than he had to and that he could go to the sessions and then go to his motel or wherever he was staying and go to bed and keep it elevated between sessions. During the next 2 weeks, while this was healing, I made a trip to Carson City each day to dress his wound and adjust the medications and finally got it healed satisfactorily.

While he was one of our strongest backers, the entire group of senators from northern Nevada, and nearly all of the assemblymen as well, acted in a supportive and positive manner. Spike Wilson and Cliff Young and Bill Raggio and Coe Swobe are fine men who don't go off on tangents in the legislature and who I think have been a credit to the northern end of the state in representing us.

Slattery's support was crucial. He advised a couple of people from the cow counties

on how they should vote, and I'm sure they took his advice. Senator Slattery was one of those who stuck with the group and made a cohesive approach to the voting in favor of the Medical School. The votes of all were crucial, as legislators were almost equal in numbers for or against it.

It appears from what you have been telling me that the southern forces never really enjoyed a victory in this very lengthy struggle. Did they ever achieve any of the goals that they established?

They very nearly achieved the goal of killing it. I think I have mentioned that when the motion came up to approve the feasibility study and to approve the expenditure of money—which was not appropriated by the legislature, but which they had to authorize the expenditure of from foundations and from the capital construction fee—the assembly passed on it favorably.

But in the senate—where they had just, I think, a majority of one, led by Senators Mahlon Brown and Floyd Lamb—they were set to kill it and did, in fact, on the first vote have the votes to kill it. One of our northerners, Senator Coe Swobe voted to kill it also. We were somewhat flabbergasted until the next morning, when it was learned that he had convinced one of the cow county senators who had voted to kill it to reverse his vote because of illness in his family or friend's family that the Medical School might have been helpful to. And then changing his own vote, as he had planned, he moved for reconsideration; so instead of it being killed by one vote, it now won by about 4 votes, one of the southerners being absent that morning. Under the rules that bill could not be brought up again for reconsideration.

The southern legislators who were opposed have never achieved any major victory concerning the Medical School to this date, except to constrain it with such things as the letter I mentioned signed by Smith and Scully not to start new programs. Once it passed in the legislature, they have done fairly well to support it. The majority of the southerners have come over towards support of it and, in general, have given us the appropriations that we asked for. There were always a few dissenters who voted against the funding and voted against almost anything that came up with the Medical School and introduced a number of bills to try to kill it or try to reintroduce the study of a regional medical school or introduce a bill to kill it if it was not fully funded on its own by 1980. All of those bills were killed, either in committee or in the first vote on the floor. In the 1983 legislature, Senator William H. Hernstadt, who was a somewhat maverick senator from Las Vegas, allegedly was going to introduce a bill to kill the Medical School until he found out that the governor was going to come out strongly in favor of it, and then he dropped his instructions to the bill drafter to draft that bill. So no bills came out to try and kill it or change it.

Then it remains a possibility? I'm rather surprised that it should be considered still possible to just terminate the Medical School.

It's possible for the legislature to terminate anything in the state, I guess, regardless of the turmoil it would cause and regardless of the already invested dollars that it would waste. It remains a possibility. Congress has scrapped programs that threw millions and millions of dollars away.

This is not a realistic possibility, though, is it?

I believe it is not a realistic possibility at present. I believe that it is now an accomplished fact that we have a 4-year medical school that serves the entire state and will remain serving the entire state until the state's population becomes such that a full medical school can be developed in the Las Vegas area. Estimates are that by the year 2000 there may be somewhere between 1.5 million and 2 million people in this state. When you get up into that range of people, there's room for a medical school in each end of the state, with population and a tax base to support it. And I expect it to turn out that way.

Speaking of the tax base and the population, that brings up another major issue, which is funding. That was difficult to overcome, initially.

We had sought promises of funds from foundations, which wouldn't, of course, become definite until we had gotten approval for the school. They wouldn't be given to us until then, and funds from private sources....

The state was totally unable to fund this all on its own, wasn't it?

It was not totally unable, but we felt that it probably wouldn't for the first 2 or 3 years. We felt that we had a much better chance of getting this passed if we were able to go over there and show them that we would require only something like \$28,000 in funding for the first year and \$39,000 for the second year, even though it did go up moderately steeply from then on. We felt that giving them several years leeway would allow them some preparation, both in their tax base and in their thinking to allow for this. It is fortunate that we did. We would never have gotten the school years

later, because by then Congress had gotten over its eagerness to get more medical schools founded, and providing the large amounts of money toward their establishment: three dollars match for one for libraries; two for one for teaching; one for one for research; \$2,500 per student capitation fee each year—those things just gradually disappeared over the next decade, most of them in less than a decade. So that we were able to take advantage of huge amounts of federal money in that way, in capital construction and library acquisition.

As we saw it, if we waited 2 or 3 years longer we would not be able to get these building funds—and probably not a number of the other funds that we could get then—because the enthusiasm for starting medical schools began to wane. And there was no certainty at all that we would have gotten the promise of the large gift from Howard Hughes at a later date, although he did remain active for a few years after that.

Once the school was developed, of course, there remained 2 other very important ingredients. We haven't spent very much time talking about them—one is students, and the other is faculty. Was the caliber of students up to the standards that you had anticipated when you started the Medical School?

Yes. The caliber of students was up to what we had anticipated and, in fact, exceeded it. We expected it to be pretty well up, because first-class students were being turned down in considerable numbers every year by out-of-state medical schools. When you add to that those that were accepted to out-of-state medical schools and the increasing number that would apply because the school was available, we felt that we would. We indeed

did have more than 100 Nevadans apply for the first class, well over 48 being acceptable students. Very many from outside the state also applied—I think close to 1,000—many of those acceptable students, but many also just thinking that this might be an easy touch because it was a new school in a frontier state. A few of those—perhaps 3 or 4 a year, sometimes even none—were accepted from the “have-not” states, as we were a WICHE member and felt some obligation there.

The Medical School has not had any great number of minority students: one Negro, several Chicanos, one American Indian accepted who decided to go elsewhere and another starting this fall. We have been criticized by some because there haven’t been more minorities. Especially critical have been the blacks in Clark County, who number, by my guess, about 40,000, while those up here in Washoe County probably number 2,000 or less. We’ve had blacks apply every year—quite a few blacks, but none anywhere near meeting entrance requirements. We have had quite a few Chinese, although they could hardly be called a minority here or many places, now—they have done so well. The one black girl worked for us as a secretary in the school, then graduated from the 2-year school here and transferred to the University of Hawaii Medical School where she finished up. We have encouraged some blacks, especially twin brothers from Ghana who attended premed here, but they were accepted at several schools and chose USC.

Several years ago, we got a 3-year grant on a federal program to talk to high school students—particularly Negro and Indian and Latino and other minorities—to interest them in the health professions. This was geared toward health professions as a whole, not primarily toward the Medical School.

We aimed particularly at American Indians and blacks, and though we have never before this year gotten an American Indian into the Medical School, I believe we got many of them into the nursing school and into medical technology and things such as that.

The minority program here has been stimulated to some degree by a colored doctor in Las Vegas, who is prominent among a group of Negro doctors practicing in Las Vegas. They have helped us to get the summer program set up this summer, and we hope we may get some colored students who are prepared to compete and motivated to finish medical school. Only 31 of Nevada’s 1,300 practicing physicians are Negro.

Is that, then, the primary problem—failure to prepare adequately?

They obviously were not qualified and wouldn’t have finished. They were just not adequately prepared. There have been 3 or 4 Negroes a year applying to medical school here, but their MCATs—which is a national examination—and their other qualifications were totally inadequate. It was felt that it would actually be unfair to them to admit them and then have them find they weren’t prepared and fail or drop out. Now, with summer programs aimed particularly at them and the other minorities, we hope to stimulate some of them to study hard enough, be well motivated enough, so they will qualify for entry and can go onto graduation.

In the summer of 1985 the school will be conducting a minority high school scholar’s program, again designed to help minority students perceive medicine as a viable career option. It will host about 25 high school students, identified by the principals and by their teachers and their counselors as

outstanding students in high schools, so we will be encouraging the better minority ones. The students will live with faculty families while they're here, spend a few nights in the dormitories and attend lectures, workshops and seminars. They will visit the hospitals, and we will try to place them with physicians here in their spare time, so they can go around with them. After they have finished the summer program we will try to place them with physicians near their homes, so they can learn what the real practice of medicine is like.

What provided the stimulus for this program?

Ourselves.

You did yourself? There was not any federal pressure from HEW?

We had no pressure from them. We knew money was there for the summer programs, and we applied for it. They didn't press us at all in doing it.

Other state medical schools have admitted blacks and other minorities to their programs, even though they may not have been qualified in any traditional sense for admission. This has generally occurred under pressure, whether real or inferred, from the federal government or the state government. Has there ever been any situation here similar to the one that occurred at the University of California at Davis, as an example?

No, the one at Davis was a black student with grades very inferior to those of a white student who was left out.

That seems to have been not uncommon, though.

It was not uncommon, but I think that case has changed it a little bit. If I'm not mistaken, the courts agreed that the white student should have been admitted. But it became a moot question in this case because he was already admitted to another school; so really there is no actual legal judgment yet that I am aware of.

We have not had any strong pressures put on us to set up quotas for admission. We have not had problems here in the legislature, trying to force us to take such students into the graduate schools. We do have difficulties in their trying to get us to take substandard students from high school directly into the universities.

The summer program to attract minorities to medical school here is promising, as it is being pushed not only by the university but by the group of Negro doctors in Las Vegas who will keep after those students. This is not the first time that attempts have been made to recruit high school students into study of medicine. Back when the Medical School was only a dream the state medical association and the county medical associations were presenting programs at high schools throughout the state, trying to interest students in going into the health professions. This was not aimed at medicine alone, but at health professions in general. One of those years I was chairman of the Committee on Medical Education, and I got together groups of brochures in loose-leaf binders and distributed those in the high schools where we talked, so they could look up anything they wanted—where there were scholarships available, what schools were most likely to take them and what ones probably wouldn't. It told many things that might be of use to them, but this was still at undergraduate level.

Did that program have any measurable impact?

There's no way of knowing, that I can see.

The program is also aimed at Hispanics, as there are many of them coming in one way or another who have not had a good educational background, who are not very highly motivated, and who might also profit by such a course.

Some Hispanics have graduated from the University of Nevada Medical School. Sometimes it's hard to tell whether they are really Hispanics or not. We have had that difficulty throughout, both of the universities—that one name will be Hispanic and the other name will not be. A student will say “not Hispanic,” and another time when the Hispanics are trying to get something, they will enroll all the Cubans, all the Mexicans and South Americans, all the Puerto Ricans, all the native-born Hispanics and everyone else that might pass as a Hispanic under their group and say how large their group is, so they can put group pressure on the regents to get what they want. That has occurred many times, but not in the Medical School. My sort of stock answer to that—when the demands were unreasonable but they still insisted—has always been, “And after we've got that done, what are we going to do for the Swedes?”

What about faculty? Did you acquire the caliber of faculty that you had hoped to?

We did initially, and there were a good many faculty applying.

What sort of incentives were you able to offer?

The 2 major incentives were: a chance to start a new program in a new school and develop it along their own lines of thinking

and their own philosophy for development; second was the area to live in—at that time Reno was not too big a city, Nevada has no state income tax, hunting and fishing are within easy range, and there are good recreation areas. We have not always found it easy to recruit good faculty since then, because of the Medical School being somewhat split up in attempting to serve both Las Vegas and Reno and the rural communities. Consequently, some programs—such as obstetrics and gynecology—are being taught almost entirely in Las Vegas. A chairman really doesn't want to take a department like that, away from the basic medical science school and away from the administrative offices.

We have also had some difficulty in our retention of appropriate heads of departments. In pathology, for example, we got a man who, although a first-class pathologist, had a very disagreeable personality who alienated all the pathologists in the community who had been providing us with good part-time free teaching up to that date. Fortunately, he is now gone, but we have not recovered from that yet. In the area of family medicine, we were unfortunate in the chairman we first selected for that department in that he was not an administrator, had never been a practitioner of medicine more than minimally, and he turned out to be a very poor man in handling staff. We had to let him go at the end of 4 or 5 years before he got tenure.

I get the impression, though, that on the whole you've been satisfied with the ability of the Medical School to attract quality faculty.

On the whole, we have done so.

But you do feel that there's some room for improvement there?

Yes. We have attracted and held high-quality faculty in the 2-year basic sciences program, with such persons as Jack Wood in physiology, Tom Kozel in microbiology, David Westfall in pharmacology and Helen Cooke in physiology. There are many others who have demonstrated ability in teaching, in research and in obtaining grants. The 2 years of basic sciences seem to be high quality and well established.

We have not been quite so fortunate with the clinical faculty, where our more outstanding men—Dr. Ralph DePalma, a noted vascular surgeon, and Dr. Ernest Mazzaferri, an internationally recognized endocrinologist—became unhappy with their facilities and treatment here. They left, DePalma to become chairman of surgery at Georgetown and Mazzaferri to be chairman of medicine at Ohio State. Larry Noble, a cardiologist and graduate of our first class, resigned when he could not get a promotion in rank that the clinical staff felt he richly deserved.

There are a few good ones left, but department heads have resigned at a rate that was questioned by the accreditation committee, and some good prospective ones have turned down positions after visiting here. There is some feeling that the dean does not have the knack for working with the outstanding clinicians, who have strong personalities and ideas of their own as to how they wish to operate their departments.

The presence of the Medical School has greatly upgraded the staff at the Veterans facility. They had a bunch of very questionable doctors there before the Medical School began, but those were weeded out one at a time during the first few years of the school being here, so that now it has not only enhanced the quality of medical care to the

public, but it has even more greatly enhanced the medical care to the veterans going into the Veterans Hospital.

There have been some reports in the last couple of years to the effect that the nation is entering into a period when it actually has a surplus of doctors. Have you found it any easier in the last few years to attract physicians to this area?

To attract them to Reno, yes. Partly because it's such a nice place to live and partly because of the Medical School being here. We have reached the average number of physicians per capita in the nation as a whole in Reno, and maybe exceeded it a little bit. Las Vegas has not come up to it yet, and the rural areas, of course, are a long ways from coming up to it.

These studies are most peculiar. Around the time we joined WICHE and up until several years after we started the Medical School, all the studies—including the studies done by commissions that were appointed by foundations, the U.S. Department of Education studies and studies done by schools themselves—pointed to too short a supply of doctors. And that's the reason in the years just before and when we started, there was such good funding coming from Congress to beginning schools. Then that, over a period of 6 to 8 years, gradually tapered off. The statistics developed by the American Medical Association and the Association of American Medical Colleges and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare now suggest that the country may have more than enough doctors, although part of the problem is the doctors may not be distributed correctly—you may be overstocked in some places, particularly in big cities or around medical schools; you may be understocked

in other places. They have felt that general surgeons are perhaps the nearest to being overstocked, and so quite a number of surgical residencies have been discontinued in the last few years. Those have mostly been ones not in connection with a medical school, but where they hired graduates of foreign medical schools or the poorest graduates of American medical schools to come to the hospitals and serve as interns or residents, as they're now called, and get salaries and really work as cheap labor, with very little instruction by the staff. We have hospitals and a medical school that do not lend themselves to getting those kinds of slave laborers—second-rate interns and residents. We get good residents here, and most of our students get a fairly good pick of residencies around the country in good to reasonably good residency programs—not the poor hospitals using the foreign graduate ones, some of whom are satisfactory but many second-rate.

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The attempts to move the Medical School to Las Vegas continued in some degree, both on the part of the legislature and the Board of Regents. In 1983 Bucky Buchanan made a motion to move the first 2 years of the Medical School and its administrative offices to Las Vegas. This was seconded by Chris Karamanos, another regent from Las Vegas—both of these being, in my opinion, rather renegade regents from the time they came on the board and continuous troublemakers on the board. Mr. Claude Howard—who has been a major donor to the Medical School, having at that time given in excess of \$5 million—had just shortly before offered an additional million, so that we could construct a building in Las Vegas for the program down there. When this motion was made by Regent

Buchanan, Mr. Howard got up and said that if that was the way the regents were going to act after all the work and effort that had gone into starting the school up in the Reno area, he was going to withdraw his offer of a million dollars and instead add another million to it and give it to the program up here in Reno. With that, Mr. Buchanan—after a few rather lame statements that they needed medical care in Las Vegas, that it was a larger population than Reno, and he thought therefore it ought to be moved—finally retracted his motion, and Karamanos retracted his second. I think that has finally laid that at rest, as to where the administrative headquarters and the basic science program is going to be. I want to say, however, that this is a statewide medical school, which is now penetrating to every corner of the state—rural and urban—and will continue to do that, so there will continue to be an increase of teaching in Las Vegas. Obstetrics and gynecology is almost entirely taught there now, and students can go there for quite a few other things such as clinical clerkships or their time with practitioners and for some other items, although the headquarters remains in Reno.

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I would be most remiss if did not mention 3 ladies whose actions have been, in an unusual way, of great help to the school. Frances Kindred, who was a student advisor, and Jane Matthews, a secretary in the Department of Surgery, had just left the old Mackay Science Building to go home when they saw a lone pedestrian looking rather lost and wandering around the campus. They asked him if they could be of any help, and they were told that he was a construction engineer and builder and businessman from Las Vegas, and that he was just looking around. They gave him a

brief tour of the campus and then took him in and introduced him to a faculty member, Dan Opelman, who then introduced him to the dean, George Smith.

George Smith is a very modest but friendly and likable individual even on first meeting, and he grows on one quickly with further exposure. Dean Smith and the stranger, Mr. Claude Howard, had a long, friendly talk. It developed that Mr. Howard was an orphan with no known relatives. He had made a considerable fortune in real estate and building in Las Vegas and was considering a substantial gift where he was fairly sure it would not go down a rat hole. He had been investigating this school for some time through various people, and he thought that this might be the answer.

Another meeting was arranged where Dr. Smith introduced Mr. Howard to Mrs. Edna Brigham and me. Mrs. Brigham, the third of the women mentioned above, is an unusual woman— attractive, friendly and thoroughly conversant with budgets and foundations. She was the chief advisor as development officer to the deans that preceded Dean Daugherty, and she had been of tremendous help to them. She and her husband very soon became close friends of Claude Howard. They have entertained him in their home many times and have introduced him to other faculty members, and I think he regards them as among his best friends and places great confidence in her judgment and ability. Mr. Howard is a rather quiet, modest but very knowledgeable and capable man who is easy to like, and we have also become good friends.

Mrs. Brigham's job at the Medical School was that of development officer, but she was much more than that during the school's development. For the first 10 years she also played an important role in making up the budgets and solving the problems of the

students. With the advent of Dean Daugherty, she received somewhat less support and encouragement and finally transferred to the office of the chancellor.

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When I am asked, "It you're the father of the Medical School, then who's the mother?" my answer is, "I think it was probably an immaculate conception!"

Recently, Rollan Melton—a newspaperman, a good friend of mine and a good friend of the university—wrote a column in the Reno Evening Gazette-Journal that reads:

They call Fred Anderson the father of the University of Nevada School of Medicine. Now, as she winds down 10 years of association with the school, they call Edna Brigham the mother of the school, and with much justification. Mrs. Brigham is shifting her considerable talents to Chancellor Robert Bersi's office. Since 1973, she had many functions with the Medical School, performing all efficiently. The assignments included advisory board, budget preparation, public relations, press, official hostess, alumni development, liaison with benefactors and major foundations, grants request preparations and fund development, and support for long-range planning and research committees. The full trust that wealthy Claude Howard had in Edna Brigham was a major factor in his gifts of over \$6 million to the school. Last Friday at the conclusion of an advisory board meeting, she was honored for her devoted service. Her certificate of gift

read in part, “To a woman who has helped build the School of Medicine, which is a cornerstone of the future of Nevada, and who provided much of the laughter and some of the tears that are its mortar, and is unstinting in her support and unselfish in her commitment to the institution, its goals and its people.”

* * * * *

In March 1980, Mike Pearson and another second-year medical student visited my office and asked my permission to name a student scholarship fund after me. They said they had obtained permission from the members of the Board of Regents to solicit faculty and alumni and businesses throughout the state to establish that fund. They intended to have that as the main scholarship fund for the Medical School in honor of me and in memory of my son, a graduate of the school, who was killed in an automobile accident the preceding year. I thanked the students and was extremely pleased.

Several quite large sums were given for other student scholarships. One of my patients named Esping left nearly \$600,000 earmarked for scholarships. Another estate was left by a patient from our medical office named Hubert B. McCoskey. When I took his wife home from the handing over of a check for \$80,000 to the Medical School I asked her why he had given it. She told me it was because he was a patient in our office and apparently liked what I was doing up there at the Medical School. There also have been many other smaller sums given, including scholarships from the American Cancer Society every year, and, from Las Vegas, proceeds from a special golf tournament.

With memorials that flowed in after my son’s death, and with Mrs. Anderson and I and some friends adding to it almost every year, we have established a memorial fund in his name, the income only from which is used to purchase subscriptions to the Western Journal of Medicine for each member of the sophomore and junior class each year—we hoped on a permanent basis, but it now appears that they have been invading the corpus, and the fund is depleted. Incidentally, the University of California Medical Association—when they read in the Western Journal of Medicine that we had done that—donated \$1,000 to it.

* * * * *

It appeared to me that in 1983 the time had arrived for the severing of my long and close connection to the university and the Medical School, except for a few boards, committees and foundation memberships.

It then looked like others felt the same, as I received an appointment as Emeritus Clinical Professor of Surgery from both the university and the School of Medicine, each complete with plaque and letter at the May 1983 hooding ceremony. Also, in January 1983 I received letters and plaques from both Washoe Medical Center and Saint Mary’s Hospital granting me honorary staff membership. It was time for my swan song. In December 1983, I retired from the practice of medicine, as well as from teaching.

PARTICIPATION IN PARTY POLITICS: 1952-1964

ALAN BIBLE'S CAMPAIGN

When Alan Bible's term as attorney general expired after World War II, he came to Reno. With others he formed the law firm of McCarran, Rice and Bible...Pat McCarran being our senior senator at the time. Bible had been a protégé of Senator McCarran since he had served as Senate page and elevator boy under McCarran's patronage while he attended law school at Georgetown. While there he acquired Potomac Fever and planned for a run at the United States Senate at the first good opportunity.

A conservative Republican and former state engineer, George Malone, had been elected to the Senate in 1946. Toward the end of Malone's first term, Bible, still a McCarran Democrat protégé, tried to unseat him. He asked me to serve as his honorary campaign chairman in 1952. I accepted, but a surprising turn of events occurred. An unknown, recent arrival in Nevada (but married to the daughter of Mayor John DiGrazia of Wells, Nevada) named Thomas

B. Mechling also filed on the Democratic ticket. Young and vigorous and with nothing to do except campaign, he and his wife took a car and trailer and, after filing, thoroughly campaigned the state from one end to the other, allegedly knocking on every door in the state. Although not in politics before, he was a personable individual and made a favorable impression on many people.

When a Bible celebration party in Carson City broke up at midnight with Bible leading, we all felt he had won. Next morning, however, the poll count from Clark County, always coming in late, showed that Bible had lost by a small number of votes in this primary.

Emboldened by this success, the young victor Tom Mechling then went after the support of the then powerful political machine of Norman Biltz, John Mueller, E. L. Cord (formerly of Cord car fame) and Senator Pat McCarran. Eva Adams, as the administrative assistant in McCarran's office in Washington, D.C., was also a part of this group.

Mechling was a little naive and did not understand the McCarran-Biltz combine. He apparently made a statement that McCarran had offered him a deal and also made other statements, duly tape recorded by Biltz, that indicated he had made promises to them in return for their support against Malone. When Biltz and Mueller reported this and played the tape to newsmen, and the newspapers made big news of it for several days, Mechling's campaign was finished. Malone was re-elected to a second term, and Bible was left out in the cold.

One night a year later, on a windy corner by the Riverside Hotel, Senator McCarran told me that if Bible had only asked him (McCarran) in the primary, he would have seen to it that Bible would have won. But Bible apparently felt that he had gained enough political strength by now so that he could run on his own and not have to depend on any political machine, which he soon sorely regretted.

Do I understand, then, that McCarran stayed neutral in that primary election?

Yes, he was with the machine that was not strong for Bible. He didn't go out against Bible at all; he just didn't do anything active for him.

Mechling ran for governor later against Vail Pittman, but he had lost all prestige by that time and was readily beaten. At last report things were going even worse, as he was mixed up in a shady school textbook transaction in California. I have never seen or heard of him since that time.

On 28 September 1954, McCarran died of a heart attack while speaking on the platform in Hawthorne. Governor Charles Russell, a Republican, almost at once appointed Ernest Brown, a Republican attorney, to the Senate. Malone was also a Republican.

With the general election just a few weeks away, the supreme court held that there would have to be an election between Brown and whoever filed from the opposite party, and Bible filed again, winning from Brown with 58.1 percent of the vote. Brown then resigned at once, so as to give more seniority to Bible over the other newly elected senators who could not assume their posts until 1 January, when their predecessors completed their terms. In this race, I gave several talks to groups of doctors in favor of Bible.

After serving most of the term for which he was elected, Bible indicated that he was not going to run again, and a group of hopefuls filed. Among them was a strong, popular Republican named Cliff Young, then serving his first term in Congress after defeating Walter Baring. Shortly after this Bible changed his mind about not running, and, after a hard campaign, beat Young in a very close contest. After this, Bible had no trouble getting re-elected and served as senator for 20 years, after which he did not refile because of poor health.

ANDERSON FOR SENATOR

In the mid-1950s, with the tide of medical legislation soon to come before Congress, Colonel Neff—our state medical association executive secretary—and some doctors suggested that I run for United States senator, so that there might be at least one doctor in the Senate. There had been none since Senator Murray Copeland in 1939. I had never had political ambitions or considered running for office.

My family and I were at Judge Clark J. Guild's home following the Admission Day parade in November 1957 when Senator Alan Bible joined us for a bit of cheer, and in the course of the afternoon he remarked,

"I've just been on a trip around the state, and a great many people have remarked that you were such a vote getter in running for the regents that you ought to run for senator against George Malone." I asked why, and he said, "Because you topped the list in votes for university regent and because Malone has become unpopular." This latter was certainly true, as Malone had only been elected to his second term because of the Mechling affair. Right or wrong, Malone was against the political tide of the day, being a strong conservative and something of an isolationist, and losing ground so steadily in popularity that I believe a good grocery clerk could have easily beaten him.

A few months later I was invited to the home of Hazel and Graham Erskine. There were present about 15 people, including Grant Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Graham Hollister, who owned a ranch near Genoa, Nevada, and several others whose names I cannot remember. All were Democrats and in my opinion, except for Sawyer, and a few other on the liberal fringe side of the party, more so than I. They were friends of mine of years standing, some of them patients, and probably thought me more liberal than I was. The purpose of the meeting was to try to get opposition for Governor Charles Russell and Senator Malone in the 1958 elections. They promised Grant Sawyer and me their strong support if we would file.

Grant Sawyer had long been interested in politics, serving as district attorney in Elko, then as state chairman of the Democratic party, in addition to his job as a university regent. I had never been to a precinct meeting, a county meeting or a state meeting. I had no real party connections, and couldn't have been more naive on the subject of politics. I told them the only job I would consider was senator, and that I would think it over. I

had no intention of staying in for more than one or 2 terms if I did run and was elected, as I considered myself a surgeon and not a politician. Sawyer said he would probably go for governor, particularly as Russell was going to be running for an unprecedented third term.

On a trip to Las Vegas for other matters, I visited the home of Las Vegas city attorney Howard Cannon, whose name was being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Senate. He told me that he would not be running unless someone put up the money for his campaign.

My family was about neutral as to my running, and I was prepared to use mainly my own money in the primary, as I did not wish to make any promises I might regret or be under obligations. Accordingly, when filing date came around in April 1958, I paid my \$100 and signed the papers and was off and running.

I was given good press by most of the newspapers in the state, including Hank Greenspun's Sun in Las Vegas, the one exception being the Las Vegas Review Journal. Many of the newspapers' editors were good friends of mine, such as Jack McCloskey of the Mineral County Independent in Hawthorne, Walter Cox in Yerington, Chris Sheerin and Warren Monroe in Elko and Joe McDonald of the Nevada State Journal in Reno.

The Las Vegas Review Journal was not saying good things about me. They were insinuating inexperience and ignorance of politics and being from another part of the state, and in particular the fact that they wanted to have a senator from Clark County. I learned one thing soon, and that is that with many papers, unless they are very friendly to you, the amount of coverage you get on the front page of the paper depends on how many ads you buy for the middle of the paper.

In Reno I was invited as my first talk to speak before the Women's Democratic Club. A copy of this maiden political speech can be found with the Fred Anderson Papers.

Why did I even file? I never had political ambitions. I didn't want to be in politics the rest of my career. I didn't file because of ego, and not because of ambition. Perhaps it was partly to justify a free education as a Rhodes Scholar and live up to Cecil Rhodes's stated desire to produce "the best men for the world's fight." At any rate it was done, and I felt that if I won it might have justified my being elected a Rhodes Scholar. Besides that, I thought with all the medical legislation before Congress, the medical profession should have more medical representation.

A phone call then came from Mr. E. L. Cord of the Cord, Biltz, Mueller political machine to visit him at his office on Wells Avenue. I was ushered in by his son, most friendly and cordially, and then, sitting across from his desk, listened to the reasons why he would no longer support Senator Malone. He allegedly had asked Malone to get Judge Merwyn Brown of Winnemucca appointed United States district judge— and Malone either couldn't or wouldn't produce. A few other items were discussed, and he indicated that he wanted a positive, capable person in Washington that could at least do him little favors when he needed them. I knew the Mechling incident well and promised nothing and said little, for I felt certain that I was being tape recorded. I walked in independent and walked out still independent. I left his office with a definite feeling that his money and influence would be supporting someone else, but that I could easily have had it by a few promises.

I had known Mr. Cord when he served for a while on our Regents Investment Advisory Board. He had resigned and walked

out angrily when we would not conform satisfactorily to his advice. Mr. Cord was a state senator from Esmeralda County, I believe appointed. He had recently been involved in 1957 in helping to try and push through SB 92, introduced by Senators Lemaire, Brown and Whitacre, which would effectively—through injunctive procedures—prevent the state Tax Commission from closing or revoking the license of a casino found cheating or with concealed, unlicensed or tainted ownership. This injunctive relief, by renewals, could possibly drag on for even up to years, and thus constitute an opportunity or license for the casino to continue in cheating or undesirable ownership. This would circumvent a gaming control act passed in 1955 that created a new gaming control division within the Tax Commission that could revoke or suspend a casino gaming license without the formality of a court trial. Appeal to the court would, of course, be available, but the cheating or other undesirable features such as involvement of gangsterism in ownership or operation would at least be stopped, unless the court ordered it reversed later.

A casino called the Thunderbird in Las Vegas was involved at the time as undesirable with gangster money used in it for a hidden financial interest—Meyer Lansky—but closing by the gaming control division was prevented by a district court injunction by Judge Merwyn Brown. You begin to see the connection between the 2 now. The Tax Commission appealed to the supreme court in 1956, but that body did not deliver its opinion until 1957. Meanwhile the proponents of SB 92 rushed it through the legislature, and it was promptly vetoed by Governor Russell, as he understood its consequences.

The bill's proponents, Cord being prominent among these, believed that they could override the governor's veto, and in

another vote nearly did so, except for the fact that a senator, Ralph Lattin, from Churchill County [whom] they had counted on to help override the veto, supported the governor and the Gaming Commission. The governor's veto was finally upheld in the senate by a vote of 6 to 11. Some senators changed when they saw that it looked as if without Senator Lattin's vote the vote would fail to override the veto. Senator Lattin already was ill with high blood pressure, and probably as a result of the pressures put on him during this tense period he died a year later. The state supreme court finally supported the Tax Commission and Governor Russell when in 1957 it stated that it is not for the courts to fix the standards by which suitability is to be determined, but that the determination is for the Tax Commission to make.

There now appeared strong indications by rumor and by alleged polls that Cord wanted to run for governor. I felt that rather than see him governor, I would just as soon not be senator. In a tour I soon took around the state I came out strongly against him. I feel sure that this lost me not only the support of his machine and gained his enmity, but provided Howard Cannon with the support and money he had said he needed in order to run. This was probably enough to cost me the election.

There are other ways I could have won in spite of this, as when a politically fairly strong Democrat in Las Vegas said he would file and run if I would put up \$10,000 for him to do it. This would undoubtedly have taken several thousand votes from Cannon; but I did not want to win that way, so I refused.

A prominent investigative reporter, Ed Reed, who later wrote *The Green Felt Jungle*, came to me with a story that indicated shady dealings on the part of Cannon as city attorney in an award of a garbage franchise.

That could, I think, have changed many votes. Reed said he would back it with proof in the newspaper if I would break it on television or radio. After talking with him considerably, and although I believed him to be truthful, I finally told him that I didn't want to win that way even if there had been improper conduct.

Jack Conlon, an insurance broker and minor politician in Las Vegas, had been a patient of mine in Reno. He at first offered his help, taking me around to meet some of the labor leaders and union members, especially the culinary workers union, strong in Las Vegas. When Cannon filed, he employed Conlon to get him votes. He also promised him the position of administrative assistant in Washington, which position he did get and held until his death. So I lost that support.

I've been told by several people that Conlon was able to control the west side or Negro vote in Las Vegas. Means have been suggested to me, but I'm not certain of the truth of these, so I will not mention them. But that is the area in which I lost most heavily, enough to control the outcome. He did also have considerable influence with the labor unions in the south, although those in the north refused to go against me.

I wanted Jack Myles for public relations in Reno, but my campaign manager was set against this. He said it would turn labor against me. Myles was later hired by Cannon, Myles apologizing to me as he was an old friend and patient. We finally settled on a man named Jack Spencer, who I think did neither harm nor good and was pretty much invisible during the campaign.

I had acquired a campaign manager, Joe McDonald, Jr., on the suggestion of some friends, who proved nearly as naive as I. McDonald wanted to run everything himself, and he was no more adept at gaining votes in the south because of an abrupt and abrasive

personality. Before really learning this, we were too far into the campaign to change.

Just after filing I went to see Senator Bible for advice and possibly some help. His reply was, "My policy is never to advise or help anyone in the primary. See me after that if you win." I learned later from a friend named Denver Dickerson, who worked with Bible in Washington, that he had instructed his staff not to give anyone any help in the primary. I was quite taken aback after our close friendship of so many years. A few favorable sentences from him would have been important and appreciated.

Eva Adams, Bible's administrative assistant, worked hard against me out of his office, as she really was representative of the Biltz and Cord machine rather than taking orders from Bible. He had inherited her from McCarran, who also worked with their machine. Bible finally got her out of his office by getting her appointed director of the mint as soon as he felt he had the political strength to do so, as she was in direct communication from his office to the Biltz and Cord machine and only nominally working for Bible.

With a few cards and posters and flyers printed up and a borrowed campaign slogan—"Nevada will be proud of Fred Anderson in the U.S. Senate"—I started out. Together with a supporter and car driver named George Jolly I made a thorough tour of the state. We were very well received in all of the rural towns with formal meetings or cocktail parties. It was almost a medical tour also, for I seemed to run across some old patient or someone who could not get to the doctor easily in almost every small town—a carbuncle in Carlin, a bad flu case in an old patient of mine at home in Winnemucca, a lacerated arm in Overton and a request for medical advice or prescription almost daily. There was friendliness almost without exception.

When I reached Las Vegas, however, the reception turned mostly neutral to chilly, even before Cannon filed. He filed for senator on the day before filing time ended, and he was from Las Vegas. On my first visit to Clark County political headquarters, the second sentence of our conversation was, "How much money can you give us to operate on here? Congressman Baring was just in yesterday and gave us a check for \$25,000." (Which I suspected and soon learned definitely was a false statement.) I did a couple of television interviews, attended parties given for me at the homes of a few friends, a couple of coffee klatches, a couple of Democratic picnics and attended rallies given for several candidates at once.

Katie Dondero, a very personable old friend, was wonderful to me in the south, and I employed her to represent me in Clark County and take charge of my office there.

There were prerecorded, short television or radio spots throughout the state. I talked to the Young Democrats group on 2 occasions in Las Vegas arranged by their president, Virginia Catt, who was friendly to me. I talked to a labor union group who were unenthusiastic, both in San Francisco and at their annual AFL-CIO labor union meeting in Clark County. Meantime, I would spend 2 weeks pounding the pavements and making what talks I could in Las Vegas, and then a week in Reno practicing medicine. In Las Vegas I went through the stores and casinos and met many of their employees and met working men on their way into work at Henderson and elsewhere.

The Stardust was under construction at the time, and I climbed up on the upper scaffoldings during lunch to talk to the workers. My welcome when I said I was from Reno made me afraid for a few moments that I might be pushed over the edge.

My driver, George Jolly, was a strong union closed shop man, and he tried vainly to get me to come out against the state right-to-work law. One of the chief national AFL-CIO bosses came from their national headquarters and spent 2 hours in my hotel room a few hours before their main meeting where I talked to the union members. He spoke to me individually for 2 hours about labor and unions, but gave up a little disgustedly when I made no positive statements either way. I suspect my opponent made some pledge against right-to-work, as he got the full endorsement and support of labor in Las Vegas. Cannon's vote in the Senate a good many years later in favor of a national right-to-work law meant little to me. It was evident that it was going to pass readily in the Senate anyway, and I felt that labor would release him to vote that way so he would in the future have support from both sides.

Labor unions in Reno did not try to pressure me. I felt that they were in general for me as a candidate, the issue not being brought up in northern Nevada.

There was a large Negro population in Las Vegas. I gave talks in several of the Negro churches and put on 2 outdoor, daytime sessions in the colored area of town with ice cream cones and feathered headbands for the children, and coffee for the adults—doing a little talking about my candidacy and also giving them a sizable batch of tickets that would pay their way to the Democratic picnic. These gestures did little good, as there was later almost a solid black vote for Cannon. Control of their vote came from some definite source that I had no influence with.

I expected good support from the doctors, but would say that in northern Nevada one-third were definitely for me, one-third were against me and the other third didn't give a damn. Dr. Wes Hall and one oral surgeon,

Jim Wallace, did give me vote-getting parties in their homes, and I did have a committee of about 20 friends from various occupations that met several times to advise me. Around the state the doctors were for me, but in Las Vegas most of them couldn't have cared less. One pediatrician refused to let me leave cards in his office waiting room, stating he feared that some of his patients might not like it. One doctor, Harry Fightlin, who had once been in Reno, gave a large cocktail party to introduce me to his friends.

I had a few donations from doctors and other friends in northern Nevada that came to about \$8,000, and donations in Clark County and around the state that perhaps totaled \$4,000. The liberal group in Reno that had originally suggested I run came up with neither help nor money, except for Graham Hollister, who escorted Grant Sawyer around the state for nearly the whole campaign. He did give a party for me at his home in Genoa. I don't think a one of the others even visited my campaign office.

The executive committee of the American Medical Association met that summer in Reno. Dr. Wesley Hall was nearing the top rank in that group to become president of the American Medical Association in about 3 years. I met with this group in a cigar smoke-filled room, after talking to them for nearly an hour, they told me that the American Medical Association wasn't interested in political candidates and would have no money for me, but that they would be glad to help in any other way they could—which as far as I can remember was a large nothing. In other words, I received almost a total brush-off. I noticed that later when the association noted how close I came to becoming senator they took quite a bit of interest in candidates for congressional office and gave some of them a good deal of support.

Sometime before the primary election, while I was the only candidate filed, I received a letter from Eleanor Roosevelt representing Americans for an Effective Congress, appealing for clean politics and containing a check for \$3,500 which I accepted gratefully. Her committee was also supporting Frank Church of Idaho, Gail McGee of Wyoming and Eugene McCarthy. After Cannon filed, I wrote to her and told her that I had opposition and did not think it right to accept more funds during the primary. Soon after this, a newspaper story came out to the effect that my candidacy had been renounced by Mrs. Roosevelt. I traced the story to Cannon, who had requested funds from her committee. She wrote to Cannon, who had made the solicitation, and then he arranged publication of a false story, as she denied having renounced me. He had written to her son, asking that he use his influence with his mother.

I soon traced another news story to him—one that stated the American Legion organization had come out against me. Their chairman, Colonel Tom Miller, an old friend and patient of mine, soon put out a public denial of this story. Another was that I had recently made a trip to Washington to testify against the elderly or senior citizens, which I considered equally false, as I had been there once to testify about medical bills, including Medicare, but never against the senior citizens. I had not mastered the art of feeding the news media with half-truth or innuendo, so made only an ineffective general reply. I had almost zero backing or support from the Democratic organizations in the south.

After this I limited myself to pounding the pavement a bit more and sending out letters to a large number of registered Democrats. Incidentally, many of my close

friends, patients, doctors and even my sister and brother-in-law did not change their registration from Republican to Democrat so that they could vote for me in the primary. All the people in the north who had not done this said that they had not done so because, listening to people around them, they thought that I was a cinch to win. One of my close friends, District Judge Gordon Rice, did resign before the end of his term to campaign for me and try to get some extra votes, and he did give me much good advice during the entire campaign that I should have heeded to a greater extent than I did.

The primary day arrived, and, as usual, the northern votes came in earlier than the southern. At first the ballots had me leading by a considerable margin, but that gradually lessened with news from the south. It seemed evident to me by midnight that I would lose, much as had happened in Bible's first campaign against Mechling. So I went to sleep, and in the morning sent a telegram of congratulations when the count indicated that I had lost by 1,468 votes.

I was asked to speak for the Democratic platform when Cannon appeared in Reno during the general election campaign. I did so, but limited my activity to that. A little later I refused chairmanship of the Washoe County Democrats at a meeting and later turned my appointment as a delegate to the national convention over to George Jolly to keep him busy and help take his mind off the death of a brother which had occurred while the selection of delegates was being made.

Five years later the chairman of the Clark County Democratic Party called me and stated that I should run again, as a considerable segment of the party, including himself, would be for me, as many Las Vegas were disappointed in Cannon. I thankfully declined.

Cannon prospered in the political environment until scandal broke in 1982, with him discussing a land purchase with a person with known mobster connections. I believe it was taped by federal agents. On the basis of this, although there were no charges or public hearings, he lost out in the 1982 election to Chic Hecht, a member of the state senate, almost unknown through most of the state. It was interesting to note that Bible was honorary campaign chairman for Cannon in the primary as well as the general election.

I have no particular regrets about running or losing. It was an educational and interesting experience, although the tuition rate was rather high. I spent about \$70,000 of my own money, but I had accepted nothing that left me with any obligations. I won by a margin of 2 1/2 to one in 15 counties but lost by a margin of 3 1/2 to one in Clark and Lincoln counties. There was some talk of irregular voting and counting of the ballots in Clark County. Some persons suggested a recount, but I decided against that. I had reports but no real proof of chicanery, especially in the black districts.

A year later I met a good friend, Joseph McDonald, Sr., editor of our main newspaper (and father of my campaign manager), on the street. He was a close friend and supporter of Bible and a good friend of mine, and he said, "They are having a reception for Bible at the Riverside Hotel now. Aren't you going up?"

Still a little disappointed at the way Bible had acted, I said, "No thank you."

He, knowing all of the circumstances of the campaign, said, "I think you should try to forget about the incidents."

Although I didn't forget, I believe I gradually came to see the reasons for them. Practically Bible's whole life except for his family was dedicated to remaining a senator. In fact, he wanted to stay there much more

than I wanted to get there, and he had worked for it much longer and harder than I had. Both of us being from Reno, and no senator from the south, one of us was bound to lose in one of the next 2 elections. They wanted a senator and, having the greater population, would not be satisfied without one for very long. So, I decided to forget and forgive, and our friendship was not fractured or more than very temporarily interfered with. We have since then traveled together in several European countries and visited a great many national parks in Canada and the United States, including Alaska.

PHYSICIANS FOR LAXALT

I nearly had another brush with politics in 1961 when a Reno mayor, Bobby Baker, performed so unsatisfactorily and shadily that the public was disgusted. Three councilmen called me, telling me they would be glad to elect me mayor—which was then done by members of the city council from among its members—if I would run and obtain a seat on the council. I declined gracefully, as I saw no contribution I could make other than clean politics, and I had no great desire to be mayor anyway.

Nineteen sixty-four was an election year, and, although I was not running for office, one of my good friends, former governor Paul Laxalt was. His family had been longtime friends and in some instances patients of mine. I had cared for his mother before World War II while practicing in Carson City, his father being the person about whom Paul's brother, Bob, had written Sweet Promised Land. I also cared for his brother, Bob, and his family.

Paul was then campaigning for the United States Senate. He was running for the Senate seat being vacated by Alan Bible, who, because

of health reasons, after serving for 20 years had decided not to run again.

Paul Laxalt had served as district attorney, lieutenant governor and governor of Nevada, in all of which he had given excellent service, so I was in favor of his being elected. A Carson City doctor named Henry Davis had sent out a letter which expressed my own feelings very well, and in a short enough space so it could be read quickly. I called this doctor and asked him if I could use it in our office and in Laxalt's campaign office. I sent it, and a brief letter by me with it, to all of our patients. I also telephoned a dozen other doctors, got their mailing lists of patients and approval of my proposed action, and included Dr. Davis's letter plus a copy of my letter over those doctors' signatures to their patients, altogether sending about 35,000 letters out to patients from their own doctors. I don't know how many votes it got, but certainly the election was a very close one, and it is my belief that it more than made up for the marginal difference by which he won. Now, with his performance and influence in Washington, I am sure he would win by a landslide in any future election.

The newspapers made quite a story of my switch to support a Republican when I had filed as a Democrat to run for the Senate myself, but I knew my father would have been pleased. Senator Laxalt's record in Washington and around the country, as well as his friendship and influence with the president, speak for themselves, so I will not say any more about it.

INVESTIGATIVE COMMITTEES

In late 1965 while Democratic Governor Sawyer was out of the state, Republican Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt, noting

many recent criticisms of several areas of the state highway department, called for a state grand jury investigation of the charges to try and elicit if there were any real wrong doings. Sawyer, on his return to the state, took the matter to the Nevada Supreme Court, who held that the attempt to call a state grand jury for an investigation of the state highway department in this manner was improper. Because of the allegations and uncertainties it had brought up, however, Governor Sawyer appointed what he called a Select Committee to investigate the allegations and rumors and any improper actions on the part of the state highway department. I was one of the members of this committee. We spent hundreds of hours interviewing and trying to interpret statements from employees at about every level of the highway department and from all over the state.

I had been very impressed with Procter Hug on the Board of Regents as an attorney, and my advice to the committee was that we retain him as an attorney to be sure that we did not get into any trouble that we couldn't handle, and that everything would be done legally and above board.

Half of the members of the committee were Democrats and half Republicans. After hundreds of hours of interrogation we were unable to find any criminal or any really very serious incidents, but there were a great many minor irregularities, procedures and actions, and we compiled a long report with recommendations which was submitted to Governor Sawyer. Many of these incorrect procedures were rectified, and a number of our recommendations were initiated by him. The whole thing was a real education, albeit not a university or medical one.

On 2 other occasions I was appointed to state investigative committees to investigate

the state mental hospital in Sparks: once when a retarded youngster had become entangled in a restraining jacket and strangled, and another occasion when there were allegations of improper handling of the patients and improper procedures. Our committee investigated it and again made a report to the governor.

CONTACT WITH THE NEVADA INDIANS: 1937-1970

THE PEYOTE CULT

One day in 1937 when I was home on leave from assistant residency, Dr. Thom called and asked me to go to Coleville, about 50 miles from Carson City, where an adult male Indian had died without medical attention. On the way there, he told me of the interest of the federal narcotics bureau in the increasing use of peyote, a small cactus grown in New Mexico and Mexico which had been recently popularized with the Indians in this region as part of a so-called religion or cult ceremony.

A medicine man or shaman named Benny Lancaster from New Mexico was rapidly spreading the cult throughout the Southwest. The Indians would hold peyote sessions in a shelter sitting in a circle around a small fire, and with a crescent symbol made of sand and a rattle, fan and staff between it and the leader. A large peyote button called "Father Peyote" was on top of the sand crescent.

They would eat the peyote buttons or drink water steeped in peyote, passing a skin

drum partly filled with water around the circle from left to right to be beaten along with the chants. Each in turn would chant and frequently ended up by confessing to beating his wife, drinking too much alcoholic beverages, stealing or maybe just being lazy—ending with the statement that since he had been using peyote he was sinning no more, or at least sinning a great deal less.

Peyote buttons contain along with several other alkaloids, mescaline, a mind-altering substance that produces intoxication and often delusions of hearing music, voices and sometimes color hallucinations. The federal agents were very much interested to see if there were narcotic or addictive tendencies, and, as it is a toxic alkaloid, if any of the unexplained deaths were from that.

Dr. Thom and I did several autopsies on Indians who had died unattended by a doctor, tied the stomachs off at both ends and sent them to the federal laboratory as quickly as possible for analysis. We did not get any findings related to peyote in the remainder of the autopsy. Although we didn't get precise

reports of the analysis, no deaths from peyote were proved, and the federal apprehensions gradually lessened.

Just about this time a graduate student from Yale University in anthropology was doing Ph.D. research on Washo shamanism and peyotism. His name is Edgar Siskin, and he is now president and director of the Jerusalem Center for Anthropological Studies in Israel. (See Washo Shamans and Peyotists: Religious Conflict in an American Indian Tribe by Edgar Siskin, Ph.D.) He came to my office to obtain what information I had and to get my help in arranging for our attendance at a peyote session. No whites in this area had been admitted to one before this. Some have since.

About 8:00 p.m., as we walked into a large wickiup or tent put up for the occasion, we were each given a can holding about half a pint of a thick, grayish-white liquid that looked about like and was about the consistency of cream of mushroom soup. This was made by steeping or boiling the buttons, then crushing them thoroughly, pouring off the liquid and giving it to us. We entered the tent and joined the circle of about 20 around the small central fire burning in the center on the ground, with the symbols already mentioned pointing toward the leader of the group. After drinking our portions—which tasted extremely bitter and not like anything else I can describe—some of the buttons which had been moistened or steeped in water were then passed around, and we ate some of them.

By this time I was feeling dizzy and somewhat intoxicated, but without the ecstasy and excitement evidenced by some of the Indians and without any hallucinations or impulse to confess my sins. The drum rotated around the circle— each Indian in turn thumping it and chanting in Indian, which

we could not understand—but they passed the drum by us. Another round of peyote buttons and then a few cigarettes of tobacco mixed with sagebrush leaves were passed around in place of the more traditional pipe. Some of the Indians were getting quite excited and noisy in their confessions by this time, although order was maintained, and they paid no attention to us.

This routine continued until about 4:00 a.m., when the session ended and the Indians were told to find a place to sleep a few hours and then eat breakfast before they were allowed to go home. This, we were told, was to avoid any accidents that might be blamed on the peyote session by the law authorities. After considerable persuasion we were allowed to leave without sleep or breakfast, the latter of which would have gone hard with me as I had to stop the car and vomit every few minutes on the way home.

This largely ended my curiosity about and experience with peyote until the days of the “flower children” came along. However, as a doctor, I was familiar with uppers such as Dexedrine and downers such as Nembutal and Seconal and various narcotics; and in fact I had tried a few of them out of curiosity and others as a result of being operated on. LSD I considered off limits for me.

MEDICINAL HERBS

At an annual state medical meeting a speaker from the Eli Lilly pharmaceutical company gave a talk in which he told us of how pharmaceutical investigation leads one all over the world in search of new and better medicines. The Indians in one part of South America claimed help in diabetes mellitus by use of the periwinkle plant. Eli Lilly and company researchers tried this in animals, and, although finding that it was of no help in

diabetes, it did cause depression of the white cells. They deduced from this that it might be beneficial in suppressing the cell growth in white blood cell tumors, such as lymphomas and lymphatic sarcomas, and possibly in Hodgkin's disease and lymphocytic leukemia. After a suitable time in experimentation with animals they tried this in humans. Although it was not usually curative, it did help in a great many tumors in suppressing them either alone or in combination with other drugs and is still in wide use as an anti-cancer agent.

I had read the book compiled as a project of the WPA by Percy Train on medicinal uses of plants by Indian tribes in Nevada. Claims by "the old ones" for the plants' curative properties were substantiated only slightly and only for a few plants by analysis of a considerable number of the plants by a pharmaceutical company. They did not find any that were really useful, but I thought I might have another go at some of them. I contacted a so-called shaman—and by that I mean an Indian doctor, not an M.D. doctor—Abe Abrams, a self-styled Indian medicine man, possibly a shaman and curer, who is a Pyramid Lake Paiute. With his help I set out to collect a considerable number of plants to which he ascribed medicinal properties. My notes on several of these are as follows:

(P) Paiute name
(W) - Washo name
(S) = Shoshone name

1. Sand Dock - Rumex venosus

(P) = Tuha-Rono-be
(S) = Tuka IConobe

Dried and pulverized—standard Rx for burns, sores and wounds.

2. Indian Tobacco - Nicotiana attenuata (grows wild)

(P) = Poo eebah-mah

(S) = Poo-ee-pa

Smoke leaves, but also used as external medication [for] toothache, eczema, cuts, hives and snakebite. Tea of leaves also used to expel worms.

3. Indian Balsam Root or Cough Root Laeptotenaria multifida

(P) - Toh-Sah-ah

(W) = Doza

Aids coughs, pneumonia, Tbc with a tea from the roots. Smoke from root inhaled to cure lung congestion. Raw root chewed for sore throat.

4. False Hellebore - Veratrum californicum

(P) = Pah-ga-gire

(W) = bah-do-po

Tea brewed as contraceptive. Sore throats, colds and venereal disease.

5. Indian Tea or Mormon Tea - Ephedra nevadensis

Primarily in treatment of venereal diseases. Also as a tea to induce urination and for poultices on wounds.

6. Creosote Bush - Larrea divaricata

(P) = Yah Temp

(S) Yahtemp

A brew for bathing chicken pox eruptions and soaking painful rheumatism joints was made from the brew of leaves. The tea was also taken internally for colds and cramps. (An extract of the creosote bush—dihydroguaiaretic acid—is now being studied at the UNR Medical School by Dr. Pardini as a possible cure for cancer eye in cattle.)

7. Ginseng

(W) = Tau Chee Tomaga

Though better known for use by the Orientals, the Indians used it as a general tonic. Said to be an aphrodisiac.

... and others such as wild parsnip or water hemlock and juniper berries.

I sent samples of these to Eli Lilly. I also made a trip to Round Valley, California, with an anthropologist to visit with an elderly lady who had years before collected many native plants and descriptions of them and compiled a book about them. I obtained this book, and it was copied along with the medicines, and also some other books containing material on Indian foods, medicines and medicine men. I took Professor Warren d'Azevedo, University of Nevada anthropologist, with me on that trip. I have since given this material to the Medical School.

Unfortunately, none of the plants contained ingredients in sufficient quantities to be useful and had little or none of the powers ascribed to them by the Indians. This project proved to be somewhat of a dud. There is a sample of each of these medicines in the cornerstone of the first building of the Medical School, and also some are in a display case at the Medical School. A white doctor named Krebs is said to have made a concoction from the Indian balsam root, Doza, and sold it to many whites and Indians as an influenza cure during the 1918 epidemic.

ASSISTING THE RENO-SPARKS INDIAN COLONY

When I was gathering Indian plants, it necessitated several visits to the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, and I noted what horrible conditions they were living in. The center of the colony was nothing but a sunken slough filled with rubbish and old cars. There were privies in back of many of the houses. Some of the homes were nothing more than shacks, built of boards often patched over with tin and without adequate water and electricity.

There was one streetlight for the entire area. There were no recreation facilities whatever; there was not even a decent meeting room except in an old church, which has since been partly torn down and which was in pretty dilapidated shape. There were about 1,500 Indians living at the colony, and a high percentage of them were children.

Having noticed this, I talked to them about an attempt to straighten out this mess. They were not very amenable at first, but when I went down to visit them the second time, they were quite intrigued with it. So we set to work.

Our first action was to get tax-free status for gifts. The next thing we did was to talk to the county and get the county to provide a patrolman down there to cut down on sabotage and drunkenness, both of which were frequent. Everywhere building was going on we attempted to get waste dirt for fill. We then approached the Bureau of Indian Affairs for equipment and for men from the Stewart Indian School to operate it. I made visits to all of the service clubs here in town soliciting funds from them.

Enthusiasm for the project burgeoned. Eventually, not only was the land filled for a park, softball diamond and tennis court, but much important construction was completed—all serviced with new water lines, natural gas, electricity and adequate sewers and indoor plumbing. As the initiator of the project I was called on by the Indians to say a few words before the cutting of the ribbon at the entrance to the first and largest completed building, the Community Facilities Building, and my remarks outline the development of the project:

One of my favorite writers and philosophers has always been Will Rogers, who, as you know, was at

least half Cherokee, with Indian blood from both his father and his mother. When some of his palefaced friends boasted in pride that their ancestors had come over on the Mayflower and landed at Plymouth Rock, Will Rogers replied, "So what? My ancestors were already waiting on the beach." With this in mind, it might have been better for Effie Dressier or Bill Coffee or Vernon Newman, who have been members working on the committee, to be talking now instead of me, for their ancestors were also here a long time before mine were.

On 25 August 1966, the tribal council of the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, by unanimous vote, brought into being the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony Park Improvement and Beautification Trust and named a board of trustees to manage it. These board members were Mr. and Mrs. John Dressier, Vernon Newman, William Coffee, Mrs. Josephine Astor—all members of the Indian Colony—Robert Leland, an attorney for the Indians, and Don McGhie, a CPA to keep us straight on financial matters. I was also a member of the board and its first chairman, but I turned that around the first evening to Mrs. Effie Dressler, as I thought it rightfully belonged to an Indian. Other trustees at times during the years since then have been Jessie Astor, Edith Hunter, Key Dale, Bob Hunter and Mary Karrasch. All were volunteers; none were paid for their work on the project.

Before I go on, I would like to take a moment on this occasion to honor the memory of John Dressier and

George Caine. Both worked hard and progressively for the improvement of this area and for this park and building before they were taken away by death.

Soon after the tribal council and the park fund trustees had decided to go ahead with the park project I had occasion to make a trip to Sierraville, and while there visited with Lloyd Barington, a Washo Indian who had developed a lumber mill near there, and with whose son I had attended college. Mr. Barington, after discussion of the proposed park, took me out into the yard and handed me the first \$100 for our park project, making me promise not to tell his wife about it.

On 1 October 1966, members here put on a barbecue that raised over \$1,000, and as soon as you people here had demonstrated that you were willing to do work yourselves for these projects, the flow of help began. One thousand dollars from Ernest Primm of the Primadonna Casino; \$500 from Bill Fong of the New China Club; \$1,000 from Mr. Fitzgerald of the Nevada Club; \$500 from Jim Kelly's Reno Nugget; \$200 from the Horseshoe Club; \$500 from Harolds Club after it was purchased by Howard Hughes; and a refusal from Harrah's Club.

Great help came from many service clubs. The Reno Rotary Club gave \$2,500 in May 1967, following this later with another \$2,500 gift in 1968. Reno Arch Downtown Lions Club has given \$4,000, and there were generous gifts from the Kiwanis Club of Reno, the Soroptimist Club, the Nevada Aggregates and Asphalts

Company, the Nevada Relief Society and Helms Construction Company. Martha Goicoechea, a Basque lady who was the chairman of the Garden Gate Society of Reno, arranged for the club to give many flowers and shrubs, and Sam Houghton, a former Bostonian turned into a loyal Nevadan, made several gifts and also monitored progress for the Fleischmann Foundation, who had offered us \$37,500 to match a similar grant that we obtained with the help of Senator Alan Bible and Congressman Walter Baring.

Clair Christensen, Bill Morrison, Ed Pine and Jim Anderson, all of the University of Nevada faculty, helped in planning, in grant writing and in actual work in building up the various aspects of the park. The Bureau of Indian Affairs superintendent at Stewart and members of his staff provided heavy equipment and operators. They helped with planning and lent their aid in supporting our requests to the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Washoe County provided streetlights for the first time. The city of Reno and many contractors provided fill for the swamp in the middle of the ground to be used and provided dirt for a berm, which we placed for protection on 3 sides of it instead of a fence. Then followed a period of 4 years during which many of you completed the fill, laid sod and raised more funds.

Just 2 years ago, we celebrated the completion of the park, and this was probably a \$250,000 accomplishment. It was accomplished by your efforts and the help and goodwill of the

community. It was the effort shown by many of you in the development of the park that led to favorable considerations by the many federal and local and self-help projects that have followed it. As I list these briefly I want to point out that the know-how and ability of Mr. Ed Simolke—who was provided to us by the Indian service as a planner and community developer—has been a tremendous help. He knew a lot of the government angles that we didn't. My apologies to many donors and helpers that I have not named.

Twenty self-help houses were built and occupied during the year the park was completed, with financial help from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and an additional 20 self-help houses are under construction and nearly completed. Thirty-unit low rent apartments to be located in 7 or more buildings are already funded, and architect Graham Erskine is now designing them so that they will go to bid sometime in the winter. Fifteen individual homes will be built or contracted or funded for next year. Newly surfaced roads are planned for 1973 or 1974, and at present the development of a sports gymnasium estimated to cost \$250,000 is under construction.

Over a year ago, a \$75,000 office building was completed. A \$30,000 grant from the Indian Business Development Fund was given to provide a store building in which could be sold things which were supposed to be of Indian derivation and manufacture, but I'm afraid those mostly turned out to be

cigarettes that could be sold tax free on the reservation. Ten thousand dollars of your own money—obtained by sale of a small portion of your land to the state for street widening—went towards it, and a \$35,000 loan was obtained from the First National Bank, which has now been paid back. And best of all, the offices in that building were all rented.

Today we are dedicating an opening of our greatest pride, this fine Neighborhood Facility Building, a dream that has taken over 3 years of planning and perspiration to achieve. This is now probably over a \$1.5 million development on land which had originally cost \$34,000, but which I would say is now worth more than 20 times that much, for that is the area adjacent to where the industrial park has been built up.

Housing and Urban Development has funded \$189,926; the Economic Development Agency has funded \$29,309; there were many service club and casino gifts, and your 6-year-old park trustees committee has, through various projects, come up with the remainder. Matching grants of \$37,500 from HUD and from the Fleischmann Foundation gave the solid impetus that started things really rolling.

Included in the objectives were a softball field and backstop, a tennis court and a children's playground with equipment provided by the Lions Club, and barbecue stands prepared and donated by the College of Engineering at the University of Nevada. We are now looking at a newly constructed health clinic with medical and dental facilities,

operated with cooperation from the new University of Nevada Medical School and provided with a trained doctor's assistant.

This has been a self-help job from start to finish, and certainly shows in abundance the results of your efforts. I think our philosopher friend Will Rogers would say, "This is one fine wigwam."

Now, Effie, I am going to cut the ribbon so that we may all go in and enjoy some refreshments.

Near the completion of the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony Project, I was surprised and pleased to receive in the mail a framed certificate from President Richard Nixon reading, "The President of the United States awards this to Dr. Fred N. Anderson in recognition of exceptional service to others in the finest American tradition." With it was a note from the White House, dated 25 June 1970:

Dear Dr. Anderson:

The President was pleased to learn of your outstanding work with the Indian people of the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, and he wants you to know that he feels your dedication deserves the appreciation of all of your fellow citizens. He sends you the enclosed certificate as a token of respect for your splendid voluntary efforts. It comes with his best wishes for the years ahead.

Sincerely,
James Keogh,
Special Assistant to the President

With the cutting of the ribbon to the community facility building also came an announcement from the Indian group itself that they wished to name the results of the project the Anderson Indian Park, along with giving me a fancy black and white beaded buckskin bob tie. This did not end the work of the project, however, as we since then have completed the gymnasium and basketball court, another community building and a medical and dental outpatient clinic serviced by an Indian who is a trained medical doctors s assistant. The building also contains facilities for dentistry to be done there as needed and available probably through contract. It receives backup support from the Medical School.

The original park and facilities committee is long since deactivated, but I'm still on a committee for consultation and advice. The clinic is in direct contact with our Family Practice Clinic of the Medical School for use of the doctors or residents in cases that may be a little too serious for the medical assistant at the clinic to handle. The Family Practice Clinic would also be in a position to call in consultants in the various specialties if needed.

In the colony trouble still continues and will continue with alcohol. Another difficulty in the Indian population is the long time taken for Indians to mingle and meld with other ethnic groups and thus become a part of the general population. I first developed misgivings about this while working on this project, as it ends up by largely segregating and isolating reservation and colony residents and continuing in the subsidizing of them as wards of the government, still seeking grants for about everything they wish and frequently suing, usually the government, for loss of water, lands or something else lost 2 or 3 generations ago. To maintain their individual

tribal cultures and loyalties and churches (Native American Church) is certainly not to be downgraded, but being wards of the government retards their development of initiative and their self-reliance and ambitions.

The public school system has been coming more to the front by integrating them with other students and with the discontinuance of some regional segregated Indian schools. This will help greatly, and with their increasing tendency to find jobs that intermingle them with the regular work force, I hope it will get them away from the government (Big White Father) patronage system.

They are certainly intelligent enough and capable enough with a little help in vocation and apprenticeship programs, and every effort should be made to include them. Title IX and the civil rights programs should pay at least as much attention to them as to the blacks and Hispanics. I think James Watt's remarks were not far off base when he remarked that our government's handling of Indian affairs over the past 70 years has been a good example of our government failure at meddling in socialism.

They are too valuable a people for us to hinder in their own development by our present policies and practices. I even wondered at times if I was right in my work with the colony here, as it kept them all living in the little 34-acre area. But thinking back to living conditions that existed before then, I believe it has been a stimulus for their own morale and initiative and has lessened the degree of vandalism and feuding among the members of several tribes that now seem to exist in closer cooperation and friendship. The improved conditions which they themselves helped to bring about have certainly helped their self-reliance and morale.

I've been involved with them to a slighter but continuous degree since, through working with them, with the Medical School and with the government in establishing their medical clinic there, and I am notified of meetings of the clinic for attendance to discuss their problems with them. The park, of course, has long been finished and tending slightly toward the decrepit stage now, but it is not irrecoverable.

BENEFACTORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

ENCOURAGING GIVING

When I was elected chairman of the regents I made a statement designed to stimulate some private giving and perhaps even needle some of the regents into seeking some means of augmenting our income.* I have always had the belief that one of the functions of a regent should be to seek out private donors.

The S Bar S Ranch near Nixon was owned by Helen Marye Thomas, whose father had been an ambassador to Russia. She had with her a companion, Phyllis Walsh. I heard that she was interested in the university. Knowing her only slightly at first, I made several visits to the ranch, taking someone else who knew her to visit with her and Miss Walsh. After being invited to tea several times, she gave more and more thought to her will, and finally left the ranch to the university. It has been used for many purposes by the College of Agriculture. Although I was not the original one in knowing her and she was not a patient of mine, I was given considerable credit, both by

the dean of Agriculture and by the president, for my visits out there having influenced her to a considerable degree.

For about 25 years, I cared for an elderly couple named Mr. and Mrs. Carl Esping, who had a small home and a small apartment building less than a block west of Saint Mary's Hospital. Saint Mary's wanted the property badly. Nuns and priests were in frequent contact with her, both in and out of the hospital, to try to get her to alter her will and leave the property to them. However, both she and her husband, who had also been a patient of mine, decided on their own, with only the slightest suggestion from me, that they wished to leave their property to the Medical School to be used for scholarships, which they did. I later discovered, when I was given the Sertoma Award, that she had been the one who suggested my name for that. They were quite old, and I saw them both through the rest of their days and to their death—hers following a broken hip, his an abdominal complaint. She did not change her will to the hospital and died in 1974, leaving

the property altogether to the Medical School, with stocks amounting to about \$400,000 and with their small home and a small apartment house also included in it. We later sold the property to Saint Mary's Hospital.

Gifts to the university can easily be driven away, too. An old classmate of mine, Charles Carter, who was involved in the Federal Union and Loan here in Reno for many years and had come here for his summers after retirement, had a will already written out with most or all of his estate going to the Medical School. When he saw the way Bucky Buchanan and Chris Karamanos and one or 2 others were continuously trying to get the headquarters of the Medical School changed to Las Vegas, he called his attorney, who called me and said that he was changing his will. And although I talked to him 2 or 3 times afterwards, he said, "Well, you can't be sure what they'll do. They may win out yet and get it down there." Even though the main location is settled now, we've lost what probably amounted to a million dollars.

It's quite easy to lose money if the development officer or someone like him hears that you're doing this and then goes down and starts talking to the person. Bob Laxalt had largely arranged a gift of at least some several hundred thousand dollars to be given to the University of Nevada Press by one of the descendants of the King Ranch in Texas, a lady who was worth several million dollars. The development officer started pestering her, and she said, "To hell with it," and remade her will for several million dollars in favor, I believe, of Stanford University. This has happened in a number of cases.

One of the times of asking by another member of the board worked miserably and in reverse. The Fleischmann Foundation had offered us \$500,000 for construction of a facility in southern Nevada for study of

southern flora and fauna. At that time, solar energy studies were at their peak. Regent Bucky Buchanan made a motion to ask them for another \$500,000 to go with it to help construct a facility for solar heating studies. He further added to his motion that if they would not give us the latter, we did not want the original gift. Despite my complete objection to his motion with support from a few other regents, he managed to get enough regents to follow him to pass that motion. The board of trustees of the Fleischmann Foundation, as soon as they heard of this motion, withdrew their original gift.

Mr. Hubert B. McCoskey's present wife gave me some information that was interesting—she attended a ceremony at which she handed an \$80,000 check to the Medical School dean for the scholarship fund. I talked with her some there at the reception at which this was done, and then I gave her a ride home. On the way home I asked her why he had chosen to give the gift to the university. She told me that her husband was a patient in our office, and he rather liked the way we were doing things with the Medical School. He decided on that basis to give us the money through his will, which I hadn't even known about in advance—he had never told me.

Another patient was Doris Shupe. She was the sister of Gordon Rice, an attorney friend of mine here in Reno—a real close friend. She died several years ago. She had to have an operation which removed half of her pancreas and was never well after that. She left an estate of well over a million dollars, leaving half of it to the Medical School and half to the Shrine Hospital. However, the corpus of the gift will not come through until after the death of her husband and should by that time, with the interest that accrues to it, amount to considerably more than \$1 million.

A small amount of money comes from it at intervals now.

Another land gift of 20 acres in a prime location at Incline Village on Lake Tahoe was offered by another friend of mine and patient, Art Wood, the first major developer at Incline. But this carried with it a clause that we must construct a significant building on it within a period of 5 years in order to retain the gift. President Miller and myself and a couple of regents from up here looked over the location, talked it over and felt that the regents and the legislature being in the driver's seat from the southern end of the state now, they would probably not consent to the putting up of a building there, thus allowing us to acquire the land. So we turned it down. So you see that things which could come can fairly easily be lost through either interfering people or other existing circumstances.

I have only directly suggested 2 gifts during my tenure on the regents, even though I feel that one of the responsibilities when you take the job as a regent is to try and raise money for the university. One of these was at a dinner at the home of a very close friend of mine, retired Ambassador Reams, who came here under rather peculiar circumstances. He had come here about 15 years before to get a divorce and had to take out Nevada residency. He sort of let this slip his mind, and when he retired from the State Department and was wondering where to go, somebody there suggested why didn't he go to the place where he was a resident? In looking it up, he found that it was still Nevada. So he came to Nevada and was a great asset to the state.

One evening at a dinner party given by the Reamses at their home, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Orvis, who had made the original gift of \$100,000 toward establishment of the School of Nursing in 1957, were bemoaning the fact that the school had to be operated

in makeshift buildings and suggested that it would be nice if a nursing school were built. I suggested to them that they donate another \$100,000, and perhaps that would induce the legislature to appropriate the remainder of the money. They did donate this, and the legislature appropriated \$300,000. That, with some Health, Education and Welfare funding, gave us a fine building for the Orvis School of Nursing, which was constructed in 1964.

The University of Nevada System had, while they were setting up this 4-year nursing school, set up a 2-year school in Las Vegas. Later in that decade, the school here received federal grants which allowed them to set up a 2-way television communication system and telephone conference system with the 2-year School of Nursing at UNLV. Through this the faculty at one school could lecture to students at the other school. This was used by quite a few other groups, such as the state medical association, the Medical School and many other areas of the university.

MAX FLEISCHMANN AND THE FLEISHMANN FOUNDATION

Fortunately for the university in Reno and for many organizations and projects throughout the state, the Fleischmann Foundation was set up by Major Max C. Fleischmann before his death in October 1951. I'd become an acquaintance of Major and Mrs. Fleischmann prior to World War II, when Francis Breen—then in law school, but working summers for the Fleischmanns at their home at Upaway, near Glenbrook at Lake Tahoe—developed an appendix abscess. A retired navy doctor who stayed with them to care for Mrs. Fleischmann's diabetes had thought it an intestinal infection and watched it a little too long.

I transferred Breen to Washoe Medical Center, removed the appendix and drained the abscess. He recovered without complication, and at a considerably later date, joined the trustees of the foundation.

The following account of Major Max Fleischmann and the Fleischmann Foundation is largely drawn from my personal acquaintance with him. I have also obtained information on Major Fleischmann from Julius Bergen, his longtime friend and secretary, who later became chairman of the Fleischmann Foundation.

I think Major Fleischmann's story is particularly important because he is one of a miniscule group—out of a large number of persons who came to make their residence in Nevada to escape tax laws in other states—who have given significant and generous contributions to the state. The fact that he became a Nevada resident to escape what he considered unfair tax laws does not detract from the foresight and generosity that has made him Nevada's most significant benefactor.

Major Fleischmann's father, Charles L. Fleischmann, was born in 1834 in a suburb of Vienna, Austria. From there he moved to Hungary, where he became an expert yeast manufacturer and the superintendent of a large yeast production company.

In 1866, when Charles came to the United States to attend the wedding of a sister, he noted that there was no adequate commercial yeast production and distribution in the United States, and none apparently was contemplated by any company that he could determine. He returned to the United States in 1868 on the encouragement and advice of his brother-in-law, Leo Bleier, to remain and start up in the yeast business. He arrived with tubes of yeast in his pocket, on the suggestion of his brother-in-law. Together, Fleischmann

and Bleier started up the manufacture of yeast, producing the first compressed yeast in America. They soon moved their operation to Cincinnati, Ohio, where they were joined by Charles's brother, Maximilian Fleischmann, and James Gaff. The first Gaff-Fleischmann Company plant was at Riverside, Ohio. Although their first batches of yeast were delivered by horse and buggy and market baskets, the business soon flourished. Success was such that another plant was established at Blissville, Long Island.

Young Max, the son, was a student at military school in Cincinnati. He entered the business of the Fleischmann Company at the age of 18, learned the business, and was in a short time superintendent of manufacturing and, subsequently, first vice-president.

In 1876 the Fleischmann product was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. This began their widespread and continuing national distribution. Additional factories were then established at East Millstone, Long Island, and at Peekskill, New York. A by-product of the wholesale production of yeast was vinegar, and use for this was found in a pickle factory named the Bunge Pickle Factory in Chicago, which as an enterprise did not carry anywhere the family name. Another product was alcohol, and soon Fleischmann gin and Fleischmann vodka were seen on shelves.

At about this time, 1881, the Fleischmanns bought out the Gaff interest in the business. Soon Maximilian Fleischmann died and Charles Fleischmann took over, changing the name to Fleischmann and Company.

Charles had married Henriette Robertson in 1866. The couple had 2 sons, Max and Julius, and a daughter, Bettie. In 1897 Charles died at the age of 63 years, and the company was left to the 3 children. Henriette lived until 1924.

Julius had already become manager of the enterprises in 1894. He continued in that capacity. Max's great love was travel—big game hunting and fishing around the world. He had a real wanderlust, while his brother preferred the more confining and routine work of management. This resulted in a satisfactory arrangement, allowing Max to travel as he wished, just attending a few meetings a year while his brother, Julius, tended to the business of the company. In 1925, while Max was on an expedition along the White Nile, his brother died of a heart attack in Florida. Max was then elected to chairmanship of the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Bergen told me that Max served in the Spanish-American War with the Rough Riders in Cuba and, they believe, at San Juan Hill. He joined the armed forces in World War I and was exposed to the poison gas of the Germans, but without any serious or permanent lung damage. However, because of this, he was sent back to the states and placed in command of a balloon school near Arcadia, California.

Max had married Sarah Hamilton of Cincinnati before the war, and she joined him in Arcadia. In their travels they visited the Santa Barbara area and decided to live there, building a home and developing a lemon and avocado ranch which they named Edgewood Ranch. They showed great generosity in providing major funds for helping to construct a breakwater off the Santa Barbara coast, and they made large contributions to the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital, even adding a wing. There were grants to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History and a library in connection with it, and many of the big game trophies are now in that museum.

Max Fleischmann was a restless spirit and an avid hunter and fisherman as well as traveler. He purchased property called

the Hope Plantation in South Carolina, and nearly every winter found him hunting ducks and geese there until his death. He also obtained another duck club property south of Ventura, California—a beautiful 2-storey adobe house. This was used when he could not get to South Carolina. This was given to the city of Ventura after his death and was converted into a park with a marina, golf course and tennis courts. His generosity also provided for parks in the area.

Max obtained a yacht when a fairly young man—in fact, 5 yachts in succession, all of them named Haida after the Haida Indians in Vancouver (the Haidas had a reputation as good navigators). The Major's next-to-last yacht was turned over to the navy in World War II for use as a submarine detector.

Major Fleischmann's avid love of travel and hunting, usually with a definite purpose in mind, are evidenced in the list of trips I have included in the Anderson Papers. There were many trips besides these. They would be possible because of a reliable staff at the top, and because of his confidence in Julius Bergen, his personal, confidential secretary and friend. The trips and some of the material here are taken from a paper prepared by Mr. Bergen to help Sessions Wheeler in writing a biography of Max Fleischmann. It should be noted that Sessions Wheeler was also a close friend of the Major, and he went on quite a few of the yachting trips to Alaska and possibly to the Galapagos Islands. Perhaps he even went on some hunting trips.

The Major was a traveler who liked to come and go as much as he pleased. He even owned a private railroad car from 1926 to 1934. He acquired an airplane in 1935, a Lockheed Lodestar, which he turned over to the government after Pearl Harbor. After the war he owned another plane with ownership based in Douglas County, as he was beginning

plans to move to Nevada. This was sold by the Fleischmann Foundation after his death.

In 1935 Max Fleischmann became disenchanted with the state of California, where, being a resident, he was subject to tremendous state income taxes. He was by then the largest individual stockholder of the company, which I think then carried the name Standard Brands. He also had other extensive holdings, including many stocks and bonds, a farm at Greenwich, Connecticut, a home at Sands Point, Long Island, and even a rented apartment at the Park Lane in New York City. Most of these being taxable, California was trying to claim the tax on them. In discussions with the tax people additional taxes were threatened, and he finally became quite disturbed about this.

Because of these problems in California, Fleischmann decided to move to Nevada. There is no state income tax in Nevada and no inheritance tax. The state is a so-called tax haven.

(Nevada would have gained many millions of dollars over the years by having a state inheritance tax, and it would not have cost any estate anything—it would just have been deducted from the federal inheritance tax. Although it has come up for discussion many times, the legislators seem to have had a mental block with the words “tax haven,” and they are content to struggle along with inadequate budgets and underfunded programs. Many Nevadans—especially those in education—have questioned this when legislative budgets are sometimes parsimonious and where there could only be gain by imposing an inheritance tax. But the legislators pay little attention to the general opinion regarding this. When the money from estates such as Cord, Dant, Harrah, Whittell, Wingfield, Orvis and many others is

considered, it makes one wonder, as the state could have gained millions in inheritance tax without any penalty to either the estate of the deceased or to the state itself. It is purely a question of whether the money goes to the federal government or the state government.)

Max Fleischmann decided to become a Nevada resident in about 1934. He purchased a large and beautiful area of Lake Tahoe waterfront covered with pines and fronting on the beach near Glenbrook, Nevada, which he named Upaway. He and Mrs. Fleischmann, after studying the area, drew up tentative plans for the home they wanted. Then they contacted the architect who had worked for them in constructing their home near Santa Barbara. They went over plans in detail with him, inspecting the site, then left him in charge and, I am told, did not revisit the area until they moved into the house in 1935.

California tax authorities apparently tried all available means to retain Fleischmann as a resident of California for tax purposes, but he fought this legally and by any means possible, as is indicated in his own words in a 4-page paper that is with the Anderson Papers. To quote, “I have disassociated myself from California in every possible way and have (since then) never taken part in politics in California, never voted in California, and resigned from every official position or connection with every California organization. Since the recent activity of the California Franchise Tax Board, I have now also resigned from the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History—although this is a pan-Pacific, and not purely a California institution—because I desire to disassociate myself from California in every possible way.” [See the Anderson Papers for the full text of communications related to the question of Major Fleischmann’s legal residence.]

In one of his papers Major Fleischmann refers to having returned to California on several occasions around 1939 or 1940. These return visits were mainly occasioned by a prostate operation performed at Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital in 1940, complicated by delayed bleeding that required several return visits to the hospital or doctor.

The Major, in my experience, was not conceited or overbearing or quick of temper, and the California tax authorities must have aggravated him greatly judging by his language. He seemed to have a great deal of common sense in addition to his business ability, and I think he must have been very wise in choosing subordinates to “run the plant” and so was able to delegate most of the operation to them, leaving him fairly free for his wandering and hobbies over a considerable part of the world.

In Nevada, the Major assumed an active role in Boy Scouts of America, financing 3 Scout camps—one of them Camp Fleischmann at Lake Tahoe—and providing funds for 3 years for helping them operate the camps. He took a very active interest in the Nevada State Museum and was director general for several years, meanwhile contributing over \$214,000 to its building and operations. He was one of the organizers and early directors of the Security National Bank of Reno, and he was active in the American Legion and provided the money to build its post in Gardnerville. He was also active in the American Aeronautics Association.

Because there were increasing traffic difficulties on the narrow dirt roads to and around Lake Tahoe, and perhaps also because he felt some compulsion toward public service, Fleischmann had himself appointed a deputy sheriff in Douglas County. He was sometimes seen patrolling the highways for

driving violations and other troubles. He had a permit to carry a gun.

As a sportsman, Major Fleischmann represented Nevada on the national board of Ducks Unlimited. He was the first member of that board Nevada had ever had, and he was awarded the Ducks Unlimited insignia.

At about the time I started practice in Carson City, Mrs. Fleischmann was a patient in Saint Mary's Hospital for a short time because of her diabetes. At that time—1937—Max partially air-conditioned Saint Mary's Hospital, which had, during her stay there, been extremely uncomfortable. His greatest philanthropy, however, was reserved for the University of Nevada, where, in 1944, he presented to the University the complete operating Ladino Dairy Farm as an experimental farm for the Department of Agriculture, valued then at \$175,000. It is my understanding that it was sold in about 1955 by the university for \$300,000 so that they could buy a large tract of land east of Sparks as an experimental farm that has since been of great value.

The original Ladino Dairy Farm is now valued at approximately \$6 million for residential and business development. The land purchased to replace it is located just south of the large Reno-Sparks industrial park area, southeast of the cities, and has probably appreciated just about equally.

Buildings financed by Fleischmann money at the University of Nevada included the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture, the Sarah Hamilton Fleischmann School of Home Economics, the Atmospherium-Planetarium, the Center for Water Resources Research, the Environmental Patho-Physiology Laboratory, Judicial College Building, the Renewable Natural Resources and Life Science wings to the College of Agriculture, large portions of

2 Medical School buildings and part of the Judy Bayley Theater for Performing Arts in Las Vegas. Millions of dollars in operating funds were provided for, among other things, the Desert Research Institute, and National College of the Judiciary and a College of Juvenile and Family Court Judges.

Major Fleischmann also established scholarships, mainly for agriculture students, giving stocks valued then at \$343,300 to cover them. There was no adequate way the university could thank him, but he was awarded an honorary degree of L.L.D. by the University of Nevada in 1944. In the same year he was made a life member of the Nevada Student Body and elected a member of the University Chapter of the Blue Key service fraternity.

Generous contributions were also made by Major Fleischmann to the Douglas County High School, the Nevada State Library, the county library in almost every county in the state, the Salvation Army, YMCA, Girl Scouts, Ducks Unlimited of Nevada, Nevada Children's Foundation, American Social Hygiene Association, Community Chest chapters all over Nevada, and others too numerous to mention in Nevada and elsewhere all during his lifetime. These were supplemented in even greater amounts and varieties after his death and the establishment of the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada.

Gifts from the foundation were spread to many churches, hospitals, universities, libraries, youth projects and special groups—such as the American Cancer Society and American Heart Society—outside of Nevada, and because of this, the trustees changed the name of the Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada to the Fleischmann Foundation. [See the Anderson Papers for an itemized accounting of all gifts made by the Fleischmann Foundation.]

Max Fleischmann's most trusted employee was with the Fleischmann companies all of his working life and was a close friend and confidant of the Major. This was Mr. Julius Bergen, who had been born in Chicago and later attended business college there. Mr. Bergen, as his first job, went to work for the Bunge Pickle and Vinegar Company in Chicago, not knowing it was part of the Fleischmann holdings. One of the Fleischmanns, Paul, soon noted his ability and had him transferred to New York. There he worked for the Fleischmann Enterprises, mainly under Major Max Fleischmann. He was married to Mary Wood of Santa Barbara in 1927.

As Major Fleischmann was away on travels so much, he came to depend more and more on Julius Bergen. When the Major in 1925 decided that he preferred the open road and the sea to confinement to business, he retired as chairman of the board, but remained chairman of the finance committee of the company now called Standard Brands, Incorporated, and he held this positions until his death. He invited Mr. and Mrs. Bergen to accompany him to Santa Barbara as his personal executive secretary, near where the Major and Mrs. Fleischmann were going to live. Mr. Bergen accepted and retained the role until the Major's death, when he was named a member of the Fleischmann Foundation trustees.

In 1951, Major Fleischmann had taken Buck Wheeler along as a companion on a fishing and sight-seeing trip along the coast from Seattle to Alaska. He had invited me to go on the next such expedition. However, arriving in Alaska, he did not fish because of abdominal pains.

About 2 weeks later I received a radio telephone message that he wished me to reserve a hospital room for him, and he would

arrive in 2 days. Mrs. Fleischmann was on this trip also. He did arrive as per message with a severe pain in his upper and left abdomen. There was no jaundice or abnormally palpable organs, and his laboratory work and X rays of the stomach, gallbladder and other studies were normal. I felt by exclusion that he probably had cancer of the pancreas, which was very likely, if there, to be incurable. Because of the difficulty in diagnosis and the probable outcome of Major Fleischmann's illness, Dr. Fred Elliot, an internist, was called in as consultant and agreed with the diagnosis.

Major Fleischmann had made many gifts to the hospitals in California—particularly the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital—and I suggested that he go down there for exploration. He agreed, and arrangements were made. Meanwhile, we found his deputy sheriff's gun in his closet and removed that for fear he might become despondent because of the severe pain.

In Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital he was operated on by Dr. Ned Wills, and inoperable cancer of the pancreas was found. As soon as he was up and around and discharged home, he gained possession of his gun. In my opinion, in October 1951, he courageously shot himself rather than continue with the intractable pain, knowing that nothing could be done about it.

Upon the Major's death he had been cremated and buried in a Reno cemetery. When Mrs. Fleischmann died in July 1960, she was likewise cremated, and the remains of both were sent back to the family burial area in Cincinnati.

Major Fleischmann had already established a charitable trust with himself and his wife as trustees, but left a drawn-up will with provision for establishment of the Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada

(the latter 2 words being removed later, as the trustees found many projects outside of Nevada to which to contribute). The will, I believe, nullified the initial trust agreement, but the foundation was set up with his wife as chairman, Lester Summerfield as a member, Julius Bergen—his longtime confidential secretary and companion who lived nearby at Glenbrook—as a trustee. Other trustees were Sessions Wheeler and Hugo Oswald—an old friend and treasurer of the Fleischmann Company and Standard Brands Company, in which he had a large interest—and Walter Dunnington, an attorney for the company in New York, both of whom died many years ago. Thomas Little, a stockbroker, was also a trustee, and as a substitute for any of these who should die, Francis Breen—now an attorney in Reno, who had worked for him while going through law school—was a replacement. The trust provided that the foundation should be terminated 20 years after Mrs. Fleischmann's death.

Mary and Julius Bergen bought a house on the edge of the golf club at Glenbrook in 1935, when the Major had decided to move to Nevada. They moved there themselves in 1937; there they raised 2 daughters and continued employment with the Major.

Having been with the Major for so many years, and after being left in a position of complete trust when the Major was on his expeditions, Mr. Bergen was an invaluable help in the complicated arrangements of the Fleischmann Foundation and its relationship to the extensive business empire. At the death of Lester Summerfield, an attorney who was a trustee and first chairman of the Fleischmann Foundation board, Mr. Bergen took over the chairmanship of the foundation and stayed with it until its termination.

The Bergens are a delightful couple whom we have come to know very well over the years.

The Fleischmann Foundation has been, in my opinion, about the best thing that ever happened to Nevada. One could hardly name any worthwhile institution or organization in Nevada that has not been substantially helped by it. The University of Nevada at Reno could have been a poor country cousin during the past 20 years, as legislative and regent apportionment has resulted in a heavy diversion of funds toward the University of Nevada at Las Vegas and the community colleges. The university can be thankful for the Fleischmann Foundation, Mr. Claude Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Rollan Melton and other significant donors for having been able to keep up the quality of its construction and operational programs.

SOL AND ELLA SAVITT

There have been several other distinguished and generous benefactors to the Medical School, among them Sol and Ella Savitt, who had developed and managed the Sierra News Company in Reno. They have been among the community's leading philanthropists for many years.

As children, both received their education in Chicago. After service in World War I, Sol went on to become an engineering graduate in the University of Illinois and worked for several years as a railroad equipment designer for the Pullman Company. He later switched to a periodical distribution career with agencies in Indiana and California.

Sol founded Sierra News Company in Reno in 1932, and he was joined by Ella as his administrator and accountant at a later date. They were married in 1941. She long has been a key figure in the development of the company, which started out with few

employees, but employed over 55 people at the time that it was sold.

As Reno business leaders for more than 44 years, the Savitts have been behind-the-scenes benefactors of community needs, particularly in the field of education. They have called their interest in enriching the lives of young people through education an expression of gratitude to their parents, who sought freedom and opportunity under the American flag, and to our community which made it possible to achieve their economic success.

Ella's parents had started a news distribution business in Chicago a century ago. They encouraged many friends and family to work in the business so that they could further their education, select their professions, become good American citizens and be proud of the opportunities of freedom and work. The Savitts have, during the past several years, contributed a scholarship to a graduate of each of a dozen or more Northern Nevada high schools each year.

In 1977 Sol and Ella contributed \$200,000 to the School of Medical Sciences—half to be used to equip a medical library, and the other half for purchases of scientific equipment for the phase 3 building of the Medical School. They sent along with this a check for \$50,000, which was matched by another check for \$50,000 by their son, Ronald Savitt, a professor of business administration at Michigan State University. These latter 2 checks were to establish a permanent \$100,000 scholarship fund, the earnings of which are to provide scholarships for northern Nevada high school graduates attending the university as freshmen in future. In the same envelope was another check for \$2,500 for purchase of medical books and periodicals for the library. The Savitt family have continued to

contribute yearly to the various departments of the university, especially the medical library, which was named the Sol and Ella Savitt Medical Library.

I first came to know the Savitts well about 6 years ago when Sol had a phlebitis complicating an aneurysm in the artery in back of his knee, and I did not feel we could handle it adequately at that time. I accompanied him in an ambulance to the University of California Medical School in San Francisco where it was successfully operated on by a vascular surgeon there. Then in early May 1977, he developed a severe hemolytic anemia without apparent cause. After a brief hospitalization here and treatment with cortisone he did not recover adequately enough to suit me, but we were unable to develop a cause for his difficulty even with CAT scan and other studies. I flew with him down to Stanford Medical School where he was seen by their hematologist; the diagnosis was concurred in, and again no malignancy was found causing it. A lymphatic tumor is found in about 50 percent of these cases, but none was found in his.

He was given treatment and transfusion at Stanford, and the cortisone continued. He was also given vincristine on the possibility that there was a tumor at the basis of it, even though it could not be identified, and he then returned home. About a week after this and after another injection of vincristine, about which I was not informed by the consulting oncologist here, I was called at about 3:00 in the morning with a statement that he had chills and a high temperature of 103 degrees.

I put him back in the hospital, where he was found to have a salmonella bloodstream infection, his resistance apparently having been lowered sufficiently to have acquired

this infection in the Reno hospital on his initial stay there, as there were other cases of it in the hospital at that time. It had remained undetected until it invaded the bloodstream when his resistance was further lowered by the addition of vincristine to the cortisone he was already getting.

The infection was treated vigorously with antibiotics. This would have cured the salmonella, but he soon developed a generalized herpes zoster that can occur when the resistance is sufficiently depressed. It might in the ordinary person just be localized in a small segment of the body, but in him it became generalized, and it was more than his 82-year-old body could bear. He died 12 June 1981, a modest, generous, self-effacing man whose main joy in life was in his family and in helping others.

Both Sol and Ella were modest and unassuming, intensely patriotic, and desirous of doing anything in their power to help this country that they felt had really given them their opportunity and a good life. They had a particularly strong regard for education, as will be noted in the gifts mentioned above, which are still continuing.

On 25 August 1978, the Medical School, on or near completion of the phase 3 building, held an open house for the general public. A major attraction was the dedication of the new Sol and Ella Savitt Medical Library. Later the Medical School and the regents honored the family further by dedicating the entire building as the Sol and Ella Savitt Medical Sciences Building, Phase 3. This houses not only the medical library, but the office of the dean, administrative and secretarial offices and a good-sized conference room. At commencement in 1977, Sol and Ella Savitt were further honored by being designated as Distinguished Nevadans by the university.

The Medical School was fortunate enough in 1976 to obtain Miss Joan Zenan as life and health sciences librarian before the new Medical School library was built. The next year the title was changed to medical librarian, and she began to develop the new library in the Sol and Ella Savitt building. She obtained her master's degree in library science from UCLA, and then took a year of internship in medical librarianship at UCLA Biomedical Library. She also worked at the Welsh Medical Library at Johns Hopkins and at the University of Alaska before coming to Nevada. Miss Zenan seems to have settled into the job and is rapidly developing what is already the finest medical library in the state. She is this year (1985) chairman of the faculty senate.

ED AND DORIS MANVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ed Manville, Jr. have played an important part in the initiation and development of the Medical School. Mr. Manville was born in New York in 1906. He took his schooling at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire and received a Ph.D. at Yale in 1929, marrying just before graduation. His first employment was in the credit department of the J. P. Morgan Company, in which his family held a considerable interest. He worked there 7 years, leaving in 1936 to join the Johns Manville Company, which was co-founded by his grandfather.

His first position with Johns Manville was as an assistant to the vice-president in charge of manufacturing. He began work as an inspector in the samples department, frequently inhaling asbestos particles... unfortunately for his later life. Ultimately, Ed became superintendent of the asbestos shingle department at Manville, New Jersey.

Altogether he spent 26 years with the company, retiring in 1941. In World War II Manville enlisted in the U.S. Army as a private and was discharged in 1945 with the rank of captain. It is unfortunate that his work for years exposed him to asbestos dust, before its harmful effects were realized, and this contributed to his death at the age of 76 largely from the effects of pulmonary asbestosis.

Ed and his wife, Doris, moved to Reno in 1941 and were among Reno's most prominent citizens and benefactors. The mayor of Reno, later speaking at a testimonial dinner in recognition of Ed's work with the United Fund, said of Ed's earlier acquaintance with this area "During a cross-country trip in the 1920s Ed and his friends drove into Reno, became captivated and remained 4 or 5 days exploring the countryside. Driving east out of Truckee Meadows, Ed told his traveling companions, 'This is a wonderful place. This is my kind of country. Someday this is going to be my home.'"

Manville was long interested in public service and welfare projects. Before coming to Reno he was the moving force and a major donor and later a trustee of the Judge Baker Guidance Center, a home for preadolescent to adolescent children in New York and the first one of its kind in the country. He was also instrumental in financial help in construction of Boalt Hall, residence hall for the University of California law school in Berkeley. He was active in Boy Scouts work and projects, both locally and on a national scale, from his teens until the time of his death, being a distinguished Eagle Scout, 5 times president of the Reno Boy Scouts, and for several terms western regional vice-president. In 1961 he was honored with a Distinguished Scouting Award. He held the Silver Beaver Award and the Silver Antelope Award, the highest regional honor, and was made a life member

of the National Eagle Scout Association. Ed and his wife, Doris, had wide interests and were avid world travelers.

We were most fortunate when George Smith and I introduced Ed to the early phases of the Medical School during the legislative session, and he became very interested in it at once. Through his considerable energies and abilities and his friendship and influence with many of the legislators he was of immense help. While the school bill was still in dispute he predesignated a gift of a million dollars to it in his will. He attended legislative sessions and used his influence in and out of sessions.

When the Medical School became a reality Ed was elected chairman of the Medical School Advisory Board and was a close friend and advisor to its first several deans. Equally importantly, when the school found itself in a financial hole he bailed it out on several occasions. The phase 3 building of the Medical School was named in Ed's honor. A large picture of him is on the wall leading into the main amphitheater of the Manville Medical Sciences Building auditorium.

Ed's wide range of interests made him a trustee of the MZURI Safari board of trustees, a wildlife conservation organization. In 1976 he was made a lifetime member of that group, being only the second Nevadan to be so honored. From 1972 until his death Ed was a member of the One-thousand and One, a nature trust founded by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. At home in Reno, he found time to be an active member and campaign chairman of the Sierra Arts Foundation. He was awarded an honorary L.L.D. in 1970 by the University of Nevada for his fine work with that school and as an outstanding and progressive citizen.

In addition to all this, Ed was a fine gentleman and a close friend. All of us felt

his loss keenly when he died from asbestos pulmonary complications after a long illness on 22 November 1982. He was survived by his 4 children and a widow, Doris, also a good friend and also very interested in the Medical School development along with Ed. Nevada lost a fine citizen with the passing of Ed Manville. The predesignated gift of \$1 million that he left to the Medical School is now being used to endow the H. Edward Manville, Jr. chair in internal medicine.

PETER PING AND FRANCES DANT

Another benefactor, Peter Bing, M.D., has been a valuable and knowledgeable supporter of the Medical School for many years. He is a member of the University of Nevada Medical School Advisory Board. Dr. Bing is also a trustee and former chairman of the board of trustees of Stanford University. He is president of the Ping Foundation in Reno and associated with other Ping funds or foundations in Los Angeles and Las Vegas. He has been generous both with his time and advice and through the foundation with generous financial support, especially at crucial times or for items such as defraying expenses to bring in special counselors.

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Reliable sources now indicate that approximately \$2 million has been left to the Medical School in the will of Frances Dant, longtime Reno resident. It would be wonderful if this could go for an endowment to establish 2 professorships, but if not that, to serve as basic money toward construction of a building for the remainder of the clinical faculty, who now have to rent their own offices downtown. It would be nice if it could be matched by the legislature, which has never

yet put a penny into any capital construction at the Medical School.

THE GRIFFEN FAMILY

Gloria Griffen Cline was a graduate of the University of Nevada in history, followed by a Ph.D. in history at Berkeley. She tried to get a position teaching at the University of Nevada in history, but was shunted off. I think she was given a bit of a runaround. She later went to UNLV, taught there a short while, and then went to Sacramento State University and settled down there for several years, teaching history and writing a book called Exploring the Great Basin.

Preparation for her next book, Peter Skene Ogden and the Hudson's Bay Company, took her to England for research of the original records of the Hudson's Bay Company. There she met and married an Irishman named Jack Harrison. She met him while they were both going through a zoo in London, and they settled down to live in Dublin. With her book just completed, and on the day they were about to return to Reno to live, she fell on the stairs at home and died from brain injuries.

I had been a close friend and doctor of the Griffen family since the end of World War II. Gloria's father was at this time suffering from cancer of the prostate. He had lived in Montana for some time and had a very fine collection of western books—nearly all autographed—a fine collection of Blackfoot Indian artifacts and pictures by leading western artists, such as Charles Russell, Will James and Edward Borein. Most of the art had some message or letter attached. He was a fair western artist himself and also an author of 2 western books. I have already discussed the Gloria Griffen Cline Memorial established by the Griffens in the University of Nevada Library, based on this collection.

Mr. Griffen died soon after his daughter's accident. I continued to take care of Mrs. Griffen, who was chronically ill with asthma and heart trouble. She continued as a patient until I referred her to another doctor specializing in heart disease, from which she died in the spring of 1983.

I had talked with Mrs. Griffen some on what she was going to do with her property, as they had no other relatives except very distant ones with whom there had not been any contact for many years. Both she and her husband had asked for my advice. I also made sure that they had a lawyer, because I didn't want to get involved in any legal difficulties by suggesting that she give to the university and then have somebody else contest it. So she wrote out a will which left \$100,000 to the Medical School and \$100,000 to the Gloria Griffen Cline Collection to augment that, although not to be eroded away in salaries.

She also left a tremendous number of small things to her friends—she'd leave \$1,000 here, \$5,000 there, a set of furniture here or a set of plates there or some object they'd admired—there were 2 whole pages of that in the will, which somewhat complicated things. She had named Preston Hale and me as co-executors of the estate.

The will also contained a clause that after the gifts to her friends and the \$100,000 each for the Gloria Griffen Cline Memorial at the library and to the Medical School, the rest of the estate, including their home, should be given to the university through the University of Nevada Foundation, with a proviso that if the home is sold, half of what comes from it goes to the library and half goes to the Medical School. Whether it will be sold remains to be seen, but after the trouble the regents and president had with the last house given to the university for a president's home, and with none of the other 5 presidents living in

a university-owned home, the better part of wisdom would be to sell it. The estate, nearly all of which was given to the university, totaled \$1.9 million.

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Another room that I arranged for at the library is that containing the papers and other memorabilia of Senator Alan Bible, whom I have known since college days. He had been a fraternity brother. I persuaded him to give his papers to the library even before he left Congress. I also persuaded the regents to get him to participate in classes on political science for several years to give students the practical knowledge and experience of someone who had been in it from the job of district attorney on up to senator.

I have also discussed with Paul Laxalt the giving of his papers when he retires, and with Procter Hug the giving of his papers when he is through with his judgeship. You can't do it with the governors, because theirs have to go into the archives in Carson City. I rather suppose that Santini's and Cannon's, because they lived in Las Vegas, will probably go to the library there. Now that we have new persons in Congress, including an additional congressman, we will have quite a collection of papers in one way or another, and we'll either build further or run out of rooms.

GEORGE WHITTELL

Captain George Whittell was a somewhat odd gentleman, something of a recluse, but worth many millions of dollars. He lived at Lake Tahoe a good portion of the year. One day prior to World War II his companion and my date had a quarrel over clothing styles and what his companion was wearing. The Captain and I had to intervene in the

quarrel, but we became good friends after that. When I returned from the war I resumed my friendship with him as my patient.

Whittell had lived for a considerable period of time in what was known as The Castle at Lake Tahoe—it had been modeled after a castle in Europe. He had brought Italian stonemasons over to do it and had brought much of the material over with which it was built and furnished. I don't know the cost of it, but it was built so long ago... I'd say today it is worth millions. Now such a building wouldn't be thought of.

When Whittell was living in his castle at Lake Tahoe I had a standing invitation to drop in for lunch at any time. At other times he would call me from his winter home in Woodside, California, asking medical advice or asking me to stop by his home in Woodside, as I sometimes passed through there in going to visit my son, who was attending Cate School in Carpinteria near Santa Barbara.

I think I was the only person who had free access to Whittell's home. His overseer at the gate was a retired vice admiral, a good friend of mine, Jack Crenshaw. We used to play golf together. Crenshaw was the one who told me I was the only one who had access on most any day without invitation.

On one of these days, about 1960, I asked Whittell why he didn't give something to the university. He responded in a few days by offering half of Little Valley, a valley over the ridge from his home and west of Washoe Valley. It was primitive in nature, almost wilderness area. He gave the other half to the Catholic church through Saint Mary's Hospital here. His Little Valley gift was put in the care of the Desert Research Institute for study of the flora and fauna there, for study of the migration of fog and other air pollutants, and for the study of transudation from the foliage that existed in the valley, for which

Dr. Went had special interest. (Dr. Frits Went, who was employed by the DRI, had been the originator of the climatarium greenhouses in St. Louis which are world famous. We got him here only because he was overage to stay there.)

We accepted the land gladly. President Armstrong, Wendell Mordy of DRI, and I as chairman of the regents and the only one who knew Captain Whittell went to the castle for lunch and received the gift. We presented him with a Distinguished Nevadan Award for having done this act in favor of the university. This has been a very valuable resource for studying vegetation and animals that are shut away in a valley by mountains completely surrounding it.

A year later, in 1962, Captain Whittell called me and invited me to lunch. He said he had in mind to give the university 2 parcels of land. They could use one of the parcels as soon as surveyed and papers signed, and the other parcel containing his castle or home with the other buildings surrounding it—boat harbors, everything, complete—they would have at a later date. Altogether, it probably amounted to well over 2 miles of beachfront, plus the land and water extending from it up to the top of the ridge above his place, which was probably 2,000 or 3,000 feet in depth.

The reason it was divided up into 2 parcels was so that he could stay at the castle and use it as long as he wanted. Then it would carry the restriction that his housekeeper nurse could live there until she decided either to leave or died, and it would then go to the university. I have no idea what the value of the entire thing was, but I would guess that it was in the neighborhood of \$15 million or better. It would now probably be well over \$35 million. We would have had use of all the rest of the land and beachfront starting then and built a fence separating us from the castle.

I told Whittell that we had a very fine attorney, Procter Hug, Jr., on the Board of Regents, and made a date for the next week to bring the contract in for signing. At that time I believe Paul Laxalt was governor, and he had had to stop representing Whittell because of taking the governorship.

There was a doctor named Leslie Gould, a psychiatrist who somehow got the chairmanship of the state park commission. The day before we went up there, he, with a reporter who must have been equally naive and gullible, put in the paper a full-page spread with pictures and a story in which he stated that by right of eminent domain, and/or purchase or gift, the state should take over the old Winters Ranch—which is now called the Scripps Ranch—Bowers Mansion, the land up over the hill to Little Valley, our holding in Little Valley, the land over the hill adjacent to Marlette Lake, and then the holdings of Captain Whittell, including the castle...all to be connected as a state park. Now, this was obviously impossible. But there it was in the paper.

On the same day Procter Hug and I went up with the contract, had lunch, then said we would get out the paper. Whittell said he also would get out a paper. So he produced the newspaper of that morning, which he spread out on the table. He said, "How can you expect me to sign this contract when the state would propose to do this to me?"

My reply was, "That's not the university. That's the State Park Service, and they can't do it legally anyway."

The argument went back and forth for a considerable while, with us contending this was for future students and that it could not be done as in the newspaper anyway, but to no avail. He would not relent and sign the agreement then or afterward.

I was called down by plane to Woodside about 2 years later to consult for Captain

Whittell's last illness. This was a malignancy which had resulted in a fracture of the femur. He wasn't satisfied with the way it was being treated, and he had them call and ask me to fly down. I didn't think that with his illness it was the time to argue to get him to change his will.

It would have been a wonderful place for music camps, conferences, think sessions, some sessions of visiting judges of the National Judicial College and the National Council of Juvenile and Family Court judges, and many other types of conferences. But it fell through in such manner as described above.

Aside from his wife's inheritance Whittell left all the remainder of his property to the Audubon Society and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The only hitch was that he didn't name whether it was the state branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or the national organization, so they had quite a little hassle over that before it was finally settled. I don't know how much his estate was, but would guess well over \$50 million, and if things had happened differently and the ludicrous news story not been published, I believe a good portion would have come to the university. [See the Anderson Papers for correspondence and documents relating to George Whittell and his association with the University of Nevada.]

CLARENCE AND MARTHA JONES

A long-felt need at the University of Nevada, Reno campus has been some facility for welcoming visitors, both to satisfy their curiosity and to facilitate their visiting and viewing whatever part of the campus they may be interested in.

This need was met 20 May 1983 when the Clarence and Martha Jones Visitors Center on

the quad was completed, with a cornerstone laying ceremony conducted by the Masonic lodge. The building was named the Clarence K. and Martha Jones Visitors Center in their honor by the Board of Regents. Both Clarence and Martha are University of Nevada, Reno alumni— Clarence graduating in 1931 with a degree in electrical engineering. Starting in 1920 as a youngster, he helped work his way through school as a newsboy for the Reno Evening Gazette, then, with the exception of 2 years, worked continuously for the newspapers in Reno.

Clarence and Martha are old-timers in gifts to the university. Over a period of time there have been repeated gifts to the Department of Electrical Engineering to a total close to \$100,000, mainly in developing the computer laboratory which is named after him. There have been significant donations to the Atmospherium-Planetarium, Department of Journalism, the Getchell Library, and at other times sums to supplement or help complete projects whose funds had become depleted, including the help with the alumni in restoring Morrill Hall and with the installation of an elevator in it to aid handicapped people to reach the upper stories. These gifts are generally made quietly and without fanfare, but it cannot be overstated that Clarence and Martha have been 2 of the most generous and supportive alumni.

TO THE ORIENT WITH THE FAMILY

In 1961, with our new house completed and lived in for a year, we decided to take our first extended trip with the children. I prepared 2 papers—one on treatment of female breast cancer by hormones and one on staphylococcus infections—to be presented at several meetings and make the trip at least partly deductible. We made several contacts in Taiwan and Hong Kong through our good friend in Reno, Dr. Joe Elia, an ear, nose and throat specialist who had been medical officer for the Flying Tiger air squadron in China during World War II. Dr. Elia knew the Surgeon General and many others of the Nationalist Chinese armed forces that had fled to Taiwan ahead of the Chinese Communist army. He knew General Chennault, his Chinese wife and her 2 sisters—the former living mostly in Washington, D.C. and one married to a Dr. Lee, then with the Taiwanese Flying Tiger air service. In Japan we made contacts through Nelson Neff, who had been stationed there following World War II

for part of the reconstruction, and worked with the Red Cross and knew its national commander well.

During my years with the International College of Surgeons I was at first regent in Nevada, then regent for a considerable number (perhaps 12) of the western states, and then for a few years was on the international board of directors of that group. At meetings I had met many leading surgeons from most of the non-Communist world and had become good friends with Dr. Komei Nakayama, professor of surgery at Chiba University Medical School in Japan and coming up in the ranks to be international president of the college in a few years. He had the reputation of being the fastest and one of the best surgeons in the world. He invited me to his home; and while my family visited there with his wife and family, I went with him to his clinic.

We got there about 8:30 a.m., had tea, then changed for the operating room, which contained 3 surgical tables, all set up, and there were 3 surgical teams. At one, the patient being opened for a total gastrectomy for

cancer, he proceeded with the operation using only one type of suture, white silk, going after the main arteries instead of the small bleeders, working with people that he was accustomed to working with, having a keen knowledge of anatomy. He completed the removal and reconstruction in one hour that would have taken me over 3 hours.

Then, leaving his chief assistant to close the abdomen Dr. Nakayama went on to the next table where a patient with cancer of the esophagus was just being draped for surgery. Examination of the liver after incision showed it to already contain many metastatic nodules. There was no point in doing anything to the esophagus, as the patient could not be cured. A feeding gastrectomy was done and the incision closed. We then moved on to the next table where he removed a gallbladder full of stones, again leaving the assistant to close. Next, a hernia was repaired, and we were back in his office with another cup of tea just 3 1/2 hours after we had left it. He was on his home base here with his teams of nurses and assistants and usual instruments, but he still did in less than 3 1/2 hours that which would have taken most surgeons all day.

We were back at Dr. Nakayama's home for drinks and a 3:00 lunch before returning to our hotel, the Imperial, well in advance of time for dinner. He had demonstrated his surgical techniques at medical schools in most major countries of the free world. Watching him at the same time as I was a Filipino doctor whom we met again later in Manila on the same trip and who was our host there, taking us to our first view of the game jai alai and general sight-seeing, including the University of the Philippines, where I was told over 2,000 students were enrolled in medicine, most of whom would never practice medicine but would use it as a prestige degree to get into

politics, government or other positions where it might help gain entrance.

While in Japan, we rented a car so we could cover as much ground as possible and stop when we wanted to. We also hired a girl driver named Yoka as our guide and spent 2 weeks seeing all that we could. We visited Hiroshima, saw some ruined buildings they were saving as memorials of the nuclear bomb havoc, went through the hospital there and saw people they said were still patients from the atomic bombing. We visited Osaka and Kyoto and the Shrine of Nikko at Toshugo, burial place of an emperor in 1600, 35 miles from Tokyo. We also visited Nagasaki, with its ancient castle fortress, saw the great Buddha and Deer Park at Nara, and visited the shipbuilding port of Yokohama where the surrender was signed on the battleship U.S.S. Missouri.

We did not attempt any climbing of Mount Fuji, but went to the base of it and then drove along the shores of Lake Hakone. The Japanese have a saying of Mount Fuji, which is 12,365 feet high: "He who never climbs Fuji is a fool; but he who climbs it more than once is a bigger fool."

We were entertained by the head of the Japanese Red Cross in Tokyo, to whom we had been recommended by Nelson Neff. It was very interesting that in this private home we entered and met the family and the women of the family, who then retired to the kitchen and served us tea in the front room. After talking a while we went in to dinner, and none of the women were allowed to sit at the table, except my wife and daughter. The others worked and served and had, I suppose, the leftovers. There seemed to be plenty of those. The head of the household gave my boy a carp done in a bronze, which in Japan seemed to be a symbol of youth and strength and vigor.

We saw the Meiji Shrine, approached through large Torii gates. There we went through a long hall decorated with murals of the Russo-Japanese War, where, as you recall, the Japanese battle fleet crossed the "T" of the Russian fleet and largely destroyed it. I believe it was in this former palace hall that we saw what they called a nightingale floor, so called because when anyone walks on it there is a good deal of squeaking. The guide said that some of the floors were built that way so no one could approach without being heard.

We tried all the varieties of Japanese food that were available, and we enjoyed the tempura, although there were some peculiar items in it such as carnation blossoms boiled in oil. It seemed they would boil almost every conceivable object that could be digested in it to make a tempura.

We visited the weaving factories and watched the dying taking place. They would dye the fabrics and then put them in the river, where the stream would wash out the excessive dye that might come out with washing and leave only that which was held fast by the substances used to make it unite with the cloth.

We particularly enjoyed visiting the jewelry stores. They were loaded with cultured pearls, and we were loaded with them before we left. We were also loaded with the black and gold damascene wear, myself particularly with cuff links and tie tacks and many other items. We were told by the Japanese that the name came from a similar process and product popular in Damascus, long, long before. Whether this is true, I don't know.

Just before leaving Japan our 12-year-old boy wrote home to a friend that we had just visited our one thousandth shrine, and it seemed to me that he was about right.

Our next stop was Taiwan. At the airfield there we were met by Dr. Lee, who was the

friend of Dr. Joe Elia in Reno and also had been a doctor with the Flying Tiger group. We were also met by the assistant manager of the Grand Hotel and by the assistant to the Surgeon General of the Army, who all escorted us to the Grand Hotel. Awaiting us there was the General of the Armies of free China, the manager of the hotel, and a Dr. Hsu, who had also been with the Flying Tiger squadron under General Chennault.

We had told them and Dr. Elia had told them we were a family of 4 with 2 children. Of course, they did not know whether the children were 2 boys or 2 girls or a boy and a girl; so to be on the safe side they brought 3 bouquets, one for my wife and one for each of the girls, in case they happened to be girls instead of a girl and a boy. So our boy got a bouquet also.

Next day at a luncheon I learned how the extreme hospitality worked. This luncheon was given by army officers— actually, the General of the Armies, the Surgeon General and several members of their staff...perhaps 8 or 9 people in all. I was eating along and enjoying it when the chief host, the General of the Armies on my right, stood up with his glass of sake or rice wine. He lifted it and said, "Gompai." I believed that meant good health, but apparently to him it meant bottoms up, and bottoms up we did. We had another course, the meal consisting of 12 courses, and about 4 minutes later the officer on his right stood up. It was indicated to me that I should stand up, and we drank gompai again, him bottoming up and me feeling because he did that I should, too. The others all looked on and drank little or none. By the time dessert came we had been all the way around the table twice, and I felt like I had encountered some kind of kamikaze attack. I learned from this to leave my cup half full... or half empty, as the case may be, on such occasions.

We were treated to all the exotic foods, including 100-year-old eggs—which I really had to hold my nose when eating—real bird’s nest soup, sea cucumbers, eels and all sorts of raw fish. There were also, as we were traveling around town seeing the sights, restaurants called Mongolian barbecues with a long table on which various sorts of meat and vegetables were laid out with labels on them, probably many of them fake, such as Wild Boar and Wild Deer. Then, of course, there was the beef and pork and other kinds of meat and a variety of vegetables, particularly sprouts and shoots of various things. With this were cooking sauces or seasoners which we would mix together and then put on the barbecue, which is in the open air. We would stir and cook it ourselves. They make delicious mixtures of food on them, and we became rather infatuated with the Mongolian barbecues.

We were taken for an excursion up the highest peak or mountain in Taiwan, where people that they call the aborigines live. These were apparently the original people on the island; we expected them from our reading to look almost like Caucasians. In fact, they did not resemble them nearly so much as we had been told. There we ran into a lot of native crafts and acquired a few items.

I delivered my talks at several hospital or medical meetings. Then, with an assortment of all sorts of gifts—including kimonos, sandals, fancy chopsticks, fans and all sorts of other things—we were off on our trip for Hong Kong.

I had, on the way to Japan, read Sayonara, and while in Japan we visited the theater described in it. While on Taiwan I started The World of Suzie Wong so as to be prepared for Hong Kong. There we stayed at a hotel—not one of the largest, but a medium-sized hotel which had been recommended to us

by friends and in which the proprietors were extremely friendly, providing us with tours to various parts of the island and the mainland. When we were on the mainland we could look across barbed wire fences and a few rice fields into the communist country of China, although there was no entry, and there were no particular developments close to the border.

As you know, there is the island of Hong Kong, and there’s the mainland portion which is leased from China. The water for Hong Kong comes from the mainland. By treaty, the mainland part reverts back to the Red Chinese in about 1999. There’s a great deal of wonder about what will happen to the city, because so much of it was built on the mainland.

We took the same boat to Macao as that on which Suzie Wong had had her adventures and had had lung tuberculosis hemorrhage during the night. All we did was all get a good case of seasickness to the degree that my wife and daughter lay in the berth of our cabin for the whole time of the trip.

In Macao we stayed overnight and saw in the showers probably the world’s largest cockroaches. We took in some of the gambling. Macao was called the gambling center of the East, although it was nothing in comparison with gambling in Nevada, nor was it a glittering city such as Reno or Las Vegas.

We stood near a bridge that crosses into Communist China and watched the Chinese sending the blind and the crippled across this bridge into Macao to get rid of them and not have to support them. Macao could do nothing about it, as it was really just tolerated as a bridge between the East and West by the Communists, who could take the bridge and Macao over any day they wanted to. We hit just the edge of a typhoon on our way back to

Hong Kong, the wind and the rain downpour making it difficult to stay on our feet.

Remaining in Hong Kong for another week, we loaded up as all tourists do with made-to-order suits, coats and other articles of clothing, dozens of cheap neckties, good cameras and excellent watches. Also, as all tourists do, we visited the Tiger Balm Gardens, where a fortune had been made on a preparation that I think is not too far different from Mentholatum. I still have a jar of it. They use it for all their ills where applying an ointment might be expected to give any help and on many others where one couldn't expect the slightest help from it. It is sort of a general belief or faith with them.

We visited the tin and scrap lumber refugee shantytown across the canyon from the Tiger Balm Gardens. From time to time, when there is much rain, they get flooded out. It is on a slope with mudslides. We also visited the tenement areas which had been constructed by Hong Kong with British money to house as many refugees as possible. There would be perhaps a 4 or 5 storey, cheaply-constructed building with water and bathroom for the entire floor in one end of it and no running water in any of the other rooms. In these there was said to be a rate of tuberculosis in refugees from China of around 15 to 20 percent.

We were asked if we wouldn't adopt a child, which meant pay \$10 a month and send it to the organization that was handling the refugees for this particular child. From the child's family we would occasionally get a letter of thanks—presumably the \$10 would be getting something to the child, although I am suspicious of many of these organizations.

Our purchases, like those of most Americans in Hong Kong, were practically by the hundreds, and we sent about 10 packages

home daily. You could send as many packages to the U.S. as you wanted providing they didn't come above a certain value and that you didn't send more than one package to any one person in the same day. It is rather interesting that in one of my packages I sent some dirty laundry home that I was through with, and when I went to collect it on this end customs made me pay duty on it.

Our itinerary called for Saigon as our next stop, but troubles were getting well started there. We were advised not to go there, so we rerouted our trip, going to Cambodia with its capital of Phnom Penh—a poverty-stricken appearing country. There we rode in rickshaws and bargained with the rickshaw owner before getting in, because if you didn't you were going to get stuck at the end of the ride. There we rode elephants, particularly the kids, and we visited the ruins of Angkor Wat, the old temples that were overgrown by jungle for so many years and had only been partially cleared and excavated recently.

Even before that time my youngsters had begun to get somewhat tired of the oriental food. When we were entertained at a doctor's home in Hong Kong before leaving for Cambodia, he had about all of their fanciest and most exotic dishes for us, but my boy didn't seem to be eating any of them. The host asked him what he would like, and he said a hamburger sandwich. When we got to Phnom Penh and settled into our hotel there, he was pleased because he saw on the menu spaghetti. The spaghetti consisted of spaghetti boiled in water and nothing on it, so it was just a little disappointing.

In Cambodia we saw, of course, more shrines. We went out of the country as we came in, on what I would call a flying wheelbarrow. This was the Cambodian National Airlines. I held my breath about all the way in and all the way out, as I expected

that it would never make it. This took us back out to Bangkok, Thailand.

In Bangkok my boy and I had our first introduction to kick boxing, which has since become an international sport. I'd never heard of it before that time. Here in Thailand was then to be found as beautiful a silk as there was in the world. We loaded up with articles made out of the Thai silk—especially neckties, but other items as well.

Our next stop was the Philippines where we went by Royal Dutch Airlines. But something got crossed up, and we landed in Japan instead. So spent a night in a typical Japanese hotel sleeping on tatami mats. Next day they took us to the Pearl of the Orient, Manila. We stayed at a nice-enough hotel, but one with a filthy basement filled mainly with young kids plying their wares. It was boys in particular, their wares being mainly sex.

We were the next day taken in tow by Dr. Oka and a Dr. de Los Reyes, the latter of whom I had met in Dr. Nakayama's clinic in Japan. They took us for a ride up into the hills and to the University of the Philippines, which boasts the oldest western-type medical school in the Orient. Peculiarly enough, he said there were nearly 2,000 medical students registered there. I asked him what they did with all these doctors, and he said that most of them don't go to medical school to practice medicine, but go because it gives them a certain status for obtaining jobs in industry or in government or elsewhere. By our standards, it would be a secondrate school. There was also another smaller medical school there which we visited which was, of course, more expensive for the Filipinos to attend, not being a government-run school. The ones who went there went mainly to study medicine and practice medicine.

One of the peculiar things about Manila was that practically all the cars we saw there, including taxis, were converted Jeeps that

had been left by the American army after its conquest of the islands from the Japanese. There are tremendous numbers of these, done over in all sorts of ways and decorated to change their appearance. There we were introduced to our first jai alai. We placed out bets, and, as we do in Nevada, lost. It seemed that the Spaniards in particular and perhaps the Portuguese second were the jai alai players of the world. Nearly all the players who we saw there were Spaniards. [Jai alai is a Basque game. Worldwide, most of the professionals are from the Basque provinces of Spain and France.] There was a jai alai court built in the MGM Grand in Reno which operated for about 2 years. Then it went out of existence because there just wasn't enough interest in it on the part of the American people.

Manila was the last stop on our trip before returning to Reno.

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When I was at home I did a great deal of surgery, with many of the patients wanting to wait until I came back from my trips. So I brought in just about as much income as my 2 partners combined. After a couple of years of this, I added the figures together and tried to determine just what should be done about it. It involved either a more fair distribution of the spoils of surgery or my taking a good part of each summer off for travel. I chose the latter. That is the reason we were able to travel as much as we did.

ACROSS THE UNITED STATES

Nineteen sixty-two was the summer of the Seattle World's Fair, so we loaded the kids and the luggage into the old Oldsmobile station wagon and took off for Seattle, spending a week there. The week included Nevada Day

at the Fair, so we were entertained along with our own Governor Sawyer by the governor of Washington at a special reception and dinner.

After seeing all we cared to of that, we took off across the northern route of the United States—the more uncommon one, but which we had not traveled at all before—going through Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and going through Montana and going through the Dakotas and stopping to see friends along the way that I'd gone to school with at Harvard or Oxford. Whenever in any of the main cities we visited museums— particularly for the children's sakes, but ours, too, as we 'ye always been interested in the main museums.

He spent several days in Chicago, arriving there with every stitch of clothing we had filthy. Some of the guests must have wondered about us as we traipsed toward our room through the lobby of the Palmer House, all of us loaded down with dirty clothes, carrying bags containing our bottles of vodka and a bit of mix. Several days were spent in Chicago, one building being particularly interesting to me, having bricks and stones and marble placed in the building at a level where you could read inscriptions, telling where and what they had come from—famous archaeological areas, famous buildings or walls from a multitude of countries around the world.

We took in the Museum of Natural History, of course, and I took in the medical schools, as I try to in every city that has one when we make a trip. In many you can find some sort of a convention or meeting of some sort.

We went on from there to Philadelphia, with one interruption. We stopped at a friend's of mine in Illinois. Our friends' children were very neat, apparently, about their things, and next morning we put our suitcases in our car and went off. We got about 50 miles down the road and wanted to get something out of one of my boy's suitcases and found it completely

empty. The child had taken everything out of his bags and put all away in the dresser. So we traipsed back to pick up our things and again went on our way.

We took a side trip up into Stratford, Ontario, to take in some Shakespeare plays and went through the Rochester Kodak manufacturing plant. We spent several days in Philadelphia visiting Valley Forge from there for a day and taking in all the usual sights of the Liberty Bell and the place where our forefathers had gathered to start us on our way to independence. The oldest teaching hospital in the United States is the General Hospital at the University of Pennsylvania. There are, of course, other medical schools, one of which was a women's school; I believe it was Hahneman—women only. It has changed since that time.

Returning to Philadelphia from Valley Forge, we came into the ring road and went to our motel. It didn't look quite normal; but it looked almost normal. We went to the desk and tried to get our keys and were quite angry when they didn't know anything about us. We finally found out that there were 3 almost identical motels owned by the same company on the ring road and that we had been staying at one of the others. So they sent us on our way to our appropriate motel.

A day or so later we left there, our next stop being Baltimore, where a friend of ours was in residency in medical school. Johns Hopkins, next to Harvard, was the outstanding medical school in the United States at that time. He gave us a history of the Big Four who had been imported to give the school prestige at its start: Sir William Osler, "the beloved physician" and later Regius (to the royal family) Professor of Medicine at Oxford; Howard Kelly, gynecologist; William Welch, pathologist; and William Stewart Halsted, probably the most famous surgeon

that the United States has produced. Their aura still lingers there. From there, we then went on to New York.

We stayed for a week with a friend with whom I had been in residency in New Haven. There we went through several of the hospitals. I visited with my old boss, Russell Patterson from Letterman General Hospital, and went on hospital rounds with him. In New York we went through the United Nations building and were quite interested in the problems that they had there, especially the portion where they deal with children around the world. We went to museums, the art galleries, took in a couple of plays.

Then we went to my old stamping ground, New Haven, stopping a very short while and then on to Mystic, Connecticut. I had never visited there before, and we were all very interested in the old whalers and four-masters and sea transportation of former days. Then we drove on to Boston. With the children, we climbed Breeds Hill and followed the tourist trail for my children's and my wife's sake, visiting the old North Church where the lantern was hung out and going to Jacob Wirth's beer garden. We drove with the children out to the "rude bridge that arched the flood" near Concord.

We headed back by a slightly different route to Chicago, interestingly enough finding several motels in Chicago named after the casinos in Las Vegas—the Dunes and such places as that. There is a decided connection between Chicago and Las Vegas, particularly through certain personages who are prominent citizens in both areas and reputed Mafia.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

At Chicago we parted company, the family taking the car and going back west.

They stopped off with Anne's sister in Nebraska and stayed overnight in Little America, with which they were much taken. The next day I began a trip through Scandinavia, Russia and Eastern Europe in association with an International College of Surgeons meeting in Moscow. I took off on a plane for New York, where I changed to a plane going to Finland.

The Finns are probably the most friendly people I have ever found in any country that I have traveled in. To them at that time every American was about 10 feet tall, unless he proved himself otherwise, because they figured we had really got them out from under Russia.

I spent several days in Finland attending a party given by the ambassador there. I found it a beautiful, clean country. Then I headed on to Sweden, where in a big park I listened to the singing that took place every night. I went to their opera and took a tour around the city to see the sights.

Then off to Copenhagen, where I'd always wanted to see the Little Mermaid. In Copenhagen there was a small opera which was a very old one and in which many of the major opera companies of the world have performed just because of its historic significance. In Copenhagen we also went to the Tuborg beer establishment, Tuborg being then the largest exporter of beer in Europe. Hamlet's Castle was a must.

From there we had to take an Aeroflot plane to Moscow, as Russia at that time would not allow foreign planes to fly in Russia. At the airport there were about 25 attendees at the conference, mostly Americans, who arrived about the same time. There was such confusion and lack of knowledge as to how to go about assigning people to their hotels and getting them there that it took them about 4 hours to take care of 25 people.

I was assigned to the Gastinitza Ukraina, which was the largest and newest of their hotels. I shared a room with a black surgeon from Howard Medical School in Washington, D.C., which at that time was an almost entirely black university. His name was Jack White, and he turned out to be an excellent sight-seeing and function-attending and otherwise very congenial roommate and companion.

There were cancer specialists attending this from just about all over the world. Many other doctors came there just out of curiosity to see Russia and the Communists on their home turf, and all of us spent more time sight-seeing than at the meetings.

In the lobby of the hotel we found a group of students majoring in the English language in Russia who were waiting there to volunteer their services as guides. They would accept a present from us but never any pay or tips or anything like that. These were apparently genuine students with a mission in which they were genuinely interested and going through a learning experience. They were quite a contrast to about 90 percent of the waiters and taxi drivers and other service personnel, who seemed most anxious for tips and frequently would hang around a little bit if you didn't offer them one—despite the Russian literature and assurances to us that no Russian would take a tip, as he considered it beneath his dignity. They did not seem to be part of Intourist, which is the only Russian travel agency, but I suppose were answerable to it. Official guides took us in groups to some of the larger gatherings. There were altogether about 6,000 doctors from 60 countries there, we were told.

Our second night there, all of us were welcomed in the new Kremlin Palace of Congresses, which had just been completed the year before. There, following the usual speeches of welcome and announcements, a

program of native dances and singing that was very excellent was put on for the guests. The scientific meetings were held at Moscow State University, where headphones emitted the text of the presentations in Russian, French and English. I made a couple of queries about why not in German, and the general attitude that I got was that the Russians still very much feared and hated the Germans.

Most of us were interested more in sight-seeing than in the papers, which frequently we couldn't understand anyway over the headphones, so there were plenty of empty seats while the doctors visited Red Square with its domed cathedrals for which Italian architects had apparently been used. We saw the huge cracked bell which had fallen after it had been put in place, and we used about the only privilege or prerogative that a tourist has in Russia of stepping to the head of a long line of Russians waiting to go through Lenin's tomb.

We read the inscriptions of the dead entombed in the walls of the Kremlin—including that of John Reed, the American who had ridden with Pancho Villa's troops in Mexico and then gone to Russia, living there through the days of the Bolshevik takeover and the purges. Reed became a thorough Communist who wrote a rather fascinating book called Nine Days that Shook the World—about the Bolshevik takeover and their defeat of the other forces which were so disunited and unorganized that they could offer little resistance. Reed finally died on a mission, I believe, in the Gobi desert, being brought back for burial in the Heroes' Wall.

We visited the huge art museum just off Red Square, and we visited the Medical Technical Institute. We were told there were 3 of these in Russia. They send out doctors and technicians to all of the modernized nations in the world, where they look over all the

innovations in surgical instruments, tables, X-ray machines, et cetera, and bring back whatever looks good for duplication and use in Russia. Patents and priorities seem to mean nothing to them.

We visited the processing area where the newly dead from accidents and heart attacks—and other non-infectious, noncancerous cadavers—have their blood syphoned off to use for transfusions. Russia is a pioneer in this, and is perhaps the only country where it has been extensively practiced. We went to the experimental institute, where they showed us the wonder of a dog with a transplanted heart, a feat which had been done in the United States. You'll remember this was many years ago. They even told us that they were showing us one which had been decapitated, had the head put back on and still functioned. This none of us believed, of course, because the union of the spinal cord couldn't and still can't take place.

We visited hospitals and operating rooms, and watched them operate. Hospitals were usually crowded, with the people lined up like in an army barracks, cots side-by-side with other cots. There were usually several operating room tables to every operating room. We saw a number of things which we were using in the West and had used for a number of years, such as the heart-lung machines that aerate the blood while operations are being done on a heart that has been stopped from beating. We saw a number of things like that which they claim to have invented, but of which we knew differently.

We saw their surgical devices, where they used steel staples instead of sutures and in which at that time I think they were a step ahead of the West—the only feature I saw in which they were more advanced. In fact, in many of the things they were not as advanced as some of their satellite countries.

We visited the Central Park of Culture and Rest, where each republic of Russia had an exhibit of its arts and products on permanent display. One of them showed the first Soviet space capsule.

The Bolshoi opera was closed, but we saw a Russian ballet elsewhere. We also saw a Red Chinese circus featuring an imitation of Charlie Chaplin, and we finally visited the dacha, or country home, of Lenin, where on the main desk, sitting on a thick book, an ape seemed to be pondering a human skull held in the ape's hand. I have not determined where this sculpture originated or whether theirs was a copy, as is mine which sits on the back of my library desk at home. My boy took a photograph of me—which he later gave to me—through the window sitting at the desk with this in my hand and my anatomy book in my other hand. We also visited the home of another great Russian, Tolstoy, a rather small and unpretentious homelike building.

The hotels were second to third rate by comparison with our better hotels. In many of them the showers didn't even work, and we had to share our showers with the people from the other hotels. The general run of the Russian people were generally dressed in rather cheap-looking, ill-fitting clothes.

It was hard to get anyone to talk with us any longer than to barely ask directions. They seemed to be afraid to talk to strangers at that time. In spite of some of the things that I read of people talking with the common people, I take a great deal of it with a grain of salt. In general in the hotels the help was rather poor and surly, and the doctors at the meeting and in the hotel—those we presumed to be Communists—would make conversations as short and general as possible, walking away as soon as they found an opportunity to do so.

I started the trip with a duodenal ulcer, and I tried to heal it with caviar and champagne.

Dr. White, my colored roommate, and I bought a bottle of Russian vodka that appeared to have something in the bottom that looked to me like a pepper. I took 2 swallows of this, which lit a fire in my stomach that made me relinquish the rest of the bottle to Dr. White. Perhaps a portion of this burning pain was due to the ulcer when the vodka hit that.

The conference ended with another reception with lots of champagne, wine and caviar. We stayed on to see more sights. Next day my ulcer bled while we were in one of the museums, producing black stools and making me faint and putting me to bed for a day. The hotel was supposed to have a doctor and clinic on the top floor, and I got in touch with the front desk and tried to make arrangements to see the doctor there. Not having any luck, I went up there and visited this and found only someone who was a nurse or a secretary who told me I couldn't see a doctor for 2 days. After considerable insistence on my part she telephoned someone who she alleged was a doctor. She also wrote me out a prescription, but I could find no pharmacy that would fill it. Fortunately, the bleeding stopped by itself, and the next day I took a plane to Odessa.

The Intourist guide at first took me to an airport 10 miles from the correct one. There they put my luggage—and attempted to put me—on a plane flying to New Delhi instead of Odessa. It was only after screaming protestations on my part that they finally got my luggage off and took me to a plane as quickly as they could. This was at another airport about 10 miles away. I barely got on the plane to Odessa, which they actually held up a little bit.

The runways were rough, and when we reached Odessa they couldn't produce my luggage, which I knew had come because it came in the same car I did. Finally, after

waiting for everybody to get off and get their luggage and go on their way, I went to the unloading room and found it, the only 2 suitcases they didn't bring out of a huge shed. This is a sample of the treatment that one received in Russia at that time.

Fortunately I had 2 quiet days in Odessa overlooking the beautiful Black Sea, looking through barbed wire fences where they were training young Russians to become American, English or some other nationality. Each was living in a compound where the food, newspapers, books, clothes and everything they might come in contact with was intended to prepare them so they could pass as a citizen of the country to which they would be eventually sent. I was told by Russians themselves that not a word of Russian was spoken in any compound, only the language they would come in contact with when they were turned out, ready to become a spy or a mole or whatever one was to be. They used defectors from the United States or England; they used prisoners from the countries with which they had been at war, where they could still hold them, and even some of the countries which were taken over as satel—"lites. They continued to hold them there to give intensive training for their future spies.

I was shown a partly sunken ship just off shore of Odessa. They were very proud of that. They said it was a British war ship which had been sunk there during the Crimean War.

On the next day I went on a ship to Yalta, the center of their vacation countryside, where Stalin successfully maneuvered Roosevelt and Churchill out of much of Europe. I tried without success to get the prescription filled in Odessa, again on the ship, and again in Yalta—so I never did find out what this nurse had given me. However, my ulcer did not bleed again, and I was perfectly content to leave it alone without trying any of their medicines.

The Black Sea was beautiful. I had 2 occasions to swim in it, on one occasion meeting a Pole in the water who was willing to talk of Poland's high regard for the United States and his resentment of the repression of their country under Russia. It was seldom that one could find oneself in a position and with a person where they could talk in that way and believe what they were being told. I came away with the impression that Russia is stifling and repressing its own general population as well as the satellite peoples.

There were almost no cars owned by civilians. I was told there were practically no televisions, although I could not determine this for myself as I was not invited into any of the homes. The masses were rather poor with limited food and clothing, waiting in long lines if they saw any desirable items in any of the stores, such as good sweaters or particularly any oranges or other fresh fruit that might be coming in. They were apparently afraid in those lines where I stood with them at times—the few that understood a little English—of making any comments or criticisms to strangers. It was evident that the production of national wealth was being spent on military strength, not on the people.

There were a few stores where they kept items which they thought would appeal to the Americans and the English and where they accepted only English or American money. We saw no ordinary foreign newspaper while there. There were a few in English castigating the countries of the free world, especially dwelling on the horrors of Hiroshima. These were evidently printed in Russia, although one claimed to be printed in England.

One's passport is always relinquished when one checks into a hotel and is registered, and at times it may take hours and several visits to the desk to get it back before leaving the hotel—and then only just before leaving

the hotel. One of these instances occurred when I was to leave for a plane for Kiev at 7:00 a.m. The Intourist agency told me to come with my passport and the papers that I would need to their office next morning. When I inquired what time the office opened I found it opened at 8:00, and I was supposed to take the bus to the plane at 7:00. After a few inquiries and arguments I sat down and told them I was going to remain there. They could go home when they got through work, but I was going to stay unless they obtained my passport for me from the hotel desk. I sat there about 2 1/2 hours, and finally they did go and get my passport and other papers for me and brought them to me.

We spent several days in Kiev, where I was first introduced to chicken Kiev, which they did deliciously. It was probably the best meal I had in Russia. The food on the whole was very poor—rather sour and shrunken oranges were the only fresh fruit I saw all the time I was there. They made good soup, or borscht, as they call it. Most of the other meals were poor in quality and not abundant in quantity and, by and large, very limited in choice. There were practically no available restaurants that you could go out to. There was said to be one in Moscow—mainly for foreigners—at which the charges were exorbitant, but I did not go to it. The only thing they do have in abundance are ice cream parlors scattered through the downtown part of the city, with a considerable variety of quite good ice cream.

No taxis cruise the Street; you can only take a taxi in Russia by queuing up in line. The line is usually a long one, and you don't step up to the front of the line as you did at Lenin's tomb, or everyone in that line practically is on your back shouting at you. In Kiev, as in many other places which were taken over by the Bolsheviks of Russia, there was a tremendous slaughtering of citizens—I think they called

them kulaks—the moderately well-to-do farmer and merchant classes which they tried to wipe out. I saw a beautiful cathedral in Kiev with stone cells on the sides of the ground floor where they said monks had lived.

On leaving Russia from a small airport to which I was taken from Kiev I had about \$50 in Russian rubles and other coins which I intended to use as souvenirs, but they asked us if we had anything in the way of Russian coins or other things in such a severe and threatening manner that I produced these coins. There was nothing at the airport that they had for sale that I could buy with them, so they took over the coins and gave me what they called a receipt. I was told I would receive American money equivalent to it at my home in a month or so, which I did not expect, and my expectations were realized. But I had expected to leave Russia cheated in any way possible, and I was not disappointed.

I went from there to Czechoslovakia. In Prague I visited a hospital where the doctor was friendly. He was experimenting with methods of improving impaired circulation to the feet with a method that had been tried and given up in our country about 20 years earlier. I was taken to the basement of the embassy in Prague by the ambassador so that we could talk moderately freely. He told me, as I was told about everywhere else, that every embassy behind the Iron Curtain was bugged and also a great many of the hotel rooms where they put visitors. Prague still had a huge bronze statue of Stalin standing. All things pertaining to him had been taken down in Russia. Here I watched some fascinating folk dancers in colorful costumes.

I then went on to Bucharest in Rumania. There my guide took me to see a sports stadium which she said seated 100,000 people. She told me that when they built this stadium Russia also had a stadium that seated 100,000

people, and when they found out about this one in Rumania, they added 10 seats. The guide told me that this had been to indicate its supremacy. The people were noticeable as being more friendly here and would even try to talk a little.

I did note in all of the satellite countries of Russia that they appeared to have better food than in Russia, and in most places better clothes than the Russians themselves had. From Rumania I went on to Hungary.

In Budapest I found things a little more relaxed in spite of the brutalization inflicted on the Hungarians by the Russians just a few years before. Here, a dish of fresh strawberries looked as good as gold nuggets.

In each Iron Curtain country except Russia I had a guide with a car prearranged so I could see as much as possible. All this was arranged through the Russian Intourist Bureau, of course. In Budapest more than anything else I wanted to see the hospital in which the medically immortal Ignatz Semmelweiss discovered how to prevent childbed fever (puerperal sepsis). He had worked and tried to get to the world his message that could prevent millions of new mothers from dying, simply by having the students and doctors wash their hands thoroughly after doing autopsies and before doing pelvic examinations on mothers in labor or about to be in labor in the hospitals.

Semmelweiss did his work and made his discoveries while working in Vienna. Most of the doctors there would not accept his teachings or his techniques for many years, and he was ridiculed. The germ theory as the cause of infection had not yet been even proposed. What we now think of as infectious organisms, they then discussed as miasmas coming in off of swamps or unclean places. Semmelweiss did not, of course, understand anything about the germ theory as a cause of

the infection, but he recognized that it came from unclean hands which he said carried the infection by cadaveric particles from autopsies or previous examinations.

The death of mothers at many times in the hospitals reached close to 50 percent. Many of the women didn't want to go to the hospital. They would scream and cry when they were taken there because they felt like they were being taken to their death. Semmelweiss insisted that his students scrub their hands in lime water, and this cleansing on his wards reduced the infection from 30 or 40 percent down to 10 percent. Still the doctors would not accept it. Now with the new sterile gloves and sterile aseptic techniques, such infection is a great deal less than one percent, and it is considered a disgrace and a break in asepsis somewhere when any mother does get infected.

Semmelweiss became so frustrated that he became mentally unbalanced. He went to Vienna, and while doing an autopsy there, he purposely cut his own finger and rubbed it into the cadaveric particles. Within a few days he died of infection to prove his point to the other doctors that it was indeed the cause of the infection in the mothers. Even then they would not accept his theory in many countries for many years.

It took my Hungarian guide 2 days to find out who Semmelweiss was and where the hospital was. When we did finally find it, it was still in use for maternity cases, nearly 100 years later. There was a bronze statue of Semmelweiss in the courtyard with a grateful mother holding her baby and looking up at him.

Beautiful, romantic Vienna was next on the list. Here, where Semmelweiss had done most of his studies, I visited the Allgemeines Krankenhaus (general hospital), also still in use but now using modern methods. Here

the great surgeon Theodor Billroth, who was a close friend of the senior Strauss, had pioneered his operative work. He is now known as the father of visceral surgery. Here he had done the first removal of a large part of the stomach in the history of surgery. This was done for cancer, and although not curative, the patient did live for a considerable period of time—perhaps 40 days or more—and then died from the cancer. He was also a fine teacher. He pioneered in many other operations, and he, together with his pupils, formed the base of a tree that branched out all over central Europe and made Germany and Austria the meccas of the medical world, clear up until the time of Hitler.

Here in Vienna I also saw the giant Ferris wheel of the movie The Third Man, which wheel, incidentally, was invented in Gardnerville, Nevada. I also visited the beautiful Schoenbraun Palace, and ate Sachertorts in front of the hotel said to be where they had been initiated. A visit to the famous Vienna Riding School with its famous and beautiful Lipizzaner horses was a must.

So many American doctors had come to Vienna to study post-graduate medicine that there was actually a so-called American School of Medicine in Vienna, which served as a clearinghouse for all the American doctors coming to observe or take courses. Outside the Iron Curtain countries it seemed a different world, with almost anything you could want readily available.

I then went on to West Berlin, where I peered through the old Brandenburg Gate into East Germany. There I viewed the ruins of the Bundestag, believed to have been burned by Hitler so he could blame his adversaries. I also made a tour of the Berlin Wall, which was decorated with wreaths, each one where an East German had attempted to get over the wall trying to defect to West Germany. I

understand there had been well over 1,000 of these wreaths put up.

A carefully guided bus trip through the parts of East Berlin that we were allowed to see again showed the difference in goods in all the shop windows—profuse and of good quality in the West, scanty and shoddy looking in the East, where we were kept under tight rein even in the couple of short periods that we were allowed off the bus to go into a couple of cheaply stocked stores. There were many large, new tenement houses where bombings had destroyed buildings during the war, with plaster on chicken wire already falling off in large patches, but East Germany seemed to be making a strong effort at a comeback to give places to people to live and to provide stores and some goods. It was far behind West Germany, however. The East German officials were what I would call anything but friendly.

A plane took us from West Germany to London, a city even then so loaded with coloreds from England's former colonies—especially the West Indies and from India itself, as unchecked immigration had existed for so many years—that it looked like a multinational city. There followed a trip to Oxford, with a visit to my old college of St. John's for tea with one of the dons and a visit with the warden of Rhodes House, who oversees the Rhodes Scholars' activities. I had a Guinness stout in the old Lamb and Flag pub adjoining St. John's, and then took a train back to London and a plane to San Francisco with suitcases and tote bags filled with programs, camera, hundreds of colored slides and souvenirs. I have not gone into any detail about the frustration of road blocks, errors in hotels and airplanes and guide accommodations, inefficiencies and general unfriendliness behind the Iron Curtain except for a few incidents, but they were sufficient to leave me with no desire to repeat the trip.

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On arrival home I hit the grind of work and started preparations as chairman for the United States section meeting of the International College of Surgeons, which was set for Reno in the fall of that year. Most of the preparations—obtaining attendees and speakers, rooms and convention hall reservations, cocktail parties and so on—had been arranged by officers from national headquarters and Reno Fellows before or while I was on my rather protracted trip, so a month's attention to details set everything in order. We had some of this country's outstanding surgeons, as well as top surgeons from several other countries around the world. The attendees and officers were so pleased with the meeting, and so taken up with the bright lights and the gambling and other opportunities offered, that I was asked to arrange matters and chair an international meeting of the organization in Las Vegas in April 1965, as we would need more hotel rooms and more exhibit space and convention hall and small sectional meeting rooms for the international meeting than we had here in Reno at that time.

Again the meeting went off without a hitch. This year Dr. Komei Nakayama, whom I had visited in Chiba, Japan, was the international president of the group, and I endeavored to repay some of his hospitality. On one evening I took him and Mrs. Nakayama to see a Floyd Patterson-Sonny Liston fight, which was something entirely new and exciting for them. This was their second fight, and Liston easily had the best of it because of Patterson's bad back, but it was exciting for them. I had the chairman of the Nevada Gaming Commission—Peter Etcheverria, who is now president of Caesar's World in Las Vegas—talk

to the group about gambling and gambling control in Nevada, and I had the president of the University of Nevada—of which I was still a regent—present the convocation address, “Omni Vivum.” President Armstrong, as a classics scholar, had found this reference to all life coming from life rather than the long-held belief in spontaneous generation while translating Homer’s *Iliad* from the Greek. All attendees seemed to think, as I did also, that the Las Vegas convention was one of our better meetings.

COMMITTEE TRAVEL

Nineteen sixty-four was Nevada’s centennial year, and I was named chairman of the centennial committee for the Nevada State Medical Association. Dr. Moses Rollin Walker’s small history of Nevada medicine [*Story of...Nevada State Medical Society and Nevada Medicine*] stated that at the doctors’ first meeting in Virginia City in 1875 to try to organize a state medical society, a Dr. Van Zant was made president. Papers were presented, and a certificate of membership was ordered printed on heavy parchment paper. It was described as having the great seal of the state of Nevada, pictures of Aesculapius and Hygeia, together with the motto, “Palmam qui mariuit ferat.” (Translation: “Let him who has won it bear the palm.”) The Latin, I learned from our university president, was incorrect, and there were other errors, so only 2 were printed in 1875 and issued—one to Dr. Bergstein and one to Dr. Benjamin Robinson. Both are now lost.

I resurrected the motto, had it corrected by President Armstrong, a classics scholar, and got Craig Sheppard, the chairman of our art department, to design a certificate with the Nevada state seal, the state medical association seal and pictures of Aesculapius

and of Hygeia on it. A copy of the motto and a copy of the seal were issued to every doctor in the state. A large number of extras were printed to be saved for future distribution. I tried to get one recently, and they are all lost or mislaid.

My boy and I traversed the state, ransacking pharmacy and hospital basements and old doctor’s offices for old instruments and medical memorabilia, both American and Indian. We set up medical displays in the state museum and the Nevada State Historical Society for the centennial year. They were later brought together as a display in our new Medical School library to form a nucleus for a medical archives and library of the history of medicine. We also placed in it Indian plants said to have medicinal properties. In 1964 we supplemented the displays with numerous items obtained from the Army Medical Museum in Washington, D.C., but had to return these at the end of the year. Much of the display housed in the Medical School library was stolen in 1984, and we are now replacing it as best we can. A bronze plaque, designating it as the Fred M. Anderson, Jr., M.D. Medical History Archives and Medical Museum in his memory, is under preparation.

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In 1965 Mrs. Anderson and I again visited Japan—this time for the International Cancer Congress which was held there. It was mainly notable for the fact that the Japanese—so proud of their sound systems, electronics and televisions—could not get them to work properly for the first 24 hours. Four years later, the International Cancer Congress was held at the University of Minnesota, and I attended that.

In 1967 I received an invitation to serve on a National Institutes of Health committee

in Washington, D.C., which had been established to award development grants to medical schools and schools of osteopathy. There were about 35 to be granted, varying in size from \$60,000 to about \$500,000 or more, and about 4 schools were assigned to each committee member. Each member would have to study and evaluate these grant requests thoroughly and report and make recommendations to the entire committee on them. After considerable discussion the committee would then decide on the merits if and to whom the grants should be made.

There were about double the number of requests for grants as there was money, so careful scrutiny, some background knowledge and being an expert at reading between the lines were required for anyone to judge the merits of these requests. This was particularly true of me, as I was the only member of the committee who was not a dean or an assistant dean of a medical school. It was doubly difficult for me, but I survived with some feeling of ignorance and insecurity because of my lack of expertise.

I had no sooner finished with this, than I was invited to membership on the National Advisory Council on General Medical Sciences of the National Institutes of Health for a 4-year term. This council deals to a large extent with grants for basic medical research of the most esoteric problems in organisms and organelles. This convinced me again that the knowledge of medicine doubles about every 10 or 12 years, for research was being done in areas and on specimens of which I had never heard.

Each member of the council would be sent a stack of proposal requests waded up in 3 packages, each about 14 inches thick, and with a letter assigning him as principal reader and discussor of about 30 research grant requests. Some of it seemed like Greek to me, and I

was discouraged until I thought of the 2 or 3 non-doctors on the council who received the same sort of thing. I spent more time than I wanted to studying these in order not to look too ignorant when it came to presenting them with recommendations to the council. We had 4 meetings a year of 3 days each held in Bethesda, and after a few sessions it began to come a little easier.

One of the members of the council—Dr. DeWitt Stetten, dean of a medical school in New Jersey—and I were appointed at the same time and became good friends. It was he who showed me the supposed descendant of the Hippocrates Tree that was planted near the National Library of Medicine at its dedication. Pods of the tree were sent from the Greek island of Kos in the Aegean Sea for planting, and they flourished in Bethesda. Dr. Stetten and I each took several likely-looking seed pods home for planting at our medical schools. He later told me that his were growing, but mine did not. A later letter from him indicated that he had left the medical school deanship and was now serving as director of the Institute of General Medical Sciences, of which we had been council members.

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The University of Nevada is a member of the Association of American Governing Boards (AAGB). One or more regents—especially new ones—have always been expected to attend those board meetings, which are held annually for the main meeting, but a couple of times during the year for smaller groups of newer regents. I attended a meeting at Penn State, another one at the University of North Carolina and one at the University of Kentucky, but I was not the greatest attender in the world, as I had

so many other meetings to go to. Molly Knudtsen was one who attended quite a few of them. Her name at that time, when she ran for the Board of Regents, was Molly Magee.

One year Regent Magee and I went to the annual meeting, which was held at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. As she had been to several previous meetings and had taken an active part in them, she ended up on the executive committee, and I ended up as a regent for Nevada, California and Hawaii. As I had taken some interest in international education before and in foreign students, and, as the chairman of that committee was just going off, I ended up as being chairman of the Committee for International Education—or put in other words, “National Committee for Foreign Students in American Universities,” which is what it really amounted to.

This resulted in my having to go to the AAGB meeting at the University of Kentucky, where our main theme of the meeting was “foreign students,” and meanwhile visiting several foreign student programs in national organizations and in foundations and in other universities. I would say that I didn’t regret that the meeting was held at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, as I went to all of the horse races, including the Kentucky Derby, and to the races at Keeneland and to the trotters’ races. Mrs. Anderson and I took a tour over a large part of Kentucky by car, visiting the state capitol, the main breeding stables, some of the distilleries and Lincoln’s old home.

I visited several universities down in California later to see if I could drum up new members for AAGB. I thought I should, as a regent, do something, and I think I made some headway at Pomona and a few others, but the University of California System seemed to see no merit in joining the AAGB.

I found that the University of California System feels like it is sufficient in itself and doesn’t have to have such relationships as AAGB.

California almost quit WICHE several times, and was only persuaded to stay by practically all of the other states making personal appeals to the governor of California. It felt it had all the things within its own state; it was a receiving state from all the other states, and a sending state to none. But the commissioners from these other various WICHE states were able to persuade it that all the other programs WICHE put on—with respect to law enforcement and nurse education and Pacific Basin development and many other programs too numerous to mention here—made it worthwhile for it to stay, and so it finally did.

I continued my work with international students for about another 3 years on that level, giving talks at meetings, but as far as I can see, achieving nothing that’s worthwhile recording.

We then, at about this time—through Molly Knudtsen— invited the AAGB to hold its annual meeting at the University of Nevada, Reno, which it did. I had the job of introducing the main speaker, Governor Grant Sawyer, at our main banquet. Although I didn’t get a copy of his notes, because he just spoke from cards and off the cuff, he gave us a marvelous talk on the gambling situation and the Mafia situation and other related things as he saw them in the state of Nevada. I have here, my remarks on introducing him at the banquet:

I always enjoy introducing Governor Sawyer because I have nothing bad to say about him, and he usually does not say anything very bad about me.

After serving in World War II, Governor Sawyer obtained a degree in law from Georgetown University, and was then successively and successfully district attorney, state Democratic chairman, a regent of our University of Nevada and is now serving in his second 4-year term as governor of Nevada. He is appropriately with us today, as he made his service in government of international importance.

In 1962, he was selected by the State Department to lead a group of governors on a goodwill mission to Japan. In 1964, he headed another goodwill mission and industrial mission to several South American countries, including Venezuela, where the reception was not quite so hospitable as it is here tonight. He has also visited other South American and Caribbean countries—not in his position of governor, but by being sent on certain missions or visits by the federal government as he seemed to do very well in the ones to which he was sent. He was chosen by President Johnson to address the White House meeting of state university presidents and chancellors from all over the country.

In fact, he is so internationally-minded, that last year I suspect he even sought to become an astronaut, and, for a while, paralleled the career of John Glenn, when he, for some reason which I have some slight suspicions about, fell in the bathtub, broke his jaw and had his teeth wired together for some weeks. However, one personal fall in the bathtub and broken jaw with his teeth wired

together for 6 weeks disillusioned him, and he has since been content to keep his feet on the ground. Now he is back at work as chairman of the National Governors Conference and president of the National Council of State Governments.

He is also appropriately here as he undoubtedly has a strong strain of the medical in him. His father was a doctor in Nevada for many years, and his brother is a doctor and a member of the College of Obstetrics and Gynecology in San Francisco. Perhaps this medical inheritance is why he has always questioned my diagnoses, and I've even found him, on occasion, double-checking them with an Indian medicine man. On one occasion I made a diagnosis of hepatitis, had him in the hospital a couple of days, sent him home, dropped by the Governor's Mansion to visit him when I was in Carson seeing patients at the hospital a few days later, and found him lying in bed with a box of Indian balsam root on the head table by his bedside. He gave several rather weak excuses, none of which I accepted.

Governor Sawyer also had some peculiar turns in his candidacy for governor when he was running. Noting on his many tours of Nevada the many bare breasts in floor shows and having, in his talks to the people of Nevada, listened to so many elderly women inveigh against them, he came out with a plank against bare breasts in Nevada. He dropped this in a hurry when he got the newspaper and general public reaction to it.

So having given that small amount of information about him,

I take pleasure in presenting to you our governor, the honorable Grant Sawyer, who has accomplished more progressive and sound reorganization in Nevada state government in 6 years than has been done in the preceding 20 years.

(The last paragraph of my introduction of Governor Sawyer was somewhat of an exaggeration. Charles Russell, his immediate predecessor as governor, had instituted the state personnel system, had provided the impetus for the state purchasing act, and had originated and appointed the first Gaming Commission as an entity separate from the State Tax Commission.)

At that same meeting, President Armstrong was asked to give a talk, which he entitled, "A Cat May Look at a King."*

THE LAST FAMILY TRIP

In the summer of 1973 our daughter, Suzanne, age 25, was working toward a Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Our son, Fred, was 24 and had just completed his years at UC Berkeley, obtaining a degree in architecture. He then changed his mind, decided he wanted to practice medicine instead and had just been accepted into the University of Nevada Medical School. I insisted that he complete his degree in architecture before going into medicine, which he did. I think he had this in the back of his mind all along. He had taken a considerable number of science courses along with his architectural work, so did not have much makeup work to do.

With the grind of 4 years in medical school, followed by 4 more years in residency training coming up, we felt that this might be the last time the whole family might enjoy a trip together. Accordingly we made

arrangements for one we had discussed many times. Suzanne could not leave here until 7 days after we did, so on 20 May, Anne, Bino [Fred, Jr.] and I took the plane to Paris. There we stayed at the Hotel Madeleine, complete with a small troop of Street prostitutes in a darkened alley a block away.

We visited Versailles with its grandeur, although it was partly closed, and we spent an afternoon at the Louvre—to which we had been before—and another at the Auguste Rodin Museum with its so lifelike statuary, drawings and etchings. Rodin was much criticized during his early life and work, but so much admired later on that he even succeeded Whistler in 1904 as president of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers.

We visited Rheims, with its remaining Roman arches, to see the famous cathedral, begun in 1211 and not yet completed a hundred years later. This cathedral—one of the most noted and beautiful examples of early Gothic architecture—is where Charles VII, in the presence of Joan of Arc, was crowned king of France. The cathedral was almost eclipsed by the famous Rheims champagne caves. Here we met some other Americans. By good fortune the supervisor became friendly, and after ordinary tasting he brought out a couple of his choicest stocks. They were opened, and we stayed most of the afternoon, missed the other sights in Rheims except for the cathedral and almost missed out on our train back to Paris. We did, however, take along a bottle of the finest to celebrate Suzanne's birthday as soon as she was able to join us.

We also took time to visit Napoleon's tomb, and I took the famous Paris metro to visit a medical school. We viewed Napoleon's tomb with some awe until we saw that of Louis Pasteur, that great non-doctor of medicine but genius with germs and infections, whose

monumental works have saved many more lives than Napoleon's wars killed. We also visited the institute of Madame Curie and Pasteur. Madame Curie was one of only 2 persons to have been awarded the Nobel prize twice.

Pasteur, incidentally, coined the term vaccination from the Latin word vaca, which means cow. The first immunization discovered was found by Dr. Edward Jenner, an English physician, after seeing that milkmaids never got smallpox, but did get cowpox on their hands from milking cows. Jenner deduced from this that their immunity came from a related virus that produced immunity to smallpox. Pasteur injected some dogs with rabies virus accidentally weakened by being left in culture too long, and, by serendipity and common sense, initiated the first successful treatment for rabies when the dogs did not succumb to the disease.

After 3 days we left at dusk on the generally considered mysterious and sinister Orient Express—our final destination, Istanbul. We watched expectantly for the romance, mystery, spies and intrigue, but there were no murders, and we were not disturbed in our sleepers except by the Swiss border guards. We arrived safely in Lausanne at midnight.

We spent the first day and night in a private home turned into a hotel in Switzerland, sampling all kinds of Swiss chocolates. We crossed the lake from Lausanne to Montreux for our second day and night. There we stayed in a small hotel, and I walked 2 miles to visit a medical school. The lake was beautiful, but the entire slopes of the lake were covered with buildings extending down to the shore except for a few small parks, and the beauty did not compare with Lake Tahoe for scenic grandeur.

Next day we took the famous Express to Venice. We stayed at the small Flora Hotel, a block from the large waterfront hotels where

we had stayed previously, but it still had the ever-present canals. Here we stayed just long enough to go through St. Mark's cathedral and the subterranean dungeons either under it or the former doge's palace adjoining it where we viewed the old instruments of torture. We walked across the Bridge of Sighs (Ponte Vecchio), so-called because of prisoners who were walked across that bridge to their execution. These were relics of the days when Venice practically ruled the seas.

We went by boat to where you watch the glass blowers labor to create their beautiful and intricate colored glassware, and by another boat for a dip at a swimming beach complete with gaming casinos where our guide prevented them from cheating us unmercifully. In the later afternoon we took liqueurs and coffee in St. Mark's square, listening to the music and watching the square full of people and pigeons facing the beautiful St. Mark's cathedral, where attempts were at the time being made through American donations to prevent erosion by the elements and what we now call acid rain.

Next we boarded the train to Belgrade. Trains and hotels were crowded with people on their way to Holland, where Italy and Holland were to vie for the European soccer championship next day. I had been able to get the hotel in Belgrade in advance only through the influence of the Surgeon General of the Yugoslav army, with whom I had become friendly at a surgical meeting in Los Angeles a year earlier. He was out of town, but we had tea with his wife, a Russian-born woman.

We wandered through a large park on an elevation with old cannons still mounted at intervals, and we shopped in the sparsely stocked stores. Harolds Club in Reno had outfitted and were allegedly managing a gambling casino for the government in the hotel where we were staying, but although

we tried, we could not gain entrance to it. From what I later heard, the government had placed such restrictions on managing it, on purchasing materials and on hiring that 2 years saw all of the Harolds Club money milked away. There I tasted fish from the Sea of Galilee—the loaves and fishes of Biblical fame—and they were delicious.

The next step by Orient Express was to Sophia, the capital of Bulgaria. It was a filthy train without rest rooms in some cars, but any complaints by us were met by severe reprimand, the gestures if not the words of which we could readily understand. We had hardly settled in the Grand Hotel in Sophia, on the square containing monuments commemorating the liberation of Sophia from Turkish rule, when a burst of explosions sent a chill through us. They seemed just in front of our rooms, but when they subsided a bit we peered through the curtains and, after inquiry, found they were just a national fireworks that annually celebrate the liberation from the Turks.

With the guide we visited the oldest building in Sophia, the church of St. George. This was built by the Romans in the fourth century A.D. We saw bricks adjacent to the church which were said to be the floor of old Roman baths constructed during their occupation. After 500 years of Turkish rule Bulgaria was captured by the Russians, and because of that it is reputed to be the most conforming and willing of the present Russian satellites.

We tried shopping—although there didn't appear to be much to shop for—paying in advance and then standing in line an hour with about equal chances that they were already sold out of what you wanted to buy. It was even difficult to get a small piece of wrapping paper with your purchase, most of

the customers bringing containers or paper with them.

There was going to be a long night's ride to Istanbul. There had been no drinking water available in the previous train, and my boy and I set out separately to try and buy bottled water or soda so as not to take chances on this one. Both of us returned just as the train was getting under way—sans water, but each with a bottle of slivovitz (plum brandy), I think made up of 50 percent Bulgarian if not Greek fire. Anne would not touch it, but by 10:00 a.m. next morning my boy and I had each consumed our bottle, much to our regret. We suffered severe thirsts and equally severe headaches that hardly allowed us to appreciate the sight of the train entering Istanbul and running along the Marmora Sea Wall.

A taxi took us to the Macka Hotel in the Asian or new city. Bino went to rent a car, as he wanted to pick up Suzanne at the airport. We were told to ask for a Mercedes Benz. He returned with her 2 hours later in a decrepit clunker that looked and acted as though it was on its last trip.

Next morning we all went to the grand bazaar in the old part of the city of Istanbul, crossing the Golden Horn by one of the 2 bridges. We had been warned, and we were prepared to bargain determinedly for all purchases. Soon, however, we were loaded down with ladies' gold chains, 2 ottomans to be stuffed later at home, a camel chair and metal food containers cleverly constructed in layers. I bought a Turkish coin portraying Kemal Ataturk for my collection and a leather coat for Bino. There were delicious pastries, honey-filled like baklava.

Upon arrival at our hotel with our purchases, we found the food was just passable, being most shashlik—lamb or mutton—that might have tasted better it

cooked a few days earlier. It was not old enough to have been completely spoiled.

We saw the beautiful Suleiman Mosque, named after Suleiman the Magnificent, who is buried there. He extended the Turkish empire to the gates of Vienna before being stopped, but could not capture the island of Malta just off the coast of Turkey held by the knights of St. John. Nevertheless, the Ottoman empire under Sultan Suleiman achieved its greatest extent and greatest power. We also saw what was said to be the final resting place of Alexander the Great in the Topkapi Museum in old Istanbul. I doubted its authenticity.

Next day we managed to get the clunker going again. Passing Hannibal's grave, not far from Istanbul, we traveled around the Sea of Marmora, stopping over a day at Bursa in the Celik (steel) palace. We went to a grand bazaar there, where we purchased a large, ornate brass camel's bell and a few fine bolts of cloth.

Next day we continued on around the Sea of Marmora to our most important destination, the site of ancient Troy. At least this was thought to be the site of ancient Troy, discovered and excavated by that remarkable German amateur archaeologist, Heinrich Schliemann. We stayed in a motel adjacent to the Hellespont or Dardanelles, and Bino and I attempted to emulate Leander by swimming the Hellespont. We didn't quite emulate him and returned to the motel and celebrated our daughter's birthday with the bottle of special champagne which we had brought from Rheims.

There were guides at the Trojan excavation site. I had brought the Iliad with me and studied it on the way, and I also read several books about Heinrich Schliemann. So I pored over the excavation site in detail for a full day, comparing the descriptions. Nine different city levels had been excavated. The seventh

settlement was believed to be the Homeric one, destroyed about 1200 B.C. The entrance was through a passageway constructed of large stones that would have made the war chariots travel about 50 yards before they could enter the city, and this made identification seem more real. I attempted to identify the previous rooms along with the guide, and I must say it all looked rather convincing to me.

Whether history or embellishment, it is said that Alexander the Great, landing in Asia for his conquests, stripped and ran naked 3 times around the walls of Troy. I could not help but contrast this with the Greek wife of Schliemann, carrying the gold trinkets out of the Trojan diggings concealed in her apron so as to get them past the Turkish guards. The gold objects, after being got back to Greece, were not properly appreciated by the Greeks, who would not construct a museum for them. They were therefore given by Schliemann to Germany, he having been born there. They were later stolen from Germany by the Russians during World War II and have never been heard of since.

We crossed the Hellespont by ferry with our car, stopping next night in Tekirdag on the Dardanelles for another swim. The next day we had to practically push our ancient car back to Istanbul.

One more day was spent in Istanbul, where I was picked up by a Turkish moppet who took me to a medical school, then to his brother's pastry shop. Somehow he found out that we were leaving next morning by El Al Airlines for Israel, and he was there with a package of cigarettes to bid me farewell. Going through the gates to the plane we were, of course, asked if anyone had given us anything or if we had anything we had not bought directly. The package of cigarettes was appropriated. There was considerable

argument as to whether we should be allowed to take the camel bell bought in Bursa out of the country, as there was argument whether or not it was one of the native treasures. But we finally prevailed.

Landing at Tel Aviv, we were met by a Jewish guide who had come from Russia. He had been in Israel about 8 years and spoke English well. He knew Jewish history, ancient and modern, thoroughly and I suspect with a few embellishments and exaggerations. He took us to our hotel, the Menorah, in the new city outside Jerusalem and then left us till next day.

We were within walking distance of the old walled city of Jerusalem. We could hardly wait to get there through the old Jaffa Gate and go through the old Armenian bazaar, where we loaded up with trinkets.

For the next 2 days, from early morning to dusk, our guide took us on a walking tour starting through the Jaffa Gate followed by a view of old Jerusalem from the top of David's Tower. From there we could see the western or Wailing Wall, which had been forbidden the Jews while Jerusalem had been occupied by Jordan, but which was believed to be the only remaining part of the old wall razed by Titus at the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans. It was cleared of houses in 1967 and has remained to Jews as the Wailing Wall.

From here we went to the Via Dolorosa, with its steps up which Christ carried his cross to Calvary, and where now the Church of the Holy Sepulchre holds a tomb to Christ. The church was built by the Roman emperor Constantine at his mother's urging.

Then we viewed the Dome of the Rock over a wall, although entrance was forbidden. The rock covered by a mosque is the one from which Arab faith has it that Mohammed—or at least his spirit—ascended to the realm of Allah on his winged horse, making this

the third most revered city in Islam, only after Mecca and Medina. He actually died in 632 and was buried where he died, in the apartment of his favorite wife, Aisha. Later a mosque was built and made a place of pilgrimage to all future Moslem generations.

We walked through the Christian quarters, the Moslem quarters, the Jewish quarters and the Armenian quarter—which was said to have been the area of Herod's palace and David's palace—and through the Zion Gate. We were taken in Jerusalem to what we were told was the area of the Last Supper room and to the tomb of David. We burned candles in a small menorah, and the guide told us that the menorah was the official symbol of Israel, which I had always before thought to be the Star of David.

Jerusalem is a priceless treasure for archaeologists who hope yet to find in it the Ark of the Covenant. Religious fanatics have had a law passed by the government that any archaeology should be stopped at once at any time a bone is found until it is proved not to be a Jewish bone. They were caught in their own trap when they were just recently found to be digging a tunnel under the hill on which the Dome of the Rock stands in search of the Ark of the Covenant, which is Israel's most sacred object and which has not been seen for 2,000 years. Their tunnel was discovered when the Moslems noted that a well drained out. When they searched for the reason, they found the tunnel which had been dug under by the fanatic religious Jews, and a stop was at once put to this dig.

Next day was a bus tour of the new city of Jerusalem, which was built mainly of bright stone buildings with a pinkish, or under certain light almost a golden color. The streets are wide and the city is beautiful, except that one misses the wide, green acres of parks found in our cities. The Jewish people have put

a rim of green park all around the limits of the new Jerusalem, plus a few minor parks, but they are not large parks because of the need for water conservation, the Jordan River being the main supplier of water to Israel.

Next day, we visited Hebrew University and the Hadassah Medical Center with its beautiful stained-glass windows donated by Marc Chagall. The Yad Vashem, or Holocaust Memorial, was a display of heartrending pictures of the occupants of German and Russian concentration camps. We visited the tombs of the Sanhedrin. We were taken to the grave of Theodore Herzl, the American whose work for the Zionist movement laid the foundation for the state of Israel. He was the American probably most famous in Jerusalem next to Golda Meir.

Titus, who was soon to become Roman emperor, had been the conqueror of Jerusalem. He broke through the walls, burned the city and either killed most of the people or sold them into slavery into the Diaspora. Jerusalem was still rebuilding from this and the many wars of conquest by Persians, Arabs, Seljuks, Crusaders and again the Moslems that had in turn captured at.

The guide then took us in his car around the old walled city of Jerusalem, naming and pointing out the Dung Gate of the Moors, St. Stephen's Gate, Herod's Gate, Damascus Gate, New Gate and Jaffa Gate, the only gates into the old city. He showed us the Church of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane where Jesus was betrayed to the soldiers by Judas Iscariot.

Next day we went by the pools of Bethesda to Bethlehem and into the temple shrine containing the area where the Christ child was said to have been born. This area appeared to be a sunken, almost grotto-like depression in the floor of one side of the temple. The guide gave us so much detail on all that was in there

that it seemed almost a mixture of legend, history and archaeology blended with a little of his own imagination. I should add to this, though, that further excavations throughout Israel, as through Greece, have in general tended to prove the truth of some of the things that we used to regard as myths.

Next day we visited the desolated West Bank and Golan Heights where the Israelis were already building what looked almost like concrete block houses that would be kibbutzim. Then we crossed the Jordan River and saw the position from which the Moslems had been firing down on the Jews at short range before the Six Day War. It looked like it would have been a slaughter, and I didn't blame the Jews for keeping and fortifying the West Bank and Golan Heights. Also, it appeared to me that having the ground on both sides of the Jordan River by this conquest placed it in a much better position, as the Jordan River is practically the main supply of water for Israel.

We went down off the bank and inspected the fish ponds of which there are many in Israel. There we dined on their regular foods. Most dining rooms were divided into 2 parts—one with the milk and cheese products and another with fish products, although the food in general was good.

We went through the town of Nazareth, where Jesus was believed to have lived for several of his boyhood years. In Nazareth I saw my first birthing chair, sloping back and spreading arms in front for easy spreading of the legs and passing the baby.

We went through several small cities occupied by both Arabs and Jews, and the contrast in living and sanitation was so apparent—the Jewish sections, where their homes and streets were neat and clean and sanitary appearing, while the Moslem streets and alleys were untidy and unkempt, and

their streets and markets were replete with filth, garbage and rotting fruit, both in the indoor and outdoor markets. In these towns all the newer Jewish homes were built to take advantage of solar heating. We then went to a kibbutz to spend the night and saw how all the children were kept by one person while the others worked during the day. We saw an airplane partly buried in the ground where it had been shot down, serving as a grim reminder of the previous wars.

Next day we passed through the ruins of Armageddon, a grim name now heard of all too often in these days of nuclear proliferation. There was just a large heap of stone rubble where it had been overrun and destroyed by numerous conquerors over the centuries. We went on to Tyre by the seaside from there, and on the sea wall we read a description of the return of the exile, Maimonides, the famous Jewish Asian physician who had written the Oath of Maimonides, almost as well known as the Oath of Hippocrates, although written many hundreds of years later.

Next day we proceeded down the Mediterranean coast, stopping at several towns of historic or mythological importance, to Haifa—which is the largest city in Israel, laid out with broad, straight streets. It is quite a contrast to the noisy, narrow, twisting cobblestone streets and alleyways of old Jerusalem.

The guide took us next day by the city of Jericho, its walls rebuilt and flourishing, and then down past the barren hillsides in which the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. The Dead Sea lay across the road on our left from these hills.

We passed a group of nomadic Bedouin Arabs with their black tents, their camels and sheep. The Israelites had been trying without much success to settle these nomads down to an agrarian type of life.

We soon arrived at Fort Masada—an isolated, almost vertical, 300-foot-high promontory, about 300 yards from the Dead Sea. It was the last holdout of the Jews against the forces of Titus after the destruction of Jerusalem. They held out for 3 years, and then, about to be taken by storm, the defenders either killed each other, committed suicide, or leaped down from the fortress to death rather than be taken prisoners. Of course, the Romans had a tremendous organization with thousands of captured slaves, whom they had build an earthen causeway from a peak of equal height several hundreds of yards away, to gain their conquest.

Coming down from the top of Masada on the cable car, we went swimming in the bitter, salty water of the Dead Sea. It is so saturated with an assortment of minerals that a person could float on top, but it is one of Israel's most important natural resources, with the recovery of salt and other minerals that are extracted from it.

Our next visit was Beersheba, developed by the Israelis in the midst of the Negev Desert which was taken from Egypt in the Six Day War. We returned to Haifa that evening for a 2-day stay. Again, I found some of the fish from Galilee of loaves and fishes fame in the Bible and again also swam in the Aegean Sea.

We left old Jerusalem, now the sanctuary and shrine of 3 great religions, with the hope that it might grow and flourish without further wars and might someday be generally recognized as the capital of Israel. As we left for Athens we had little idea that even living in the state of constant tension that they do, in a few short weeks we'd see Israel engaged in the Yom Kippur War with the Arab states, in which they again emerged victorious, adding some other small areas of the Golan Heights and the Negev Desert, which latter they later gave back to Egypt.

Arriving at the Olympic airport in Greece, we that evening took a tour bus to Cape Sounion with the remains of a Doric temple dedicated to Poseidon, god of the sea. Byron's name was engraved on one of the pillars. Here, as had been intended, we saw one of the most beautiful sunsets over the Aegean Sea that I have ever seen.

We were scheduled to go on a tour of the Greek Islands, and we left the next day. We visited Delos, believed to be the birthplace of Apollo, sacred and surrounded and protected by the other Cyclades Islands. The word Cyclades means encircling.

We visited Santorini, another of the Cyclades also known as Thera. It is now believed to be the lost continent of Atlantis. Archaeological diggings were on the opposite side of the island at that time and supposed to be proving this finding. Santorini rose almost vertically from the sea. If it was the lost Atlantis, it probably was sunk through volcanic action and then had arisen again. To get to the top we had to either ride or walk up an almost 45-degree roadway to get to the small town. The walls themselves rise almost perpendicular from the sea. We were told that it had all largely disappeared under the sea by volcanic action at one time. Crete, the largest island of Greece, was at one time—6,100 years ago by carbon dating—the home of King Minos. Its capital, Knossos, had been excavated, and the location of the Labyrinth of the Minotaur was under and near it. Crete, according to history, had attained the highest degree of civilization in that part of the world, with beautiful frescos and mosaics in its homes and temples, with running water and gutters for sewers going through the houses. Crete ruled the seas with its ships.

Next was Rhodes, site of the Colossus of Rhodes—once rated as one of the 7 wonders of the world. It was a 105-foot-high bronze

statue of Helios, god of the sun. This was destroyed by an earthquake in 224 B.C., and none of it is to be seen.

Our last visit was to Melos, prized before the Bronze Age for its obsidian for weapons and other sharp, hard instruments. But it was more famous perhaps as the island on which the statue of the Venus de Milo was found. Returning to Athens, we were to see the “glory that was Greece.”

Approaching the Acropolis, we viewed the ancient 450 B.C. theater of Dionysius. I sat on Hadrian's stone throne or chair dominating this theater, which would accommodate 17,000 people. It had not been used since 1939, and before that for a long time only by command of the queen. We then ascended the path to the Acropolis or upper city. An upper city existed in almost every Greek city of any size and was always called the Acropolis. We entered through the gateway of marble pillars to see the Parthenon, a Doric temple completed in 431 at the time of Pericles, made of marble brought 15 miles from the Pentelicus Mountains. The supporting Doric columns—17 in its length and 8 in its width—were all still standing, and there were some bas-reliefs by Phidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors. Most of them are now in the Elgin Marbles collection in the London Museum.

Originally the Parthenon had been covered with a marble roof, but with open sides or porticos. It had once housed a 40-foot statue of Athena, the patroness goddess of Athens, which was overlaid with gold and ivory. This is now entirely gone. The Parthenon had been partially destroyed by the Persians and later further ruined when a powder magazine was exploded by the Venetians besieging the Turks who were holding it at the time, but it is still beautiful when viewed from a distance. Most of the marble slabs that once comprised its roof

and other areas that made it one of the most beautiful of buildings are now heaped in piles on the ground.

Worship was done mostly at the Erectheum on the opposite edge of the Acropolis, built in 430 B.C. There are greater than full-length figures of women supporting the walls of this temple on the Acropolis side. Each one is of a different style. One of them appeared reddish in color and was made of fired terra-cotta. It was a substitute, as the original is also in the British Museum with the Elgin Marbles. Like most old Greek temples it has been pagan, Turkish and Christian. There is a sacred olive tree and a sacred spring from which we drank water on top of the Acropolis.

In the Museum of Athens we found the golden face mask alleged to be that of Agamemnon—king of Mycenae and leader of the Greeks during the 10-year Trojan War—and beautiful gold-decorated cups with pictures of bulls, men, trees and floral decorations on them. There was jewelry and untold other treasures unearthed by Schliemann from the grave pits of Mycenae, now displayed with numerous archaeological treasures gathered from all over Greece in the Museum of Athens. These excavations were after Schliemann's Trojan excavations, and the people who had scoffed at him before now recognized his genius, even though he was an amateur.

After 2 days of seeing the museum and palace—and the Academy of Athens, with Athena on one front corner and Apollo on the other—we visited the Agora, or old marketplace, excavated by Americans. The Agora was also used as a public meeting place as well as a marketplace, each Greek city containing one. We saw the Temple of Theseus and the Theater of Herodes Atticus or Odeon and the graveyard with its multitude

of steles or gravestones. Then we adjourned to the seashore of Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, for a seafood dinner on the sand, and the next day rented a car.

We crossed the Isthmus of Corinth that separates Attica from Peloponnesus—so important during the wars between Sparta and Athens, it now connects the Gulf of Salonica with the Gulf of Corinth by a canal dug after the old days of Greece. We stopped at Corinth with its Temple of Aphrodite on the Acropolis. It is said to have once housed a thousand priestesses dedicated to sacred prostitution, and the Olympic games were held there at intervals.

Continuing on, we visited Argos, once one of the most powerful of the Greek cities in the Bronze Age. It was market day, and the Agora was teeming with trade. Passing on, we were in view of the slope and plain of Missolonghi where the Greeks threw off the yoke of Turkey in battle. There the poet Byron, with the army, died of a fever. I presume he got his poetic wish to be buried “in some forgotten corner of a foreign field.”

We came out on the Nemean Plain, where Hercules was said to have slain the Nemean Lion. We stopped by the roadside where they were barbecuing a young goat. They got out a roll of wrapping paper, placed it on some empty boxes and served us with chunks of goat and a green salad washed down with red wines with the exotic names of Blood of Hercules and Blood of the Lion.

We next passed the ruins of Tiryns with the walls of the Acropolis built on rocks extending 253 feet above the sea, and containing such huge stones that it was said by the ancients to have been built by the Cyclopians. Hercules is said to have ruled here.

Going on just a little further one comes to Mycenae, also one of the greater cities of

ancient Greece founded by the Achaeans in 2000 B.C. One of the most powerful city states in Greece, it was where Heinrich Schliemann in 1865 did his excavations of the inner 6 oblong grave pits of the royal family.

A German by extraction, with no money or formal education, Schliemann ran away as a boy. He learned by himself to speak at least 5 languages; made a fortune in gold in California and another fortune in indigo in Russia; married an apparently frigid Russian woman, from whom, as he put it, he “took one child”; and later divorced her and married a Greek girl he had never met. The marriage was arranged by his writing to a friend of his in Greece stating that he would like a nice Greek girl to marry. Arrangements were made, and the union turned out most happily. She participated with him in most of his excavations from then on, starting in Troy, then later in Mycenae. They excavated the pit graves and exposed the great lion gates of Mycenae and the beehive tomb thought to be the treasury of King Agamemnon.

Continuing on we came to our final destination, Epidaurus, site of the most famous temple of healing. This was the home of Aesculapius, almost as famous in medicine as Hippocrates and said to be the son of Apollo and thus a demi-god, delivered by the first known Caesarean section by Apollo, who in a fit of rage killed his mother, Coronis, with an arrow when he believed her to be unfaithful. It is said that in order to keep him from being killed by one of the goddesses jealous of Apollo, Apollo put him in care of the centaur Chiron, where he learned the art of medicine and healing.

The Temple of Aesculapius is in a beautiful setting of olive groves. Most of the temples where his healing took place have been excavated. Most of the articles excavated have

been placed in a museum adjoining it where there are clay tablets and votive offerings on which were written the case histories and healing of numerous patients. The patients were said to have slept under a colonnade surrounding the Temple of Aesculapius and were visited in their dreams by serpents who divulged the cure to them.

There are many other temples of Aesculapius throughout Greece and Asia Minor, but the one at Epidaurus was the first and largest and most impressive. It is also now the best preserved and most complete as a clinic and sanatorium.

Adjacent to this was the great Theater of Epidaurus, the best preserved Greek theater in existence. It was built around 330 B.C. by Polycleitus the Younger. Its acoustics are so fine that plays are still given there. We watched the rehearsal for one. The theater is built in 3 tiers of granite stones or steps. It is said to accommodate 14,000 spectators, and it has holes drilled every 20 feet in the rock to hold poles to support canopies in inclement weather. From the highest seats one can hear a drachma dropped on the stage.

After a night at Epidaurus, we turned our car toward Athens and next day flew to “the grandeur that was Rome.” Here we hired a guide and his car. First we rode around the Vatican walls built in the ninth century A.D.; then we entered St. Peter’s cathedral—435 feet high, supposedly built over the remains of St. Peter, the first pope, and who was crucified there. At the time we visited there, there had been 263 other popes, all with their portraits hung around the side walls of St. Peter’s. The building in general was constructed by Michelangelo. I believe he also completed the Sistine Chapel, but much of the rest of the interior was done by Bernini. The first La Pieta was done by Michelangelo. I believe there are

4 located in Rome, and this is the best. It is in St. Peter's, and one is supposed to touch his toe for good luck.

I was greatly impressed by the red porphyry inset on the floor of St. Peter's where Charlemagne and other kings were crowned by the pope as Holy Roman Emperors and protectors of the papacy. Charlemagne was crowned on Christmas Day and refused to get down off his horse. I can't remember what happened, but some compromise was made between him and the pope so that he could go ahead and crown him.

Incidentally, Bonnie Prince Charlie and others of the Stuart family are buried in St. Peter's.

The guide, who knew his way around, took us to a wet bar in the basement of St. Peter's cathedral, then up the pope's elevator to his audience chamber, where a couple of us sat on the pope's chair or throne. Going through the Vatican library he pointed out a bust of Terigiano, who, while working with Michelangelo as a young man in Florence, had struck him in the face, breaking his nose and giving his face its asymmetrical appearance. He pointed out the passageway by which the popes could cross over to the Castel Sant' Angelo in case of danger and jokingly called the Pope Duct. The Castel San Angelo was constructed by one of the popes in thanks for the cessation of the black plague in Europe.

Rome was reputedly founded by Remus and Romulus, suckled by a wolf. Yet, as one reads the Aeneid, Aeneas is also given credit as being the founder of Rome, or alternatively as the founder of the city of the Etruscans, coming there after the siege of Troy.

We visited the Capitoline Hill, where the capitol was built in 69 B.C., with the Circus Maximus at the foot of it. We visited the Forum Romanum and Senate building and a brick rostrum that was pointed out

to us as the place from which Mark Antony gave his funeral address following Caesar's assassination.

Over a period of 7 days our family took in many of the sights of Rome that are familiar to tourists. We viewed great works of art, visited the ruins of antiquity and entered basilicas and cathedrals. At the end of our stay, with many treasures still unseen, we headed for the Leonardo da Vinci Airport for our flight to Paris and thence back to the United States.

EPILOGUE

I wonder about your decision to become a physician. We have talked about it before, and you've led me to believe that you more or less were led into it by chance rather than by plan. You haven't talked about any commitment to medicine, any ideals that may have been held up before you that you would embrace yourself. Was there anything like that? Did you at that time have any abiding desire to help people?

You know, I read the many articles while on the Rhodes selection committee that the candidates for Rhodes scholarships provide as to their great commitments to humanity and their great desire to relieve the pain and suffering, and the same great commitment in other fields. I've read them ad nauseam. I did not have such a great commitment as that, but I'm certain I had more of a commitment to my patients than most doctors once I got to be one. I thought medicine looked like a good profession providing a good living. I did mention a Dr. Lord in Ruth, Nevada, who, while we were there, treated a patient with a strep sore throat, acquired one himself, and

died. I admired him very much, and he was perhaps as much as any my prototype figure of a doctor.

When I went down to the university, I stayed in Lincoln Hall. It's a men's dormitory. I was janitor for the dean of men, who occupied about one third of the building with his family, to pay for my room. In the university I met a boy named Vernon Cantlon, who was from Sparks, Nevada...a very bright boy who had been born and brought up in the Wadsworth and Sparks area, one of a family of 2 boys and 2 girls. His mother was Italian, a very nice-looking woman and very forceful character and really, in his family, holding much the same position as my mother did in mine. His father was Irish, but he let the mother run the family. Vernon Cantlon and I were both registered in premedical courses, and we met and became friends almost at once, and we both decided in our first year in college that we were going someday to be general surgeons.

What was the basis of that decision?

I can't tell you if there was any basis.

It's been unkindly suggested by some people in the medical profession, nurses in particular, that the surgeons are the stars of the game, and that....

At that time they were. I felt medicine was a good respectable profession to be in, with a decent social life, and the possibility of making enough money to give my children a little bit more advantage than I had had in growing up, although I don't consider myself deprived in that direction at all. I think that it's extremely good for one to partly work their way through school, and work in the summertime. Although my boy didn't work during the school year, he did work in the summertime.

You can't remember why you would have chosen surgery over, let's say, internal medicine or something else at the time?

I think it sounded a little more romantic and a little more prestigious. I wanted to make a good living. I have never been desirous of really being rich, and my charges to my patients have reflected that a little too strongly during the years I've practiced. I regret now that they were as low as they were, because many times I'd have a patient say, "You're not charging me enough, doctor." But I charged what I thought was a fair fee, and what I thought would allow me to retire when I was 65 years old. But when 65 came along so had inflation and the other things that made the value of your money drop, so I did not have enough money to retire when I was 65.

When I was in my internship, I envisioned myself as sitting at my desk with my feet on top reading my medical journals, waiting for patients to come in; but it was quite the

opposite. As soon as I started practice, I was almost flooded with patients. In Carson, before World War II, I was as busy as I wanted to be or as busy as I should have been, but I was not flooded to the extent where I had to stay in the office until 7:00 or 8:00 at night or anything like that. That didn't occur until after the war.

The doctors were really almost mythical figures at the time that I chose medicine as a career—quite a little different from today when everybody takes a crack at them, and in particular the government and the unions. The doctors have really become what I would call whipping boys, in large measure for 2 things in particular. One, because they seem to make a reasonably good living. Two, because although medical care is a necessity, it isn't perceived as the kind of necessity that a car or television is. Although the others generally cost much more than medical care does, medical care is perceived as an inconvenience rather than a necessity, I think, by much of the public. This, of course, doesn't apply to all.

When I was in medical school there was really no pushing towards socialized medicine or socializing anything, really. As a prosperous capitalist country, the laboring man didn't have things going his way as much as he does now. It's been a gradual evolution, and in some cases it took crises of strikes and violence and things like that to bring it about. There's no question that the betterment of the working man would not have just come through the beneficence of the employers and the politicians. He had to work for some of it, fight for his rights and get them the hard way.

* * * * *

Describe for me the evolution of your political thinking over time, perhaps beginning with

the influence that your father may have had on you.

Well, my father and mother were staunch Republicans...particularly my father. I sort of felt that his philosophy was "If it's Republican, it's right." I didn't always agree with him. I registered Republican first, but when Alan Bible ran for the office of attorney general I switched parties to the Democratic so I could vote for him in the primary. I've just never bothered to switch back since. At times I've considered it; at times I've considered against it. I would consider myself more of an independent than either a Democrat or a Republican. Except for the one time I ran for office—and I was already a registered Democrat—I've never aspired to be a particular party member or have any influence in any party, except for the particular candidates who were running in it.

Outside of party labels, then, have you had any political philosophy over the years that can be clearly articulated?

I've had a political philosophy of voting for, or using your influence for, the thing or man that you believe in and that you think is right; and not because he is of any individual party. I've always carried on my politics in that way. Therefore, I've always been split between the Democrats and the Republicans. I would consider myself an independent, really.

I haven't developed a system of politics in my own mind. I listen to the politicians and watch the television and read the newspapers, and I try to read between the lines. Within this state, I know a great many of the politicians. I have worked with quite a few of them in various projects, and I support those that I think are doing the most honest and conscientious job and will be strong enough

to do it. I think I carry that philosophy into national politics as well, whether it's for the congressman or the senator or the president. I vote for the one that I think is the best candidate to do the job best for the good of the country. I am not for any one social group of the country—the rich or the poor or the black or the white or any special group. I'm not a special group man at all and would say that I am an independent, progressive conservative.

As a doctor I treated whites and blacks and Indians and Chinese and the rest, and I've had whites wait in line while I took care of the blacks and vice versa. I have tried not to treat one different from the other. By the same token I never made any attempt to cultivate the rich in my practice, because there are too many people doing it already and because I've found 50 percent of them to be difficult patients. The other 50 percent were wonderful patients... unusually good patients, actually. Most of the rich ones that were not good patients ended up going to somebody else because I didn't cater to them.

I talked with Ernest Newton several months ago. He's retired now. He was, of course, the director of the Nevada Taxpayers Association (NTA) for over 2 decades. [The NTA is the subject of an interview with Mr. Newton that is part of the Oral History Program collection.]

Yes. I knew him from the time he started.

When I got to talking to him about the philosophy of the NTA his answer was in some ways similar to yours. He claimed that it had no political affiliation of any kind, nor did it have any political philosophy outside of a belief that the responsibility of government was to defend its citizens, and that beyond that government had very few responsibilities or duties that he would agree with. In fact, he told me that the

Nevada Taxpayers Association has spent the last 20 years not proposing legislation, but fighting it; that they did everything they could to see to it that laws were not passed, in the belief that the fewer laws that were passed, the better for the people of the state of Nevada. Can you comment on a position such as that?

I differ from that. I would look at the laws individually, because I think there have been some very good ones passed. There have been many poor ones passed, too, but in such complex times and with crime all too rampant, and so many people trying to evade laws and cheat you out of what you have worked for, I don't subscribe to the old saying, "The best governed are the least governed." But I do believe there are too many complex laws and too many lawyers to argue over them in court and out of court and make them even more complex, in particular such ones as taxation laws.

Newton's influence, of course, was entirely on the state legislature.

After many years I knew most of the state legislators. I have testified over there many times for the university and on many other problems, particularly those having to do with education, medicine, drugs and cancer and things like that. I've testified for those that I thought were right; I've testified against those that I thought were wrong. I've never pulled any punches in my testimony, and so far as I know, I've never made any enemies through it, even when I got rather testy in some of my answers.

In a candidate for office, I believe that we should look at the things we think are good and weigh those against what we think are bad; and then you have to weigh them against the other potential candidates, and then you

have to make your selection. This is in the same measure true when you have a number of laws. You look at them and weigh the good against the bad. You use your influence for those which you think are beneficial, and you use your influence against those that you think are not beneficial. No matter how small your influence may be, I believe that every citizen should be interested in law and politics in general.

What it comes down to, really, is a question of how much social responsibility you feel the government has.

A great deal at all levels. I find on the whole that I lean a little bit more toward Republicanism, but by no means am I overbalanced in my opinion.

What would you call Republicanism?

Conservative capitalism, as a rule, but there are all shades of the spectrum in both parties.

Unfettered capitalism?

Not necessarily.. .but not what Jimmy Carter stood for, in many ways—let me put it that way. Not in giving everything to the minority because they don't have it. Not in giving everything to foreign countries because they don't have as much as we have. Not in giving to any group or society or color or class because you want their votes, as has Jesse Jackson with his rainbow coalition. This latter applies to both parties, but I think it applies a little more to the Democratic party.

In an ideal world politics and religion are both exercises in ethics. I know you were brought up both Mormon and Episcopal, but I guess

primarily Episcopalian. Has your religion evolved any over the years? You once mentioned that you had more or less quit attending church at one point.

I think my religion has evolved into my being almost, you might say, an agnostic who believes strongly in the Golden Rule. I feel that maybe there is something there, intangible to me and really intangible to everybody else, although some people profess otherwise. It's tangible to their emotions at least, but it's intangible to me emotionally or otherwise. I just don't know. At times, I hope. But I remember Professor Thompson, who was professor of ethics and philosophy and a minister. One of his quotations was "There's more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half our creeds." I think I kind of adhere to that saying.

You've been very active in philanthropy, and you demonstrated considerable social concern over the years. You've been involved in social and legal services, and it's difficult on the face of it for me to understand what the basis of this social concern has been. Can you tell me what you think is the underlying foundation of the philanthropical activity you've been involved in since you began to achieve some material success?

The world has been fairly good to me, except for the death of my son, and I believe there are many that it hasn't been so good to. I believe that if you have, you should give; and you should in some measure share so long as you can do it without depriving yourself and your family. I'm not a sob sister in any sense of the word. I've given to plenty of organizations that I considered to be that, but I preferred to work with such things as the American Cancer Society and what they

call the American Lung Association now, although it was at one time the American Tuberculosis Association. I try and stay away from those in which the money you give is used up largely in administration of the program. Mrs. Anderson and I have given scholarships to foreign students. We've had foreign students live with us in our home—Chinese and English and Indian—and have gotten along with them well and helped them for as long as they wanted to stay here in college.

* * * * *

In many people's experience there are certain elements of chance and fortune that rise up and change the direction of their lives. We can't plan everything. You've been somewhat successful in planning your life, but I'm wondering if there haven't been some major events over which you had no control that have changed the course of your life or that of your family.

There have been things I tried to do and failed at: running for senator was one, although I was never politically minded and was not particularly set on getting that job. I don't like to try to do something and fail at it. There is no surgeon, believe me, that doesn't have failures, whether he admits it or not.

I probably would have stayed in New Haven for at least another year had my father not developed a liposarcoma of the clavicle, a type of cancer. I would have stayed in the East another year or 2 in further training and quite possibly in doing a year of research, and I might have stayed in the academic field, perhaps even back there. I don't know. That's 50-50, anybody's guess. But I came out here, and I liked it.

I didn't intend to stay where I was in Carson City, as I was a surgeon and there

was not hospital. Then the war came along. The army didn't bother me—having others in command over me. I'd been somebody else's man for 4 1/2 years while I was interning and through my residency, and under much more strict circumstances than I was in the army. So that didn't affect me one way or the other.

I did want to get away from Carson City, where there was no hospital and no facilities for surgery, because most of my training was in general surgery and I wanted to get back to that. I had contact with surgery nearly all the time during the army; all I could wish for, with the exception of my initial first 6 months in the army, when I was with field troops. I couldn't have asked for anything better if I'd been offered any post anywhere in the armed services, than the posts I had. So that was not disheartening to me at all or discouraging.

It was partly chance that I ran into the right people whom I liked and who seemed to like me and put me into the jobs that I wanted. I worked hard in the jobs for them, and they appreciated it.

Then going into private practice, I had planned on general surgery. I did a lot of general surgery. I had all the practice I could handle, and more, although some of it I didn't like. But I think you have to take the bad along with the good. If you repair a man's hernia, you've got to treat his flu and his painful back, in my philosophy, although I think a lot of doctors don't feel that way. A lot of doctors refer him to somebody else, but I was for looking at the entire patient and doing what I could for the entire patient and not just looking at the fractured wrist and nothing else, or the acute abdomen with appendicitis and nothing else.

I was for the patient as a whole. Not only were they my patients, but I regarded most of them, before I was through with them, as my friends. When I treated a patient I felt that that

patient was paying rue and relying on me to treat him, and that doing the best I could for him was at that moment probably the most important thing in the world for me.

Along these lines, you once mentioned that as the years went by, you found that you no longer cared quite as much for the company of physicians as you once had. You found yourself more friendly with people in other professions.

I think this perhaps is partly due to my being an independent. I liked most of them, but I'm independent in medicine the same as I am elsewhere. So, at times, I didn't fit in with some of the other doctors' philosophies, and I spoke my mind pretty plainly. This is in spite of the fact that I did go through about all the jobs they had to offer in the way of county and staff and state officerships and things like that. I did the jobs well enough and got along well with the other doctors. Some of the doctors have seemed to assume a sort of elitism of recent years that doesn't fit my philosophy.

I would say that I went through the golden years of medicine—the years of greatest satisfaction and enjoyment. The years that I practiced after World War II, the first 25 years of those I would say were probably, as far as I'm concerned, the busiest but still most fulfilling period of the 50 years that I have seen. That was when doctors worked together to improve things and worked as a group. They might have their own differences of opinion, and one might not like another and one might take an occasional stab at another, but I must say to no greater degree than most of the other professions that I observed, including law and teaching and politics.

For the patients, and despite the high costs of medical care, I would say that the past 10 years and the next 10 years have and will be offering them greatly improved care, what with

the sophisticated CAT scans, high magnetic resonance imaging, a great many new and effective vaccines and medical products, and now the advent of gene manipulation that may result in correction or prevention of many genetic diseases, including many types of cancers. Organ transplantation is also opening up many new possibilities.

Doctors have changed some during the last 15 years. The doctors that I have seen coming out wanted to be specialists, until extreme emphasis was placed by government on the need for more family doctors. They didn't want to get out at night. They didn't want to put themselves out for their patients, unless they absolutely had to. A home call is practically a thing of the past. They didn't want to treat.. if the patient complained of a sore throat and they were a cardiologist, they wanted to get an ear, nose and throat specialist in. Now, this can mean 2 things. A doctor interested in that patient may feel that the ear, nose and throat man can do a better job than they can on the patient, but just as often I have the feeling that it's a trade-off of patients, and that the patients are in many cases getting ping-ponged from one doctor to another. In defense of the doctors I must say that with increased expectation on the part of most patients, the need for lab work, X rays and so forth have made it almost impossible to make house calls satisfactorily, especially with the increased lawsuit proneness of patients and many lawyers. The increasing specialization and greatly increased amount of knowledge necessary for each specialty also contribute to this.

One of the reasons that I came back to Nevada is because of the ready access, at that time, to good duck hunting, good pheasant hunting, good deer hunting, and because of the proximity to fishing at Lake Tahoe. We did a lot of fishing at Tahoe, but going on

short trips you can get to other places where fishing and hunting is also readily available, and I enjoyed those things.

I enjoyed golf. I was never a good golfer, although I have my certificate on the wall for my hole-in-one, and got my 100 boxes of Wheaties and my 100 Marlin razor blades and my Pacific Coast Golf Association certificate. It just so happened that the editor of the sports page of the San Francisco Examiner watched me make the hole-in-one at Glenbrook.

Those things I enjoyed very much, and would be enjoying now. I looked forward to them in retirement, except for the fact that I broke my foot fairly badly 6 years ago, and I have a bad low back where I have a disk—a congenital anomaly—and degenerative arthritis, all 3. There is no neurosurgeon that would tell me he could give me any help by any operation. He just says avoid lifting and doing much walking in rough or muddy ground. So it cuts me out of golf, it cuts me out of hunting, and it practically cuts me out of fishing.

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My family moved back to Carson City when I was 21 years old and in the university, my father working for the state highway department for several years until his retirement. My mother taught school part-time for a few years.

Many years later (1936) while I was in medical training in New Haven, my father developed a tender lump in the region of the right clavicle, which I suspected might be a tumor. got leave of absence for 6 weeks and came home. It was operated on and was indeed a malignant tumor, a liposarcoma of the clavicle, removed by Dr. James Thom and Dr. Horace Brown in Reno, and a radium implant was put in.

I then took him down to the University of California hospital in San Francisco, where they puzzled over his X rays for 1 1/2 days before learning that the radium had been left in the wound. Further operation was done by Dr. Henry Searles; he was then given further X-ray therapy. There was no evidence of a return of the tumor by the time he died 19 October 1941, probably of cerebral thrombosis.

Falling down in her kitchen in January, 1956, my mother sustained a fracture of the femur so close to the hip joint that it cut off most of the circulation to the upper fragment, and she expired after 2 operations on 6 February 1956.

I had one sister, Claire Williams, who was born in 1904 and was brought up in the same areas as myself. She attended the University of Nevada normal school, graduating in 1923, and then taught in the Elko schools until her retirement about 12 years ago. Claire was married to Yale Williams, who was first in the power company, then in the service station business, then in the hardware business. She is still living and busy in Elko with hospital work and having one of our medical students staying at her home to help the student with expenses as part of our rural health exposure for students.

Claire has 2 children, Alice and Fred, who have presented her with 10 grandchildren. Her daughter, Alice, is married to Martin Risard, a minister, and they have traveled extensively in Australia and New Guinea and a portion of this country. He was an Episcopal church missionary before he settled down in Berkeley 10 years ago, but he has remained with the same parish since, in his spare time helping my niece with a travel agency. She developed the travel agency and has recently sold it. She and her husband, now retired from

his parish, frequently act as foreign travel guides in many parts of the world, both of them having done a good deal of traveling as Episcopal missionaries and even more after they acquired the travel bureau.

My nephew, Fred, has had a store in Elko for many years and has contributed 4 children—2 full and 2 step—to the family.

I was married to Miss Anne Luckinbill on 25 May 1947. She was from near Kimball, Nebraska, a registered nurse graduating from the University of Nebraska and then taking special training in anesthesia at the University of Michigan. After working there a short while, she went overseas with the Michigan hospital unit during World War II. She was stationed in England and France in anesthesiology. She came to Reno after World War II to do anesthesiology and did so until we were married in 1947, and then for about 2 years intermittently afterwards.

My wife and I have had 2 children: a daughter, Suzanne Claire, born 11 May 1948, and a son, Frederick Mather, Jr., born 24 April 1949. We lost a third child by his becoming over term and having birth difficulties, as he was too large to come safely through the canal. My wife could not conceive again. I think she had 14 transfusions while they were trying to repair the tears.

Suzanne graduated from the Katharine Branson School in California, then spent a year at the University of Nevada, Reno [UNR], took a year at Northwestern, and finally graduated from the University of Nevada in 1973. She pursued post-graduate studies in clinical psychology, but quit that to get married and now has one son, age 6 years. My daughter now lives near Buffalo, New York, and raises Arabian horses. She was divorced 3 years ago and expects to move west again soon.

Suzanne is probably, in our opinion, the brainiest one in the family. Shortly before getting married, she had almost completed the Ph.D. degree in clinical psychology and had a federal grant of \$5,000 to do so, but did not finish it. She hasn't decided yet what she wants to do in the work field after her son enters school, but is loath to accept suggestions, wanting to make up her own mind, which we very much want her to do, so long as she'll do it and be happy with it. We would like to see her move south and west and into an area where there is a more acceptable climate.

My son, Frederick Mather, Jr., (Bino) attended high school partly in Reno, then finished at Gate School in Carpinteria, California. He enrolled at UCLA in architecture, then transferred to UC Berkeley and received his degree in architecture in 1973. But he then decided he wanted to be a surgeon instead.

He had taken most of the required courses toward medical school, took a few more in summer school, and then was admitted to the 2-year Medical School here at Nevada in 1973. He transferred from here to Tufts Medical School in Boston, graduating from there as an M.D. in 1975. A few months later he began a surgical residency at UCLA hospital in Los Angeles, the place of his choice.

He was an unusual boy who was adept at almost anything—guitar, piano, photography, development of pictures— and an enthusiastic participant in life. Just after he had completed his first year as a resident we took a trip together, including Peru, the upper Amazon, Ecuador, Colombia and the Galapagos islands. A month later he was killed in an automobile accident when a van swerved away from the curb at 7:30 in the morning, while he was on his way to his hospital work, forcing him into

a dividing island. He died immediately from head injuries on 6 May 1978.

On that day I was going to fly down to Los Angeles to go with him to the exhibit of King Tut artifacts, which traveled through this country in that year. We were going to a special day for Harvard Medical School graduates with special Egyptologists showing us around. I had obtained several supposedly King Tut amulets from a Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cutbill, who knew some members of the King Tut expedition, while I was attending school in Oxford. I was trying to get those to take down with me for authentication, but they had been loaned to the Nevada Historical Society and were, and still are, apparently lost.

At about the time of my boy's death I had entered into this oral history and had gone a little beyond this point. But with his death, I lost about 50 percent of my interest in life and all of my enthusiasm, and dropped the oral history project—or rather postponed it, for here I am again. At his funeral the Reverend [John L.] Dodson remarked, "Bino said 'hello' to life and took hold of it with both hands." I believe he probably lived more in 29 years than I have in 79.

I hesitated to return to this project in part because I would rather read trash than contribute to the writing of it. I'm afraid that most of my oral history may fall into that category, especially as I had not contemplated doing one prior to 1978, so had few papers saved and now a 79-year-old memory that leaves a few blanks.

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There is no question in my mind that all the time I put in on the Board of Regents and the Western Interstate Commission on Higher Education and some of the other

organizations and projects made me a somewhat poorer doctor and surgeon than I would have been otherwise. They took a great deal of time away from study and prevented me from going to a great many medical meetings that I would like to have gone to. The question is, did it also take away time from my family that did any harm to them? This is a difficult question for me to answer. Did my not being home more and paying more attention to them lead to their wanting to go away to school in Carpinteria and Katharine Branson's, or not? Perhaps it was peer pressure that induced them to go, as many of their friends did. I don't know the answer to it. Did it affect their being brought up in other ways?

I've always had the idea that the father should sort of look out for the son, especially in their common interests, and the mother should look out for the daughter in her interests, because their interests should fit in more with their own sex. I did attempt to do this with my son—perhaps too much; perhaps to a degree where I neglected my daughter a little bit, although I didn't know how to fit things such as golfing and hunting in with what would be suitable for her. How this has affected our family, I don't know, but I do feel that I should have spent more time and effort with my children.

In 1981 I sold out to my partner, Dr. Russell, and took a long vacation to visit with my daughter and 2-year-old grandson. Then, as my daughter was getting a divorce and I would have another family to support until the youngster started school and she could go to work, I returned for another 2 years of part-time practice and some teaching in the Medical School. I'm doing this history in 1985, fully retired from both Medical School and practice 2 years ago. I have not missed either practicing medicine or teaching greatly, probably because I am still involved with

a half dozen boards, foundations or other organizations connected with the university or with medicine.

Nineteen eighty-four was my fiftieth year since graduation from medical school. I really believe that the years 1955 to 1975 were the most enjoyable years for the majority of doctors. Enough doctors had returned from the armed services and enough new doctors started in practice so that practically all specialties were covered in Reno. The heavy practice was easing up a bit, and we were not yet completely deluged with government entry into private practice, with its profusion of paperwork, Medicare forms, insurance forms and ever increasing hospital paperwork ad nauseam.

Also, we were not yet burdened by the general suing trend throughout the country, which has led to a rash of malpractice suits since the 1970s (some justified, many frivolous), with a host of attorneys waiting eagerly in the wings to prosecute or settle them. Thus there have been correspondingly unreasonable high malpractice insurance rates. By the latter 1970s practicing medicine had lost much of its appeal.

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This oral history has gone on too long, and my memory may have shown a few too many lapses or allowed some incorrect statements and statistics to creep into it, for which I apologize. I believe I should sign off in this month of May, 1985, just 51 years after I graduated from Harvard Medical School into a world infinitely less complicated than the one in which we now live.

NOTES

1. Funding for the Clark Library was provided in 1926 by William A. Clark, Jr., the son of the Montana senator. The younger Clark had married a woman from Virginia City who was interested in supporting the university.

2. In 1983 a store called Earth Window was begun, operated by Nevada Urban Indians, Incorporated, which sells beadwork, pottery, cradleboards, Indian paintings and sculpture, Navajo rugs and other Indian arts and crafts.

PHOTOGRAPHS



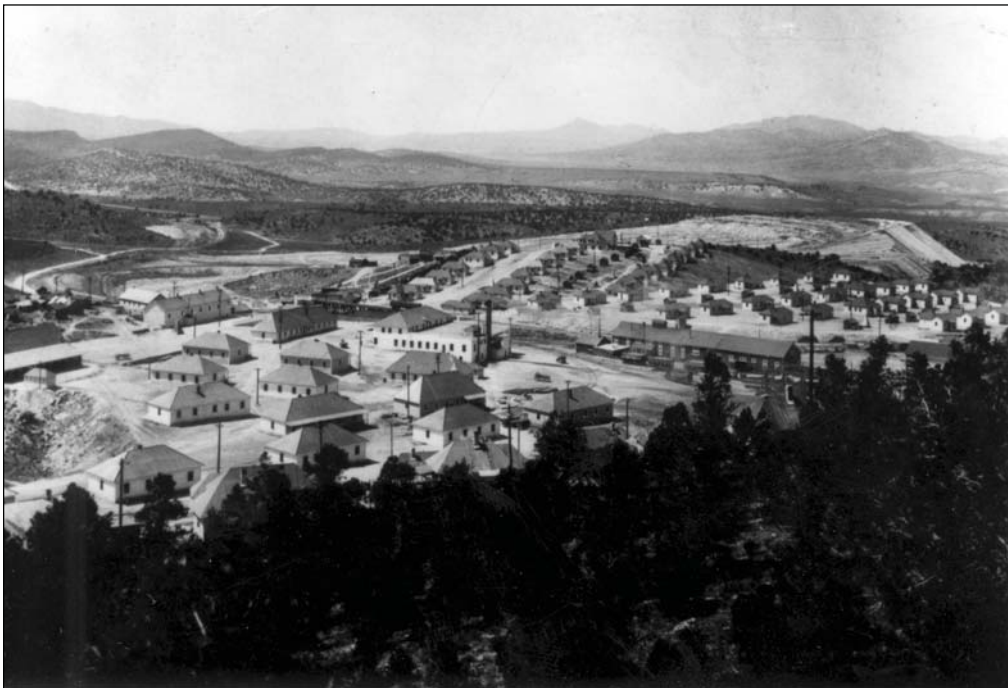
Claire and Fred Anderson, ca. 1918.



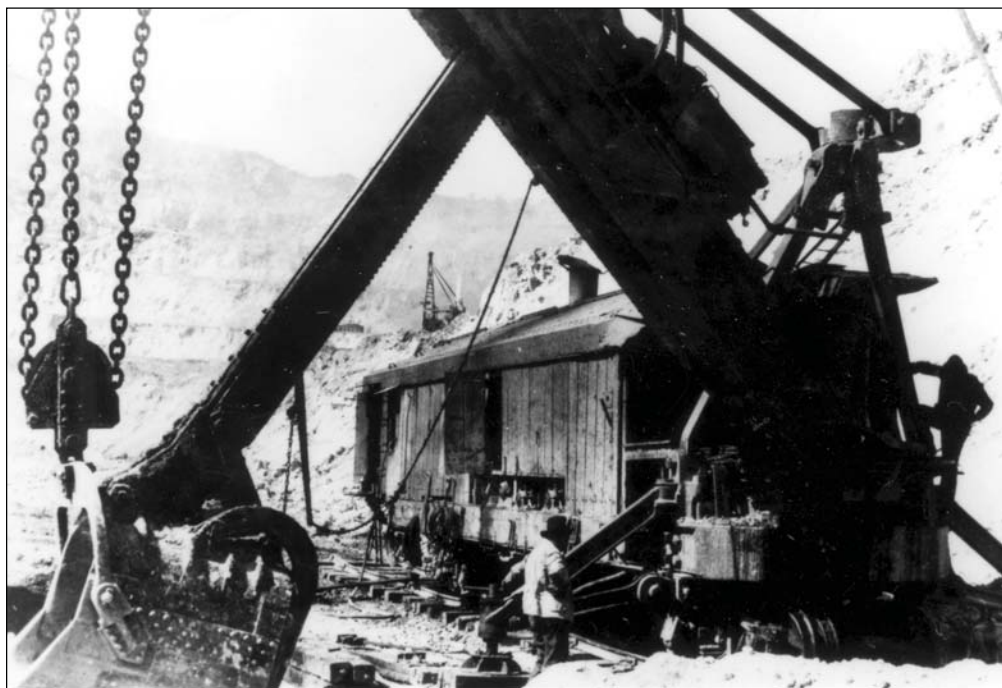
Moses Anderson, ca. 1930.



Claire Mather Anderson, ca. 1930.



Fred Anderson lived in Ruth, Nevada, in the early 1920s.
This is the community as it appeared in 1906, shortly after it was established.



Coal-fired steam shovel in the Liberty Pit at Ruth,
similar to the one serviced by Fred Anderson in 1921-1923.



Fred Anderson upon admission to the
University of Nevada, 1924.



The University of Nevada Agriculture Building seen across Manzanita Lake, ca. 1925. Dr. Anderson was instrumental in having this building renamed in honor of Professor Peter Frandsen in 1959.



Anne Luckinbill Anderson, 1947.



Daughter Suzanne and grandson Morgan, 1985.



Son Fred M. "Bino" Anderson, Jr., ca. 1964.



Fred Anderson visiting with unemployed workers in Reno during his 1958 campaign for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate.



Staging a footrace on an original racetrack at Olympia, Greece, ca. 1969,
l to r: Robert McDonald, Reno attorney; Senator Alan Bible; Dr. Fred Anderson.



On the occasion of the signing of early Medical School legislation, l to r: Regent Fred Anderson, Zelvin D. Lowman, Governor Paul Laxalt, Dr. George Smith.



Regents being sworn in, 1964, l to r: Procter Hug, Chairman Fred Anderson, Molly Magee, Archie Grant.

Photographs courtesy of Special Collections, University of Nevada Reno Library:
Frederick M. Anderson Papers.

APPENDIX A:

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT NIXON REGARDING CAMPUS VIOLENCE

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 18, 1970

Dear Mr. Anderson:

The enclosed article by Dr. Sidney Hook is among the most cogent and compelling documents I have read on the question of campus violence. I commend it to your consideration, for I know that you share my deep interest in resolving the crucial problems which our colleges and universities are facing at this time.

The heart of the matter — and of Dr. Hook's thesis — is that the primary responsibility for maintaining a climate of free discussion and inquiry on the college campus rests with the academic community itself. As I said in my news conference in California in July, I hold this same point of view.

Thus it is with concern that I have noted—as did Dr. Hook—the growing

tendency of college administrators to place the primary blame for campus violence and disruption on the failure of government to solve all our major problems at home and abroad. I recognize that many deeply concerned students and faculty members disagree with governmental positions at the national, state and local level, but while government can and must accept and carry out its responsibilities in connection with policies which may be unpopular on college and university campuses, there can be no substitute for the acceptance of responsibility for order and discipline on campuses by college administrators and college faculty.

The university is a precious national asset, a place in American society where the rule of reason and not the rule of force must prevail. Those who cannot accept that rule of reason, those who resort to the rule of force, have no place on a college campus. Only when college administrators, faculties and students accept and act on these premises will all of our universities again be able to go about

the vital and important work of preserving and expanding our cultural heritage and training the future leaders of America. I would appreciate receiving the benefit it of your views on this vitally important subject. With my best wishes,

Sincerely,
Richard Nixon

Mr. Fred M. Anderson
275 Hill Street
Reno, Nevada 89501

APPENDIX B: CORRESPONDANCE REGARDING DR. PIERCE

December 23, 1969

Neil D. Humphrey, Chancellor
University of Nevada
Reno, Nevada

Dear Chancellor Humphrey:

I am In possession of a letter directed to Professor Winterberg from one J. R. Pierce of the National Advisory Board. I am deeply concerned over the foundation for and context of this letter.

I have attached hereto documentary evidence of the most flagrant display of gross stupidity and lack of “basic” or “applied” understanding on behalf of Mr. Pierce that I have ever been exposed to. This science publication (Vol. 159) should reflect the epitomization of the highest level of tact, knowledge and wisdom. I am amazed that its editors accepted such irresponsible expressions.

In Mr. Pierce’s opening paragraph no refers to a large missionoriented organization

whose applied research has proven ineffective. Mr. Pierce did not qualify his statement, so one can only assume he meant NASA. If this is a wrong assumption, then Mr. Pierce used the wrong adjectives. This article was written before NASA put cur men on the moon, which establishes just how far off—base Mr. Pierce is. His second sentence is so self-explanatory; that I need act insult your intelligence with its analyzation.

I feel it is criminal that a man of this caliber is allowed to exist in a position of influence in the educational system of this country. I assure you that I will exert every effort not to allow Mr. Pierce’s influence to infest our educational system at our State level.

Our educational system has produced a multitude of persons educated beyond their understanding. Mr. Pierce, by his own nature, has classified himself in that category; and is a deterrent to progressive education and understanding. Research, under any lable or classification, is the essence of our very existence. Mr. Pierce’s article continues on to

establish some good thought, but his opening comments establish his cortical crystalization that disqualifies his judgment as being worthy of consideration.

I call to your attention that down through the years the greatest minds that have been responsible for our country's fantastic technological progress in science in general, have been products of European education; from the minds of such men as Dr. Winterberg.

Destructive forces such as related here will be the subject matter of editorials that wilt be forthcoming in a new political and educational orientated publication that is scheduled for publication in March of 1970.

Please advise me as to the legal appointive authority that is responsible for placing J. R. Pierce in his present position on a "National Advisory Board".

Sincerely yours,
William E. Sweikert

Masonic Temple
215 South Third Street
Las Vegas, Nevada 89101

cc: J. R. Pierce
Harold Jacobsen
Wendell A. Mordy
Dr. Louis Lombardi
Dr. R. Zorn
Mrs. Molly Knudtsen
Dr. Fred M. Anderson
James H. Bilbray
Thomas G. Bell
Richard Ronzone
A. C. Grant
Albert Seeliger
Proctor Hug, Jr.
Dr. Juanita White
G. Maxey

FACSIMILE

February 2, 1970

Mr. William E. Sweikert
Masonic Temple
215 South 3rd Street
Las Vegas, Nevada 89101

Dear Mr. Sweikert:

I received a copy of your letter to Chancellor Humphrey, to Dr. John Pierce and to members of the Administration and Regents. I was rather shocked at your somewhat violent language regarding Dr. Pierce whom I consider to be one of the outstanding persons in research and in science in the entire World. He has lectured before many distinguished groups, has authored numerous works both in science and in fiction and has been and is now a member of many important scientific advisory boards. He has been the recipient of the Presidential Medal for Distinguished Work in Basic and Applied Science and has been awarded honorary degrees by several universities. He is a member of the National Academy of Science and numerous other learned scientific bodies. Our Advisory Board to the Desert Research Institute of the University of Nevada System, made up of a considerable number of distinguished scientists from many parts of the Country and several other universities have chosen him as their Chairman during the past several years. I think that all of this more than speaks for his competence as a scientist.

I cannot assume, as you have, that Dr. Pierce's article referred to NASA. I have not made this determination and feel that doing so would not accomplish anything of positive value.

The Board of Regents of the University of Nevada System has by the Constitution of the State of Nevada been made the legal appointive authority responsible for such appointments. Dr. Pierce was selected unanimously by the Board of Regents and renewals of his appointment have been by unanimous agreement. I can hope that we are fortunate enough to have men of the caliber of Dr. Pierce as advisors to our Institution for the future.

I do appreciate your taking an interest in the University of Nevada System and that you have taken the time and trouble to communicate with us. I am sorry that you apparently have been misinformed regarding Dr. Pierce and the article that you enclosed. If there are any other matters that you are in doubt about or question within the University System, we will be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely yours,

Fred M. Anderson, M.D.
University of Nevada System
Member Board of Regents

APPENDIX C: CHRONOLOGY OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

[Dr. Anderson provided the Oral History Program with the following list of notable events in his life.]

My activities, roughly in order of progression were:

1. Bachelor of Science, University of Nevada, 1928.

2. Bachelor of Arts with First Honours, School of Physiology, Oxford University, England, as a Rhodes Scholar in 1932. Allowed an extra year because of obtaining honors, and took additional medical studies there.

3. Transferred to Harvard Medical School in 1932, attending that and graduating cum laude in 1934. The Harvard Medical School granted me a scholarship each year.

4. After graduation, I spend 6 months at the Mary Immogene Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, New York, in pathology in the latter half of 1934.

5. Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston—internship in surgery and surgical specialties, 1935 and 1936 (16 months).

6. Boston Lying In Hospital, Boston, in obstetrics, 6 months.

7. New Haven Hospital in New Haven in 1937 and 1938, in general surgery and surgical specialties for 2 years.

8. After finishing training, I did private practice of medicine in Carson City, Nevada, 1938 to November 1941.

9. I was Secretary-Treasurer of the Nevada State Board of Medical Examiners, 1939-1942.

10. After practicing in Carson from 1938 to 1941, I joined the United States Army Medical Corps as a Major and was in until December 1945, advancing from Major to Lieutenant Colonel.

11. In 1941, I began as Battalion Surgeon with the Nevada Battalion of Anti-aircraft Troops in southern California, where I stayed for 6 months.

12. In 1942, I was transferred to the Surgical Service at Letterman Hospital because of prior training in thoracic surgery, and remained there 2 1/2 years, first on the Orthopedic Service, then as Executive Officer in the Surgical Department, then as Chief of

General Surgery, and then as Chief of the Vascular Surgery Section—the hospital being the vascular center for West Coast United States and Pacific Ocean area—finally as Chief of Surgery in a private hospital taken over by Letterman Hospital.

13. Transferred by my request as Chief Surgeon in a field hospital to Oahu, where we set up camp but were soon broken up, and I was assigned to Surgical Service at Tripler General Hospital, which was then only partially built and was operating in a number of high schools.

14. Transferred to the 148th Surgical Field Hospital, a Yale-staffed hospital on Saipan. Just before leaving for Saipan, the war came to an end in Europe but continued with Japan.

15. On Saipan I was Assistant Chief and later Chief of Surgical Service, retiring from army in December 1945.

16. In private practice, general surgery, in Reno since January 1946.

17. Senior staff member, Washoe Medical Center, Reno, Nevada, since 1946, retiring to honorary medical staff position in 1983, and retiring from medical practice at the end of 1983.

18. Senior staff member, Saint Mary's Hospital, Reno, Nevada, since 1946; also retiring to honorary staff position in 1983.

19. Consultant in general surgery, Veterans Facility Hospital, Reno, Nevada, 1947 through 1974.

20. Consultant in general surgery, United States Army, Reno and Herlong area, 1945 to 1956.

21. Chief of Surgical Service, Washoe Medical Center, 1952.

22. Chief of Staff, Washoe Medical Center, 1954.

23. Member of the Dean's Committee, Veterans Hospital, 1972 through 1979, for the Medical School.

24. Charter member, Friends of the University of Nevada Library Association, 1950 through the present, and second President of this organization (it was reactivated 2 years ago after being relatively quiescent for several years).

25. Charter member, Reno Surgical Society in 1948 until becoming an honorary member in 1980; was President in 1955.

26. Member, Nevada State Medical Association since 1938.

27. President, Nevada State Medical Association, 1955.

28. Member, American Medical Association since 1938; honorary member at present.

29. Fellow of American College of Surgeons since 1942; also honorary member since 1976.

30. Fellow of International College of Surgeons since 1947; honorary fellow since 1975. I was a Regent in the International College of Surgeons, 1948 to 1970; a member of the International Board of Governors of the International College of Surgeons from 1965 to 1968.

31. Diplomat, American Board of General Surgery, since 1946.

32. Member of the Washoe County Board of Health, 1955 to 1958, and Chairman of it during 1958; was Washoe County Health Officer in 1958 on death of Dr. DeCosta.

33. Chairman, Washoe County Medical Society, 1960.

34. In 1955, was elected member of the Board of Regents, University of Nevada, coming on the Board, January 1956, and remained on it through 1978; was Chairman of the Board of Regents, 1964 through 1968.

35. Member of the World Medical Association, 1957 to 1962.

36. Member, American Association of University Governing Boards, 1956 through

1978; was a Regional Director for Nevada, California and Hawaii, 1964 through 1970 for this organization; was Chairman for this organization of the Committee on University Participation in International Education from 1966 to 1969.

37. Appointed Commissioner from Nevada to Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education in 1960 and was reappointed by the various governors through 1978, when I asked not to be reappointed; I was on the Executive Committee in 1962 and 1963.

38. Adjunct Assistant Professor of Surgery, Orvis School of Nursing, University of Nevada, 1965 through 1969, and participated as Capping Ceremony speaker in 1960.

39. Clinical Associate Professor on the faculty of the 2-year University of Nevada Medical School at its inception, and remained this through 1980.

40. Part-time Professor of Surgery on the regular staff in 1980 and 1981. Then because of age, was made Clinical Professor again and remained that from 1981 until retiring in 1983.

41. Member of the Nevada State Cancer Commission, 1960 to 1971; member of state Cancer Coordinating Committee, 1960 to 1970. Member of Governor's Cancer Control Committee, 1960 to 1965.

42. Member of the Board of Directors of the Reno Cancer Center from 1956 through the present time.

43. Appointed a member of the Governor's Cancer Advisory Council, 1960 through 1968.

44. President of the Nevada Tuberculosis Association in 1948.

45. Member, State Board of Directors, Nevada Division of the American Cancer Society, 1946 to 1975; President of that division of the American Cancer Society in 1957 and 1965; and a member of the National

Board of Directors and House of Delegates, American Cancer Society, 1964 through 1971. During this entire time I was a member of the Board of Directors of the Nevada Division of the American Cancer Society through 1975, when I resigned.

46. Secretary, Nevada Committee for Rhodes Scholarship Selection, and a member of the Southwest Regional Selection Committee, 1946 through 1971, when I was retired because of reaching the age of 65.

47. Phi Kappa Phi, University of Nevada, 1923.

48. Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society, Harvard Medical School in 1934.

49. Member of Lancet Club, a social medical club at Harvard Medical School.

50. Member of State Advisory Committee, Mountain States Regional Medical Programs, Nevada, 1968 through 1972, which produced the Faulkner Report that was a precursor of the Medical School in Nevada. Nevada member, 4-State Faulkner Committee to study possibility of a Regional Medical School.

51. Member, Reno-Sparks Indian Colony Park and Neighborhood Facility Building Committee, 1968 through 1983. The park was named Anderson Indian Park. Many of its buildings were created by the work of this committee. Received a commendation and plaque from President Nixon for work done on this.

52. Member of National Advisory Council, General Medical Sciences, National Institutes of Health, 1968 through 1972.

53. Organizer and Vice-Chairman, Board of Directors of Drug Education, Treatment, Rehabilitation Action Program (DETRAP). I was the initiator and developer of this program and received a commendation from the governor for this.

54. Member, Blue Ribbon Committee of Growth in Washoe County, Nevada, 1973.

55. Member of Governor Sawyer's Blue Ribbon Committee to study the Nevada Department of Highways.

56. I was the surgical member for Nevada of the Editorial Board for General Surgery, Western Journal of Medicine, 1974 through 1982, when I resigned.

57. Wolf Pack Boosters Century Club since its inception, Century Club Award, 1976.

58. Founding member of the University of Nevada Press Advisory Board, 1981 through present.

59. Member, Medical School Advisory Board, 1973 through 1980; permanent honorary member.

60. Member, University of Nevada Foundation, 1981 through present date.

61. Board member, Mountain and Desert Research Fund, 1983 through present.

62. Clinical Professor of Surgery Emeritus from University of Nevada, Reno, Medical School, 1983.

Some achievements of general interest: I was a member of Blue Lodge in Carson City in 1939, joined Kerak Shrine Temple here in Reno in 1949, and bought several ladders to honor my Blue Lodge tutor and also for a good friend who was Grand Master in Tehran Temple in Merced, of which I am an honorary member; recipient of National Award of the American Cancer Society, 1965, "in recognition of outstanding contributions to the control of cancer"; recipient of Physician of the Year Award, 1967, for outstanding community service (this is the A. H. Robbins Award); recipient of Community Service Award, Reno Board of Realtors, 1971; dedication of the Fred M. Anderson, M.D., Health Sciences Building on the University of Nevada, Reno campus, 8 August 1972—the first building of the University of Nevada Medical School, which was named in my

honor; recipient of the Annual Public Service Award, Nevada Chapter, Associated General Contractors of America, 1974; Distinguished Physician Award, University of Nevada Medical School, 1975; Governor's Award, Service to Drug Abuse Program, 1975; Sertoma Club Service to Mankind Award, 1975; Alumni Association Award, University of Nevada, 1968 and again in 1975, for outstanding service in the Alumni Association toward the development of the University of Nevada; Distinguished Citizen Award, Annual Reno Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Citizen Award luncheon, 1975; Honorary Doctor of Medical Sciences, University of Nevada, Reno, 1973; recipient, Most Honored Colleague Award and Father of the Medical School, given by the first graduating class of the University of Nevada, Reno, School of Medicine, recognizing "Our Most Honored Colleague, Dr. Fred N. Anderson, for his continued inspiration and his dedication to medicine and medical education in Nevada—Founding Father of the school"; candidate for United States Senate in 1958, losing by 1,468 votes; recipient, Dean's Award from University of Nevada School of Medicine, "in recognition of his role as Father of the School of Medicine, Fred M. Anderson, M.D.," and also retirement as Clinical Professor of Surgery Emeritus from the Medical School and University, 20 May 1983; retirement from practice of medicine, December 1983.

ORIGINAL INDEX: FOR REFERENCE ONLY

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